THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Magazine
Founded A° D ranklin

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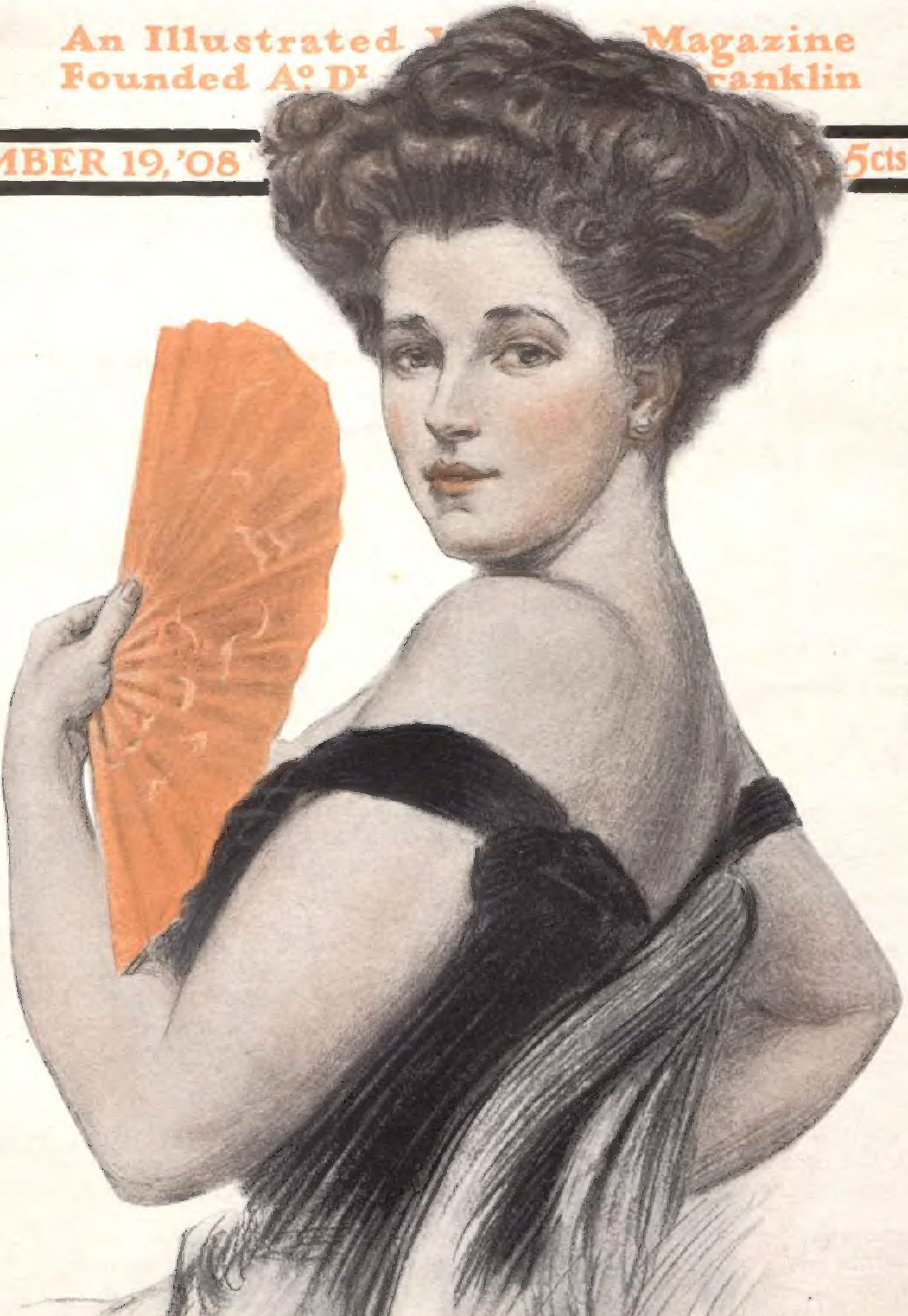

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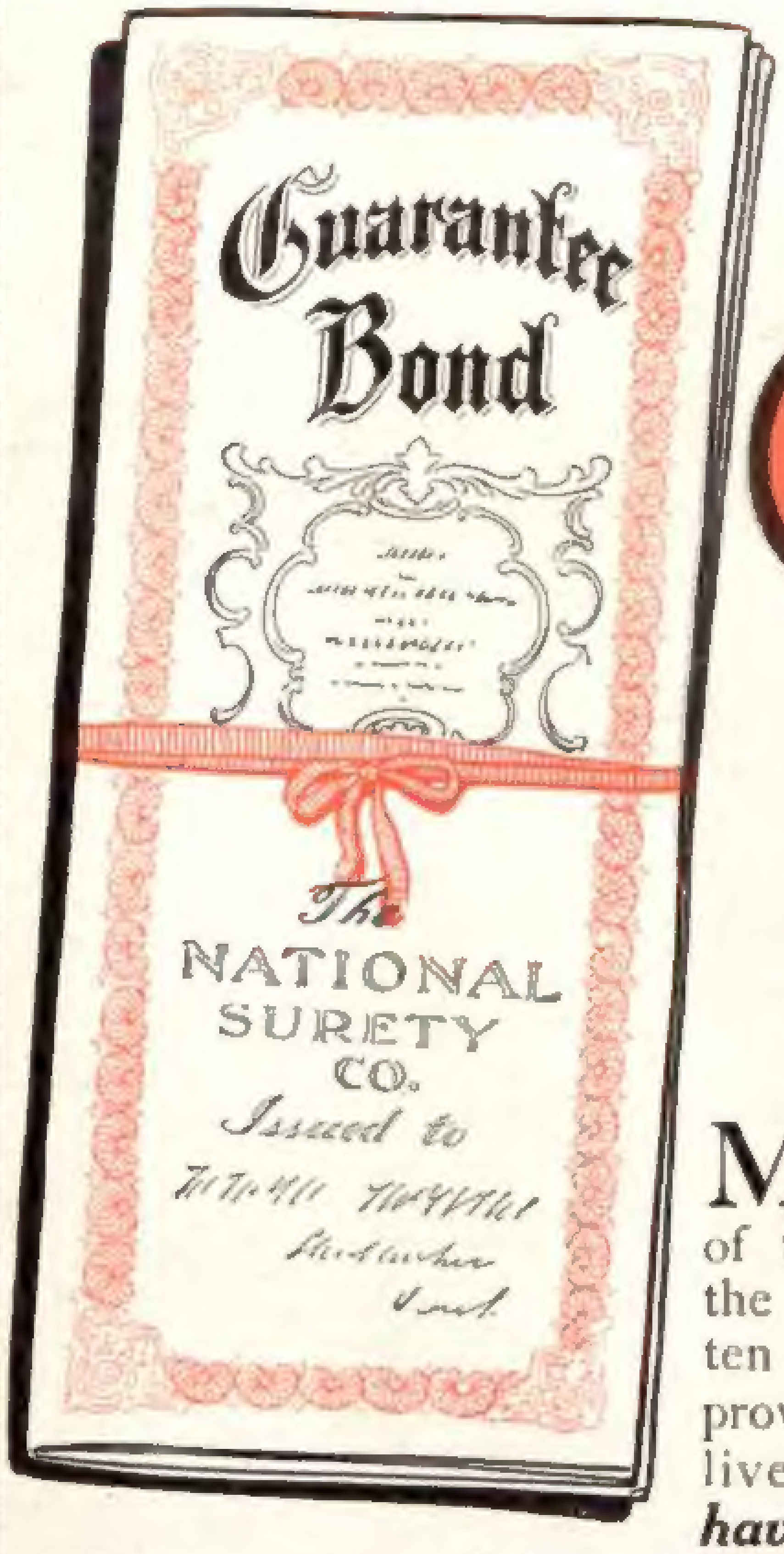
A GUARANTEE BOND with EVERY ROLL of CONGO "NEVER-LEAK" ROOFING


Guarantee Bond

The NATIONAL SURETY CO.

Issued to

MANY roofings carry guarantees. Most of these are not worth the paper they are written on. They are full of provisos that no one can live up to, ***and you have only the manufacturers' word behind them.***

We looked into this proposition some time ago, and determined that we would offer a guarantee with every roll of Congo that would ***mean something.*** We therefore went to the National Surety Company, a corporation with over $2,000,000 of assets, and arranged with it to furnish with every roll of Congo a ***genuine Surety Bond.***

It ***guarantees*** that our three-ply Congo Roofing will last ***ten years,*** if the directions are followed—and the Surety Company stands behind that guarantee to the limit of its resources.

It therefore protects you absolutely. It substitutes absolute knowledge for guesswork.

If we went out of business to-morrow, it would make no difference. The Surety Company is behind us.

We mean to show the public that we have confidence in the ***durability*** of Congo, and that we are willing to back this confidence up in a way that no other manufacturer ever dared to.

We can afford to make this strong guarantee because we know Congo will last the full period of the guarantee, and more. It has always given better satisfaction and all round service than any other ready roofing made.

This bond is the broadest and most liberal proposition ever offered in the roofing business. It means we have faith in Congo. ***It protects you absolutely.***

If you are looking for a watertight roofing that needs about as little care as a roofing could get along with and give satisfactory service, ***backed by a guarantee that means something,*** Congo is what you want. It is made of the very best materials that can be secured, and is the most pliable water-proof roof-covering on the market.

We do not ask you to take our word for this, but will gladly send you free samples on request. If you have these before you and consider that behind the roofing is not only our reputation but a surety bond, we know that you will not fail to purchase Congo. Write at once and let us send you Samples.

SPECIAL NOTICE

If any Congo rolls that you purchase do **not** *contain Guarantee Bonds, write us at once, telling us where and from whom they were purchased, and we will at once mail you the missing bonds.*

UNITED ROOFING & MANUFACTURING CO.
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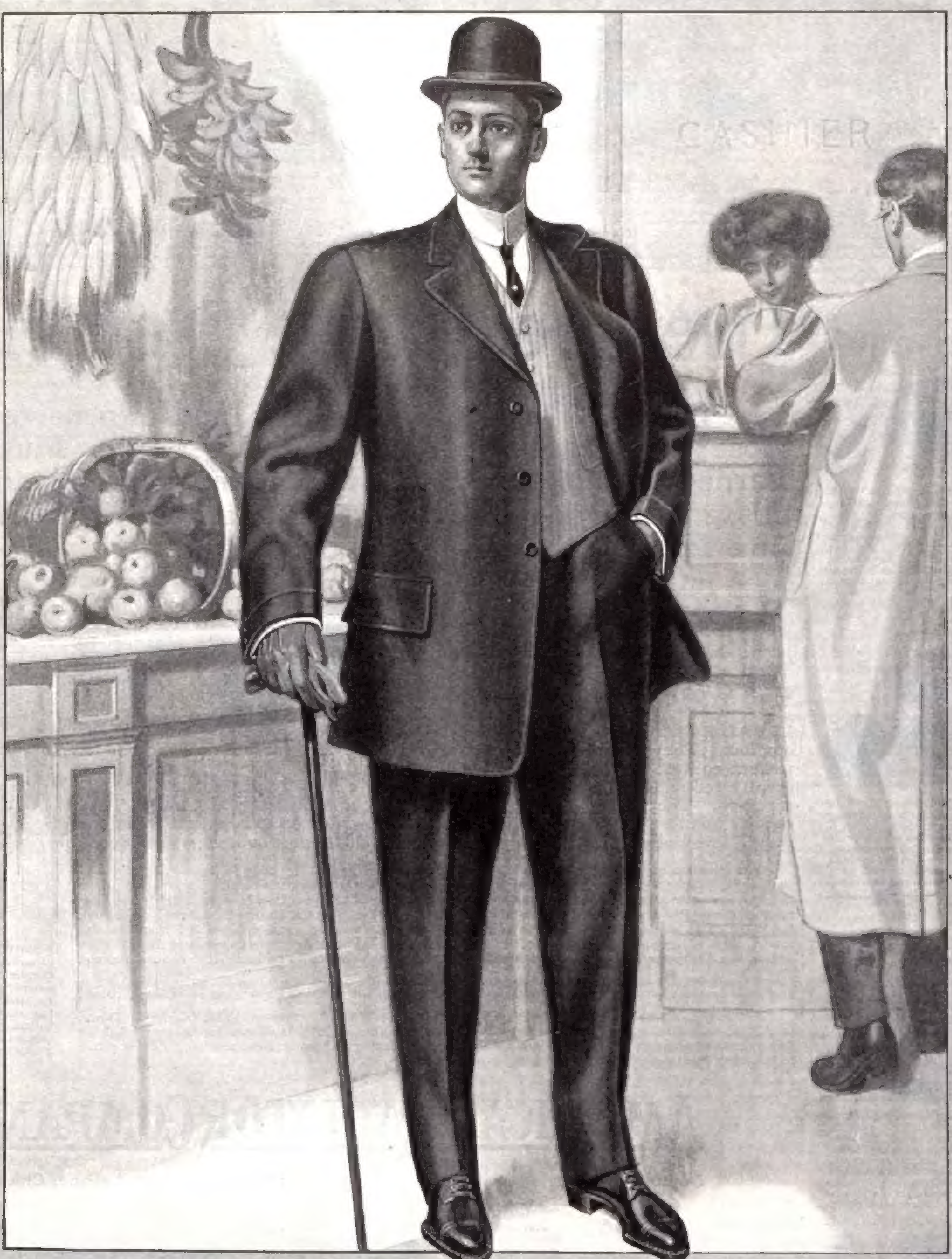

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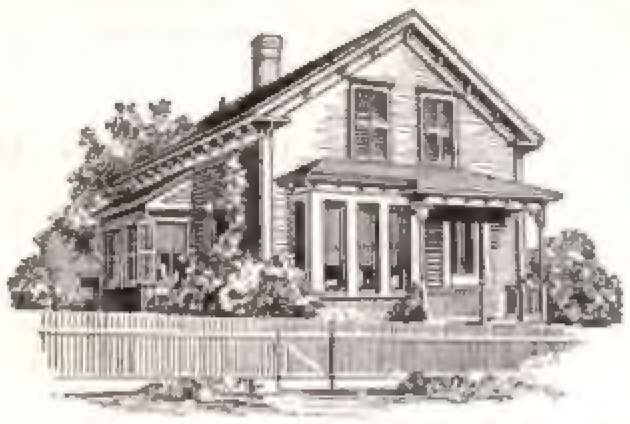
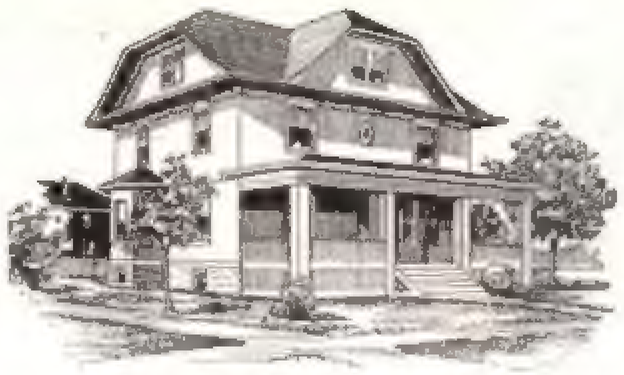
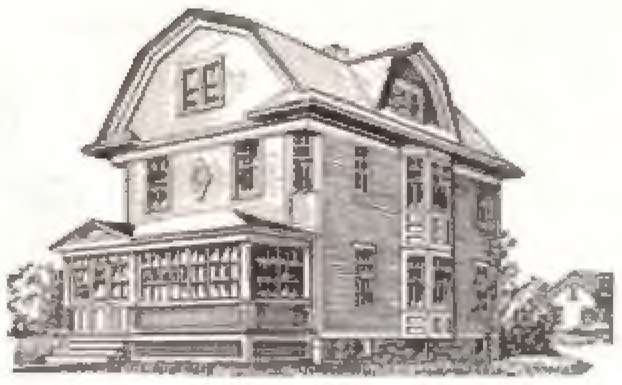


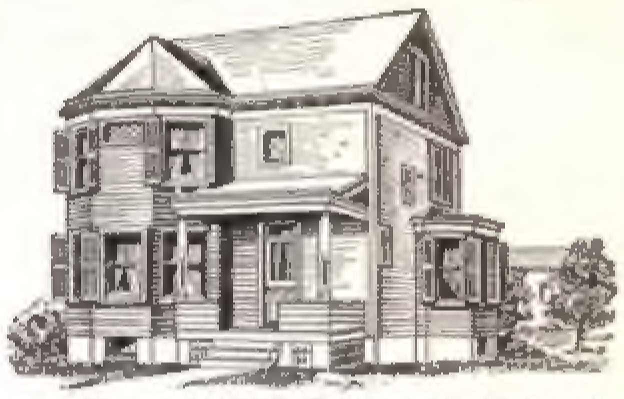
A No. 015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$118**, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 650 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$310**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. C-243 IDEAL Boiler and 750 feet of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$365**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 020 IDEAL Boiler and 262 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$185**, were used to Steam heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Inexpensive heating

Last Winter's lesson was a long and expensive one to those who relied on old-fashioned heating. Must it be learned all over again or will you now take advantage of this good buying time to put in a reliable Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam heating outfit?

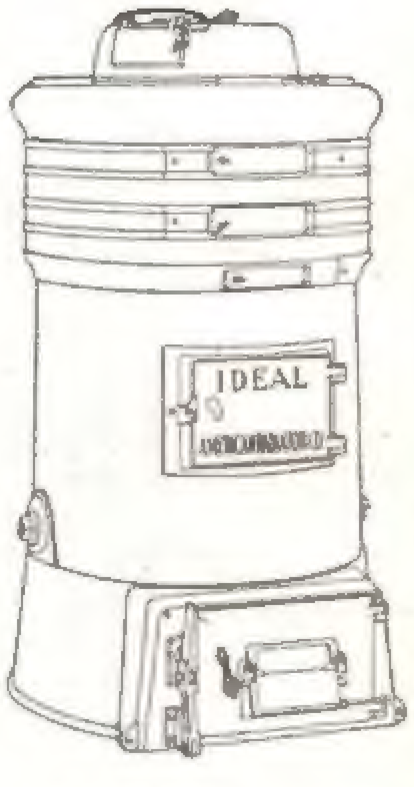
AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS are no longer called *luxuries* because proven to be an economy in all classes of buildings, and from the largest to the very smallest.

IDEAL Boilers and **AMERICAN** Radiators have raised the standard of home comfort. They provide uniform warmth in all rooms, far and near, and under perfect control. They bring no ashdust or coal-gases into the living-rooms, greatly reducing housecleaning and saving much wear on carpets and furnishings. They are noiseless, absolutely safe, and outlast the house. They require no more caretaking in heating 5 to 15 rooms than to run a stove for one room. The fuel savings, health protection, and cleanliness soon repay their cost.

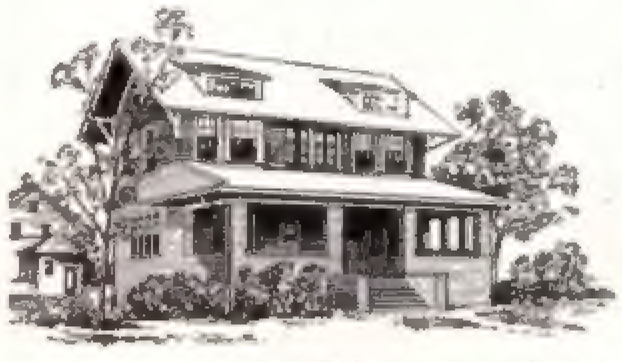
The question most often put to us is: "What will it cost to heat my cottage, consisting of —— rooms?" Failure to answer this question promptly and exactly brings criticism. The owner forgets that, for instance, all five-room cottages are not built exactly alike as to size of rooms, height of ceiling, amount of window or glass surface; nor are they all constructed of equal quality of material, or weather tightness, or so located with respect to adjoining buildings as to be equally protected from the elements. This is likewise true of six-, seven-, eight-, and nine-room or larger cottages, and these factors decide the character and size of the heating outfit for each particular building, and *the cost* thereof.

The only fair and correct way for your interest and ours is to permit a representative to call and examine into your exact heating needs. Such definite information and prices will put you under no obligation whatsoever to buy.

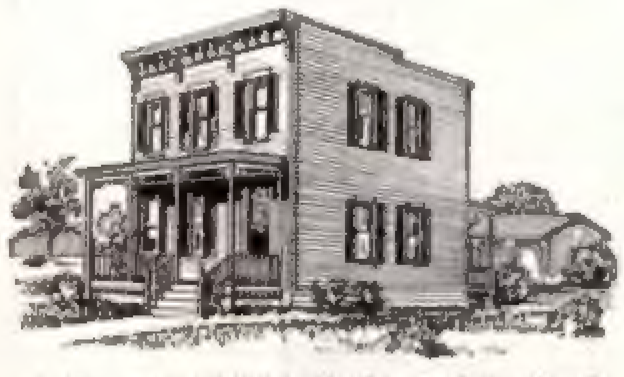
No tearing-up necessary — put into OLD buildings — FARM or town. *Don't delay! Write, telephone, or call today and let us put you in immediate communication with nearest dealers.* Ask for free valuable book. It will make you a better judge of heating values and economies. Let us prove to you that Steam or Hot-Water is *inexpensive* heating.



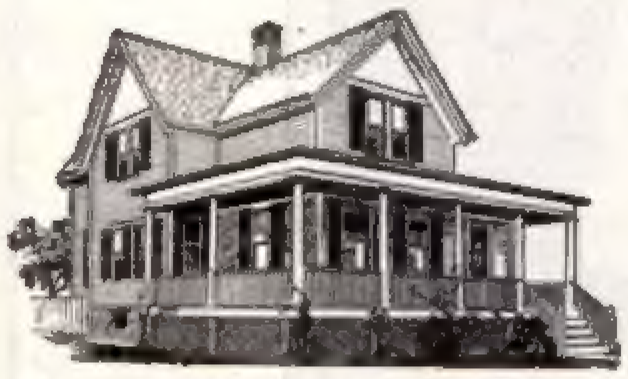
ADVANTAGE 15: The joints of an IDEAL Boiler do not come in contact with the fire — nor will they rust. Hence, an IDEAL Boiler outlasts the building — yet because built in sections it is easily increased or decreased in size if building is later altered.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$240**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 2-19 IDEAL Boiler and 315 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$176**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 224 IDEAL Boiler and 272 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$190**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

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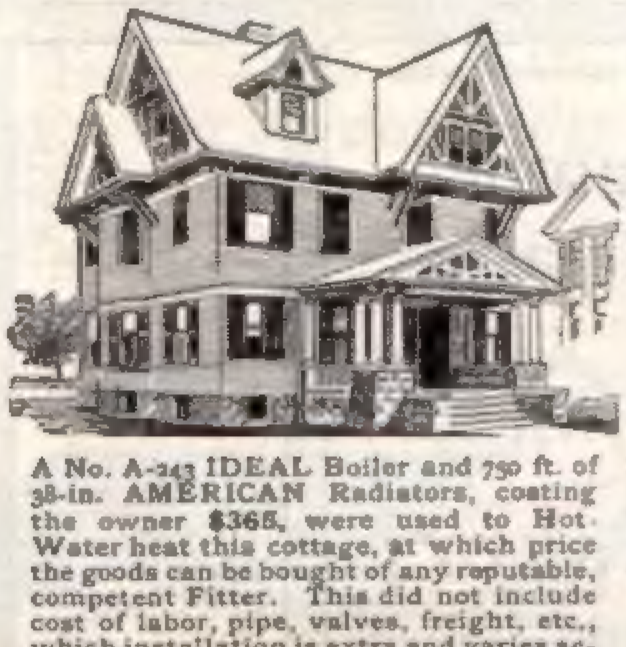

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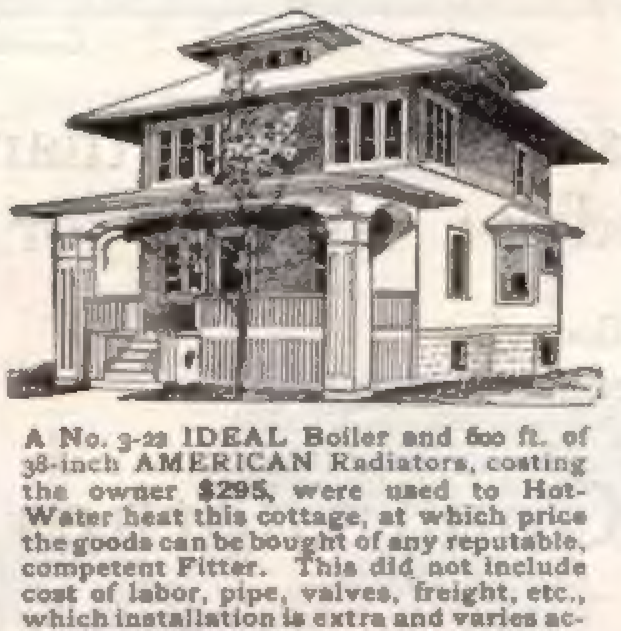
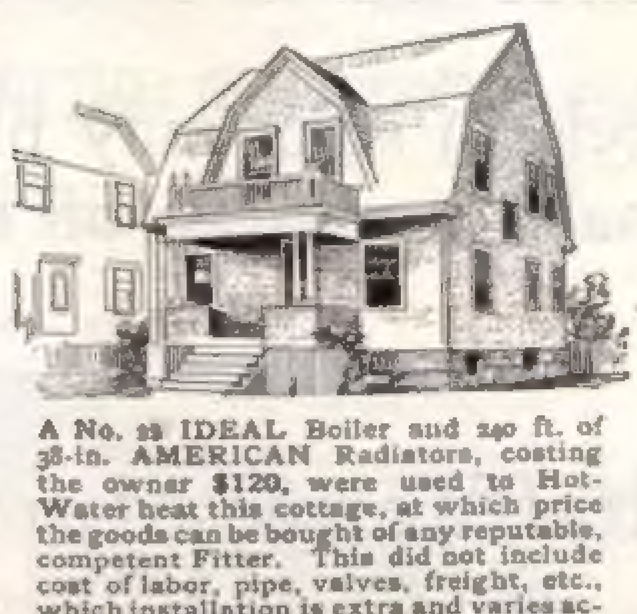
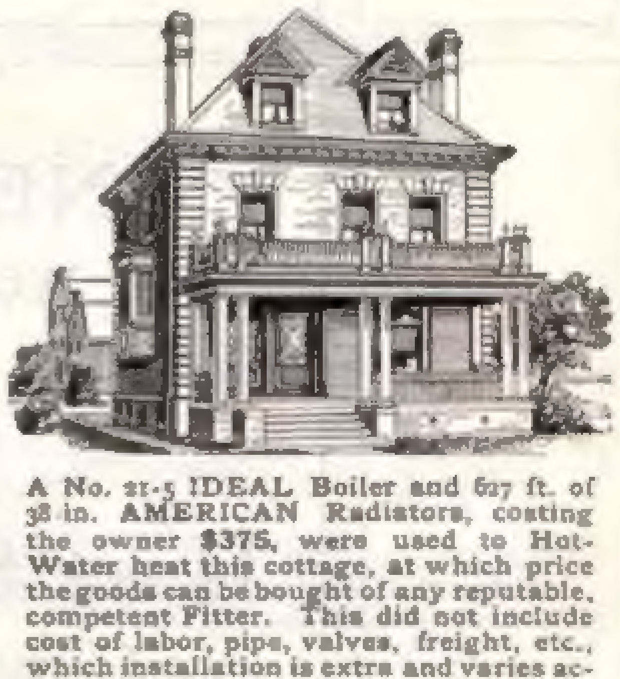


A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-inch **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$295**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 22 IDEAL Boiler and 240 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$120**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 21-5 IDEAL Boiler and 627 ft. of 38-in. **AMERICAN** Radiators, costing the owner **$375**, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage, at which price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

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Tuberculosis, a Scotched Snake

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

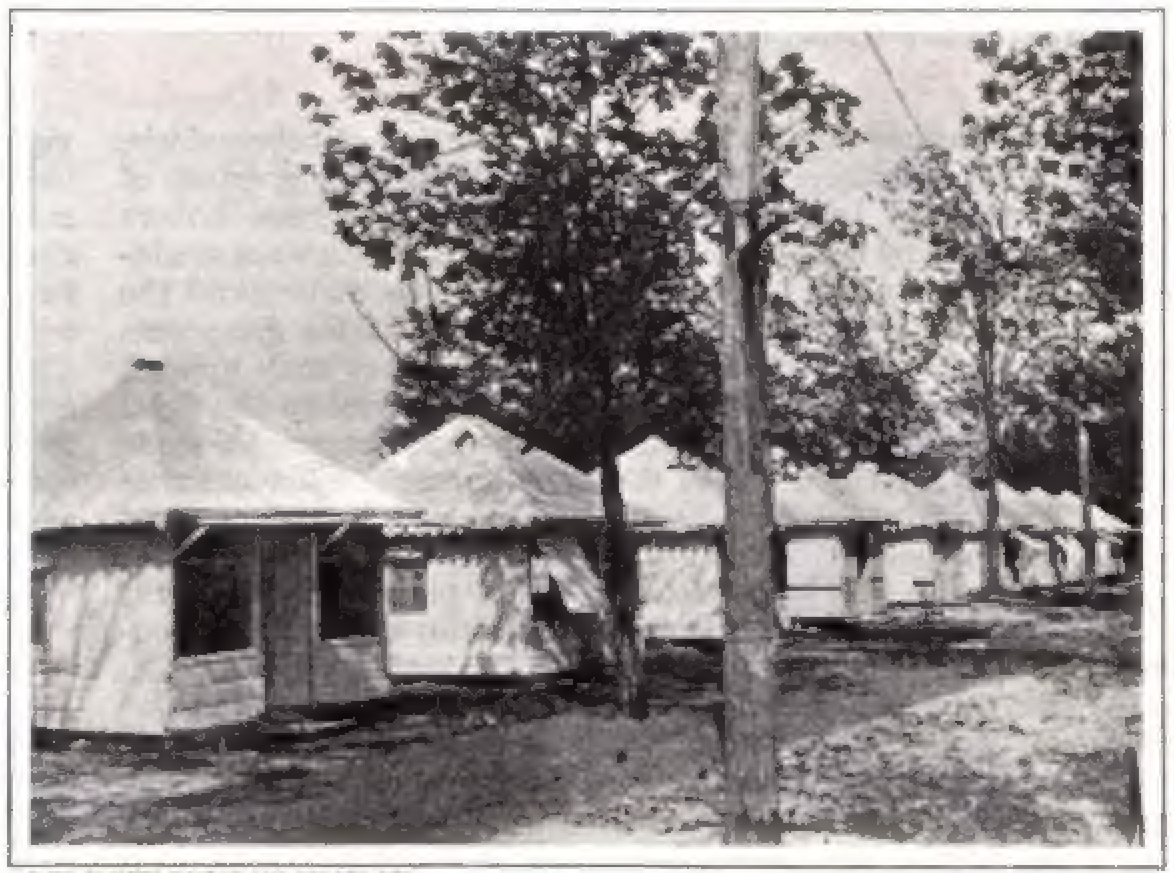


PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

Tuberculosis Tent Colony

ONE of the darling habits of humanity is to discover that we are facing a crisis. One could safely offer a large prize for a group of ten commencement orations or political platforms, at least a third of which did not announce this momentous fact. Either we are facing it or it confronts us, and unutterable things will happen unless we "gird up our loins" or vote the right ticket.

An interesting feature about these loudly-heralded crises is that they hardly ever "crise." The real crisis either strikes us so hard that we never knew what hit us, or is over before we recognize that anything was going to happen. And most of our reflections about it are after ones—trying to explain what caused it. In fact, in public affairs, as in medicine, a crisis is a sign of recovery. Its occurrence is an indication that Nature is preparing to throw off the disease. Nowhere is this truth more vividly illustrated than in the tuberculosis situation. When, about thirty years ago, the world began to awake from its stupor of centuries, and to realize that this one great disease alone was *killing one-seventh of all people born under civilization*, and crippling as many more; that its killed and wounded every year cast the bloodiest wars ever waged by humanity completely in the shade, and that it was apparently caused by the civilization which it ravaged—no wonder that we were appalled at the outlook.

Here was a disease of civilization, caused by the conditions of that civilization. Could it be cured without destroying its cause and reverting to barbarism? Yet this very apprehension was a sign of hope, a promise of improvement. That we were able to feel it was a sign that we were shaking off the old fatalistic attitude toward disease—as inevitable or an act of Providence. It was brought about by the more accurate and systematic study of disease. We had long been sadly familiar with the fact that death by consumption, by "slow decline," by "wasting" or "slow fever," was frightfully common. "To fall into a decline" and die was one of the standard commonplaces of romantic literature. But that was quite different from knowing in cold, hard figures and inescapable percentages exactly how many of the race were killed by it. It is one of the striking illustrations of the advantages of good bookkeeping. Boards and departments of health had just fairly got on their feet and started an accurate system of State accounts in matters of deaths and births. We were beginning to recognize national health as an asset, and to scrutinize its fluctuations with keen interest accordingly.

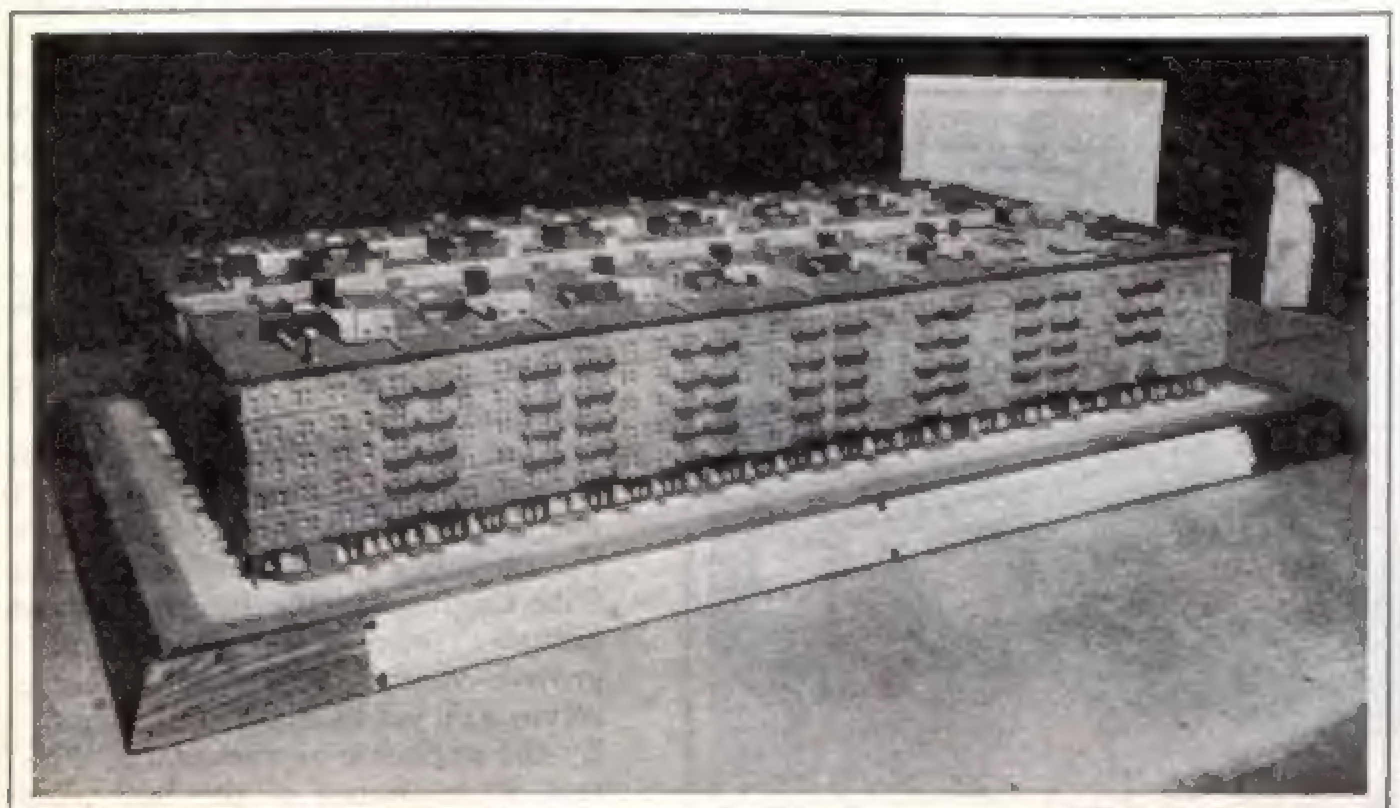
We may decry statistics as much as we like, but when we see the effects of a disease set down in cold columns of black and white we have no longer any idea of submitting to it as inevitable. We are going to get right up and do some fighting. "One-seventh of all the deaths" has literally become the war-cry of our new Holy War against tuberculosis. Still another stirring phrase of inestimable value in rousing us from our torpor was that coined by the brilliant and lovable physician-philosopher, Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Great White Plague of the North." This vivid epithet, abused as it may have been in later years, was of enormous service in fixing the public mind on consumption as a definite, individual disease, something to be fought and guarded against. Before that, we had been inclined to look upon it as just a natural failing of the vital forces, a thing that came from within, and was in no sense caused from without. The fair, young girl, or the delicate boy whose vitality was hardly sufficient to carry him through the stern battle of life, under some slight shock, or even mental disappointment, would sink into a decline, gradually waste away and die. What could be done in such a case, except to bow in submission to the inscrutable ways of Providence?

It seems incredible now, but such was the light in which smallpox was regarded by physicians of the Arabian and mediæval schools. A natural oozing forth of "peccant humors" in the blood of the young. A disagreeable, but perfectly natural, and even necessary, process. For if the patient did not get rid of these humors he would either die or his growth would be seriously impaired. Now smallpox has become little more than a memory in civilization, and consumption is due to follow its example.

Sanitary pioneers had already begun casting about eagerly for light upon the influence of housing, of drainage, of food in the causation of tuberculosis, when a new and powerful weapon was suddenly placed in their hands by the infant science of bacteriology. This was the now world-famous discovery by Robert Koch that consumption and other forms of tuberculosis were due to the attack of a definite bacillus. No tubercle bacillus—no consumption.

At first sight this discovery appeared to be anything but encouraging. In fact, it seemed to make the situation and the outlook even more hopeless. And when within a few years it was further demonstrated in rapid succession that most of the diseases of the spine in children, of the group of symptoms associated with enlarged glands or kernels in the neck and known as "scrofula" or struma, most cases of hip-joint disease, of white swelling of the knee, a large percentage of chronic ulcerations of the skin known as *lupus*, a common form of fatal bowel disease in children, and many instances of peritonitis in adults, together with fully half of the fatal cases of convulsions in children, were due to the activity of this same ubiquitous bacillus, it looked as if the enemy were hopelessly entrenched against attack. And when it was further found that a similar bacillus was almost as common a cause of death and disease in cattle, particularly dairy cattle, and another in domestic fowls, it looked as if the heavens above and the earth beneath were so thickly strewn and so hopelessly infested with the germs that to war against them, or hope to escape from them, was like fighting back the Atlantic tides with a broom.

But this chill of discouragement quickly passed. Our foe had come down out of the clouds, and was spread out in battle array before us, in plain sight on the level earth. We were ready for the conflict, and proposed to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was not long before we began to see joints in the enemy's armor and weaknesses in his positions. Then, when we lowered our field-glasses and turned to count our forces and prepare for the defense, we discovered with a shock of delighted



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Block of New Tenement Houses, Erected in Accordance with the Present Law

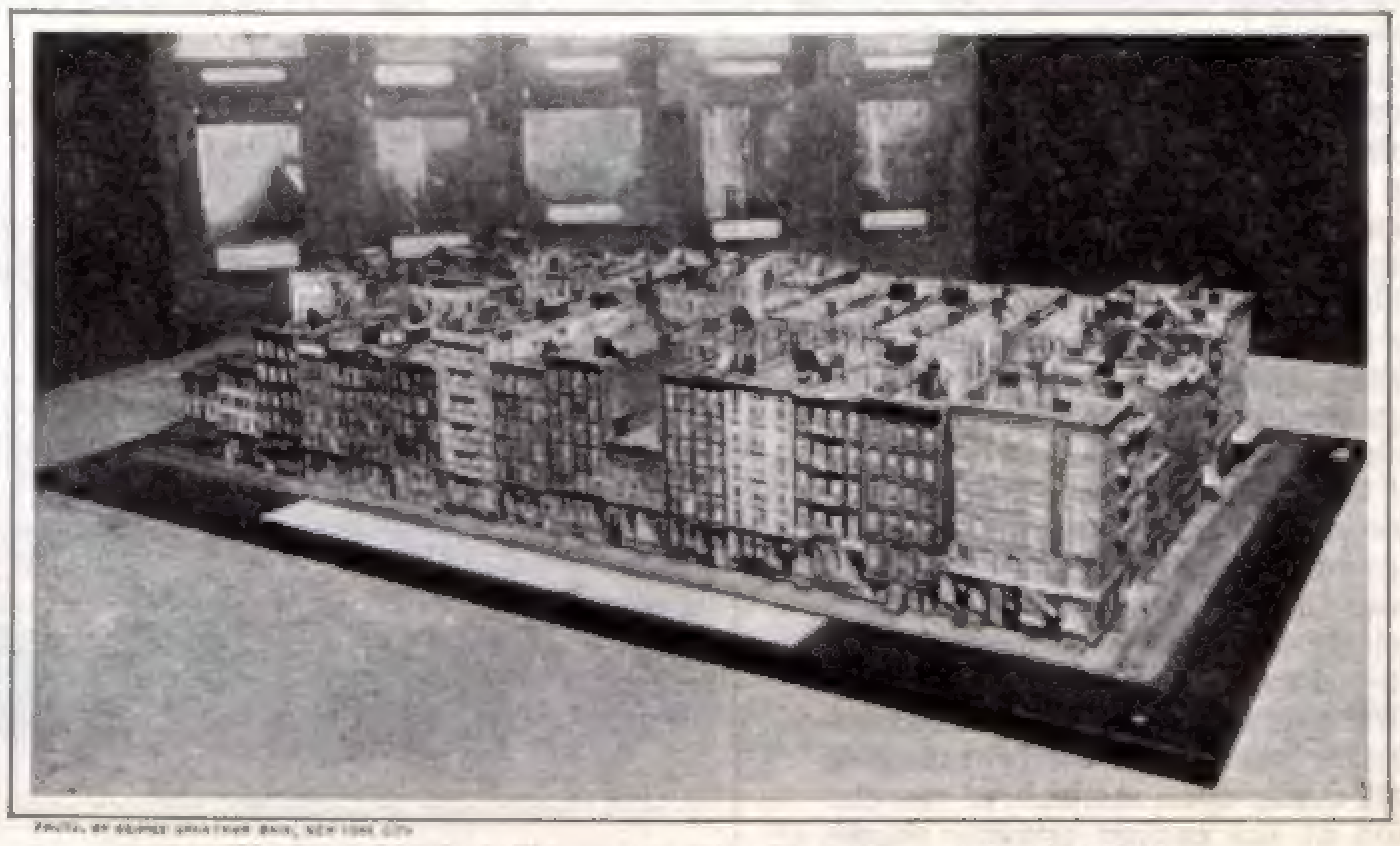


PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

Block of Old Style Tenements, New York (Congestion Exhibit)

PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

A Tent in Zero Weather

relief that whole regiments of unexpected reënforcements had come up while we were studying the enemy's position. These new allies of ours were three of the great, silent forces of Nature which had fallen into line on either side and behind us, without hurry and without excitement, without even a bugle blast to announce their coming.

The first was the great resisting power and vigor of the human organism, which we had gravely underestimated. The second, that power of adaptation to new circumstances, including even the attack of infectious diseases, which we call "survival of the fittest." The third, that great, sustaining, conservative power of Nature—heredity. More cheering yet, these forces came, not merely fully armed, but bearing new weapons fitted for our hands. The vigor and unconquerable toughness of the human animal presented us with three glittering weapons, sunshine, food and fresh air.

"If the deadly bacillus breaks through the lines put me in the gap! With these weapons, with this triad, I will engage to hurl him back, shattered and broken." "Equip your vanguard with them, and the enemy will never break the line."

The survival of the fittest held out to us two weapons of strange and curious make, one of them labeled "immunity," the other "quarantine." "Give me a little time," she said, "and with the first of these I will make seven-tenths of the soldiers in your army proof against the spears of the enemy, as Achilles was when dipped in the Styx. With the other, surround and isolate every roving band of the enemy that you can find; drive him out of the holes and caves in which he lives into the sunlight. Hold him in the open for forty-eight hours, and he will die of lightstroke and starvation. Divide and conquer!"

When Doubt Became Confidence

THESE reënforcements of ours have proved no mere figure of speech. They have won many a battle for us already upon the tented field. They have not merely made good their promises, but gone beyond them, and we are only just beginning to appreciate their true worth, and how absolutely we can rely upon them.

The first outpost of the enemy was captured with the sunshine-food-air weapons, and a glorious victory it was—great in itself, and even more important for its moral effect and its encouragement for the future. To pronounce an illness "consumption" had been from time immemorial equivalent to signing a death-warrant. Even the doctors could hardly believe it, when the first open-air enthusiasts began to claim that they had actually cured cases of genuine consumption. For long there was a tendency to mutter in the beard: "Well, it wasn't *genuine* consumption, or it wouldn't have got better."

But after a period of incredulity this gave way to delighted confidence. The open-air method would cure, and *did* cure, and the patients remained cured for years afterward. Our first claims were barely for twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the threatened victims. Then we were able to increase it to fifty per cent.; sixty, seventy, and finally eighty, were successively reached. But with the increase of our power over the cure of this disease came a realization to our knowledge of its limitations. It quickly proved itself to be no sovereign and universal panacea, which would cure all cases, however desperate, or however indiscriminately it was applied. And emphatically it had to be mixed with brains, both on the part of the physician and of the patient.

In the first place, the likelihood of a cure depended, with almost mathematical certainty, upon the earliness of the stage at which it was begun. Eight or ten years ago the outlook crystallized itself into the form which it has practically retained since: of cases put under treatment in the very early stage, from seventy to ninety per cent. of them were practical cures; of ordinary so-called "first-stage" cases, sixty to seventy per cent.; second-stage cases, or those in whom the disease was well developed, thirty to sixty per cent.; and well-advanced cases, fifteen to thirty per cent. of apparent cures. *The crux of the whole proposition lies in the early recognition of the disease by the physician*, and the prompt acceptance of the diagnosis by the patient, and his willingness to drop everything and fight intelligently and vigorously for his life. Physicians are now thoroughly awake on this point, and are concentrating their most careful attention and study upon methods of recognition at the earliest possible stages. At the same time those magnificent associations for the study and prevention of tuberculosis, international, national, state and local—the greatest of which, the International Tuberculosis Congress, honors America by meeting in Washington this month—are straining every nerve to educate the public to understand the importance of recognizing the earliest possible symptoms of this disease, no matter how trivial they may appear, and making every other consideration bend to the fight.

This new Word of Power, the open-air treatment, alone has transformed one of the most hopeless, most pathetic and painful fields of disease into one of the most cheerful and hopeful. The vantage-ground won is something enormous. No longer need the family physician hang back, in dread and horror, from allowing himself even to recognize that the slow loss of weight, the increasing weakness, the flushed evening cheek and the restless sleep are signs of this dread malady. Instead of shrinking from pronouncing the patient's doom, he knows now that he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by promptly warning him of his danger, even while it is still problematical. On the other hand, the patient need no longer recoil in horror when told that he has consumption, and either go home to set his house in order and make his will, or hunt up another medical adviser who will take a more cheerful view of his case. All that he has to do is to turn and fight the disease vigorously, intelligently, persistently, with the certain knowledge that the chances are five to one in his favor and that's a good fighting chance for any one.

Prevention Better Than Cure

EVEN should there be reasonable ground for doubt as to the positive nature of the disease, he has nothing to lose and everything to gain by taking the steps required to cure it. There is nothing magical or irrational, least of all injurious, in any way about them. Simply rest, abundant feeding, and plenty of fresh air. Even if the bacillus has not yet lodged in his tissues, this treatment will relieve the conditions of depression from which he is suffering, and which would sooner or later render him a favorable lodging-place for this omnipresent, tiny enemy.

If he has the disease the treatment will cure it. If he hasn't got it it will prevent it; and the gain in vigor, weight and general efficiency will more than pay him for the time lost from his business or his study. It always pays to take time to put yourself back into a condition of good health and highest efficiency.

It was early recognized that the campaign could not be won with this weapon alone. Inexpressibly valuable and cheering as it was, it had obvious limitations. The first of these was the obvious reflection that it was idle to cure even eighty per cent. of all who actually developed tuberculosis, unless something were done to stop the disease from developing at all. "Eighty per cent. of cures," of course, sounds very encouraging, especially by contrast with the almost unbroken succession of deaths before. But even a twenty per cent. mortality from such a common disease, if it were to proceed unchecked, would make enormous inroads every year upon our national vigor.

Secondly, it was quickly seen that those who recovered from the disease still bore the scars; that while they might recover a fair degree of health and vigor, yet they were always handicapped by the time lost and the damage inflicted by this slow and obstinate malady; that many of them, while able to preserve good health under ideal conditions, were markedly and often distressingly limited in the range of their business activities for years after, and even for life. Finally, that as these cases were followed further and further, it was found that even after becoming cured they were sadly liable to relapse under some unexpected strain, or to slacken their vigilance and drop back into their former bad physical habits; while the conviction began to grow steadily upon men who had devoted one, two or more decades to the study of this disease in the localities most resorted to for its cure that the general vigor and vitality of these cured consumptives were apt to be not of the best; that their duration of life was not equal to the average; and that, even if they escaped a return of the disease, they were apt to go down before their normal time under the attack of some other malady. In short, *cure* was a poor weapon against the disease as compared with *prevention*.

The Ounce of Prevention and the Pound of Cure

BUT before this a careful study of the enemy's position and investigation of our own resources had brought another most important and reassuring fact to light, and that is, that while a distressingly large number of persons died of tuberculosis, these represented only a comparatively small percentage of all who had actually been attacked by the disease. One of the reasons why consumption had come to be regarded as such a deadly disease was that the milder cases of it were never recognized. It was, and is yet, a common phrase in the mouths of both the laity and of the medical profession: "He was seriously threatened with consumption." "She came very near falling into a decline"—*but* they recovered. If they didn't die of it it wasn't "real" tuberculosis. Now we have changed all that, and have even begun to go to the opposite extreme, of declaring with the German experts: "*Jeder Mann ist am ende ein bischen tuberkulöse.*" (Every one is some time or another a little bit tuberculous.) This sounds appalling at first hearing, but as a matter of fact it is immensely encouraging. Our first suspicion of it came from the records of that gruesome, but pricelessly-valuable, treasure-house of solid facts in pathology — the post-mortem room, the deadhouse. Systematic examinations of all the bodies brought to autopsy in our great hospitals and elsewhere revealed at first thirty, then, as the investigation became more minute and skillful, forty, sixty, seventy-five per cent. of scars in the apices of the lungs, remains of healed cavities, infected glands, or other signs of an invasion by the tubercle bacillus. Of course, the skeptic challenged very properly at once:

"But how do you know that these masses of chalky material, these enlarged glands, are the result of tuberculosis? They may be due to some half-dozen other infections."

Almost before the question was asked a test was made by the troublesome but convincing method of cutting open these scars, dividing these enlarged glands, scraping materials out of their centre, and injecting them into guinea-pigs. Result: from thirty to seventy per cent. of the guinea-pigs died of tuberculosis. In other cases it was not necessary to inoculate, as scrapings or sections from these scar-masses showed tubercle bacilli, clearly recognizable by their staining reactions.

Here, then, we have indisputable evidence of the fact that the tubercle bacillus may not only enter some of the openings of the body—the nostrils, the mouth, the lungs—but can actually form a lodgment and a growth-colony in the lungs themselves, and yet be completely defeated by the antitoxic powers of the blood and other tissues of the body, prevented from spreading throughout

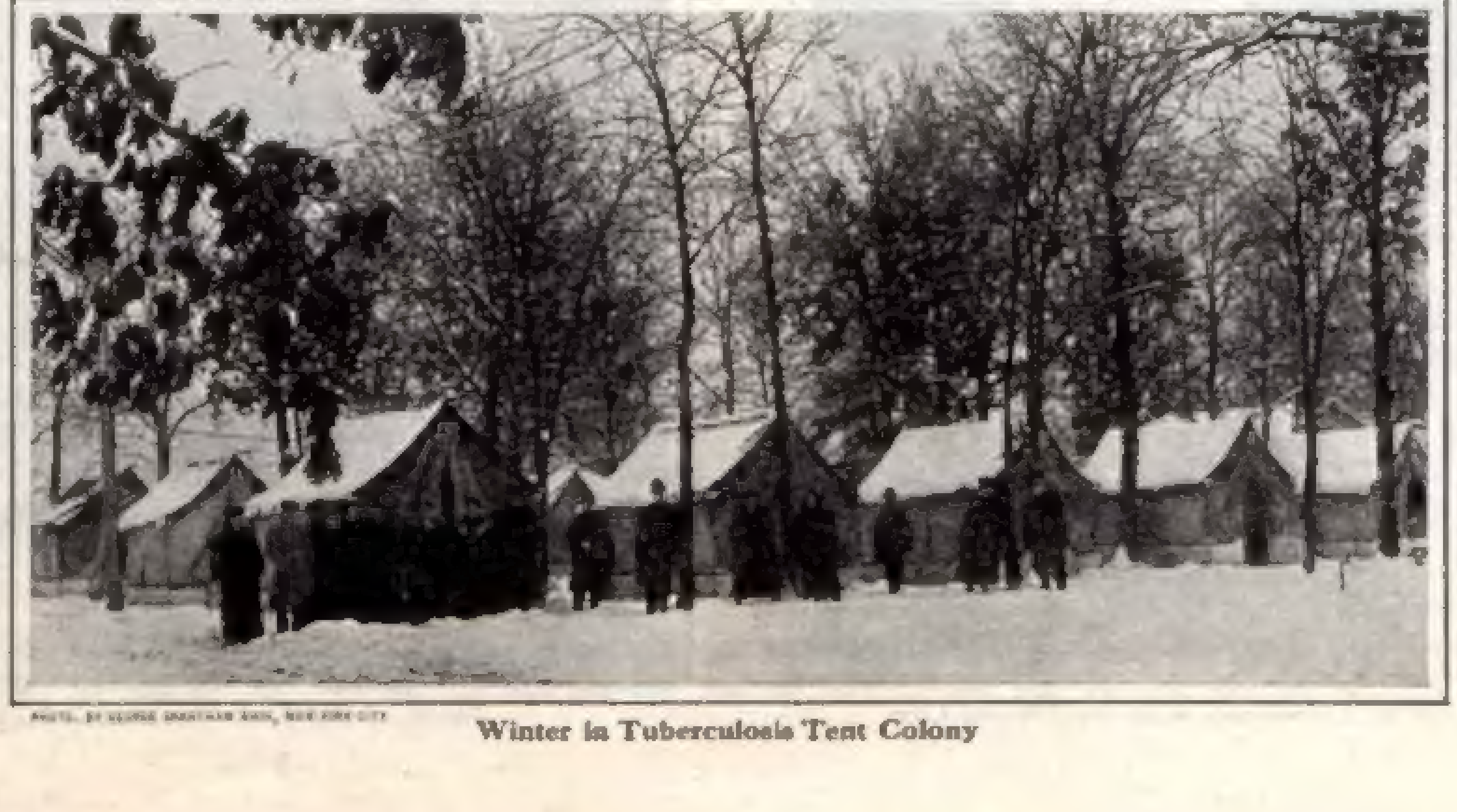


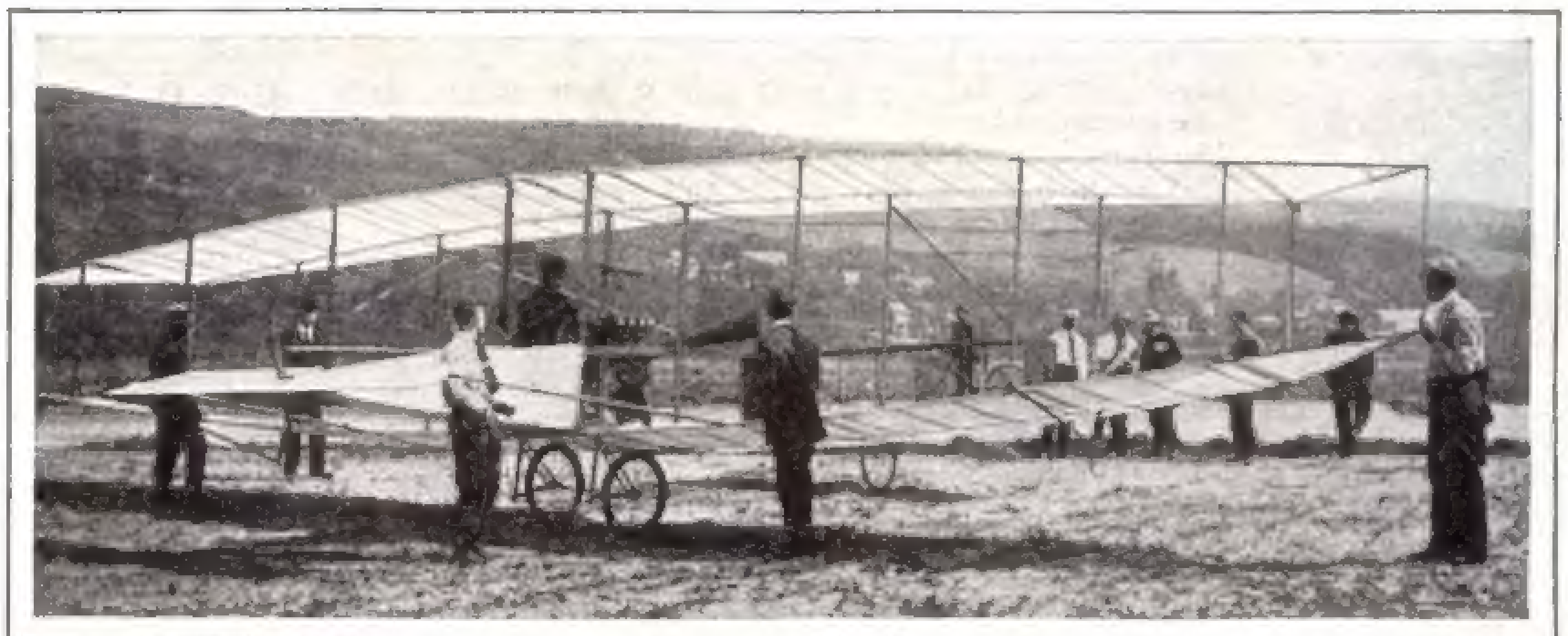
PHOTO. BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK CITY

Winter in Tuberculosis Tent Colony

(Continued on Page 32)

THE A-B-C OF FLYING

By Waldemar Kaempffert



Starting the Engine

NOT so many years ago the man who proclaimed himself the inventor of a flying-machine was promptly classed with the mathematical fanatic whose life was vainly spent in attempting to square the circle. Now, hardly a day passes but the newspapers lavish extravagant praise on the latest "conqueror of the air." The flying-machine inventor finds himself much in the same position as a preacher at a revival. His works are miracles to an unthinking public, and, straightway, refusal to believe anything at all gives place to a belief in everything. Although the Wright brothers three years ago succeeded in flying a distance of over twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes, and Henry Farman has remained in the air for twenty minutes, we cannot truly say that we have "conquered the air," to use a favorite newspaper phrase. A simple explanation of the principles that underlie the construction of an aeroplane may serve to show how very much has really been accomplished in the solution of the problem of aerial flight, also how far we must still progress before we have completely acquired an art of which every soaring bird is a master.

An aeroplane is a surface horizontally propelled in such a manner that the resulting pressure from beneath prevents its falling. The best example is a kite. If the boy who holds the cord runs fairly fast, he can keep it aloft even in a calm. Substitute for the pull of the cord the thrust of a propeller, and you have an aeroplane flying-machine.

Motion is the secret of an aeroplane's flight. The machine is in the same predicament as a skater on thin ice. So long as he moves fast enough the skater is safe. So long as the aeroplane glides swiftly it will not fall. That is why the Wright brothers and their emulators are compelled to skate in the air at speeds never less than thirty and often as high as forty miles an hour. A man in an aeroplane is like a cyclist on a tight-rope without a pole or a parasol. Let him stop, and he falls. Yet by a curious perversion of judgment sprung from the motor car and the railway train, prizes are offered by foreign newspapers for long-distance journeys at the highest possible speeds. The admiration of the reporter increases with the velocity of the aeroplane. Slowness and not speed is the thing to be rewarded with prizes and praise. Some day that aeronaut will be acclaimed who covers a given distance in the longest possible time. In the present stage of its development the flying-machine compels the aeronaut to rush through the air at breakneck speed in order to save his neck. Until that stage is passed flying will never be more than a sport, with military possibilities.

Langley's Law Supplants Newton's

IT MIGHT be supposed that because high velocity is so essential to flight, enormous power is needed to drive an aeroplane. In hauling a train on steel rails, and in urging a steamship through the water, the greater the speed to be attained the more power must be expended. The supposition that the same relation of speed to power holds for surfaces driven through the air led Sir Isaac Newton to formulate a law which long discouraged the inventor. According to Newton the power expended must increase so rapidly with the speed that mechanical flight is hopeless. The late Professor Langley upset Newton's reasoning and proved that a surface in the air can be driven with less power at high than at low speeds. That curious rule is embodied in a formula which is known to every aerial engineer as "Langley's law."

If the attainment of speed were the only mechanical task to be performed in solving the problem of artificial flight, we should now be soaring in the ether as readily as we sail in yachts. Unfortunately, far graver problems remain to be solved. Chief among these is the difficulty of maintaining stability. As yet the wonderful trick of balancing, which renders the flight of a bird so marvelous a spectacle, has been acquired only in a very crude way.

If you have ever handled a sailing canoe you will understand what stability means. As the wind heels your canoe over you crawl out on the outrigger in order that your weight may prevent the craft from capsizing. A scientist will tell you that you have made the centre of gravity fall on the same straight line as the centre of air pressure, and that as long as the coincidence is preserved you are safe. In a canoe the feat is not very difficult. In the air it is so difficult that even buzzards and eagles, as they soar, incessantly rock and sway like a tight-rope walker, in the effort to maintain their balance. The reason is to be found in the fitfulness of the wind. To most of us a breeze is a steady stream of air flowing as uniformly as a river. In reality it is more like a mountain torrent composed of a thousand gusts, counter-currents and puffs, blowing from every point of the compass at once, although as a whole it travels in one direction. As a result, the centre of air pressure is constantly shifting; rarely does it remain in the same spot for a single second. To bring the centre of air pressure into coincidence with the centre of gravity constitutes the whole art of balancing. Men have been killed in attempting to learn that art.

We Fly Best When the Wind is Asleep

A GERMAN engineer named Otto Lillienthal was the first man who seems to have had a scientific appreciation of the extraordinary difficulty of balancing an aeroplane. He built what is known as a "gliding machine" —an apparatus comprising two great outstretched, batlike wings, rigidly fastened to a bar. In order to fly he would grasp the bar, run down a hill, and lift his legs when sufficient speed had been attained. Thus he would glide for two or three hundred feet without the aid of any motor. While on the wind he was constantly compelled to throw his body from side to side with flashlike rapidity to bring the centres of gravity and air pressure in coincidence. His antics were such that the peasants in the little German village where he experimented believed him mad. All told, he made about two thousand short flights. One day, despite his acrobatic swiftness, he was not quick enough in shifting his body. His gliding machine capsized and he was killed. An English disciple of his, Lieutenant Pilcher, came to a similar violent end for the same reason.

If the trick of balancing an aeroplane consists in bringing the centres of gravity and air pressure into agreement, and if the human body cannot be shifted quickly enough, why should it not be possible to control the centre of air pressure so as to relieve the aeronaut of the necessity of performing feats of agility?

Octave Chanute, a French civil engineer residing in the United States, carried out the idea in a series of gliding experiments which he made about twelve years ago, and proved its feasibility. Instead of compelling the aeronaut to writhe in prolonged ecstatic efforts he caused the tips of the planes to bend so that the centre of air pressure could be brought in coincidence with the centre of gravity, and the aeronaut was relieved of the necessity of shifting his weight. That device has been copied by the Wright brothers and other experimenters.

Even though we have discovered in a crude way how an aeroplane may be balanced, we have still much to learn before we can fly with safety. Read the accounts which are cabled from Paris of the performance of the "conquerors of the air." Time and time again flights are postponed because the wind is not just right. Last January Henry Farman won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of $10,000 for a circular flight of one kilometer (0.621 miles). Without detracting in the least from his remarkable exploit, let it be noted that he watched for the proper moment and then sent word to the judges that he was ready. The judges came, marked out a course, and gave the word. The aeronaut remained in the air one minute and a half and covered somewhat more ground than the stipulated kilometer. A few days later he attempted to repeat the performance and wrecked his machine. He won the prize when the wind was asleep. Delagrange made a flight of 15 kilometers during which he mastered the air for 15½ minutes, but the next day he, too, crashed to the ground. Even the Wright brothers, the most skilled "aviators" of our day, meet with accidents that cripple their machines for weeks. Their contrivances are probably the most efficient in use at the present time, but it is doubtful if they could be handled by any but the Wrights without a long apprenticeship.

These criticisms are leveled at the present efforts not as arguments against the future possibilities of artificial flight, but simply to show how much we must learn before we have really conquered the air.

Still another difficulty which confronts the flying-machine experimenter is that of starting, although it must be confessed that it is not so formidable as that of balancing a plane surface. Even soaring birds, such as the condor and the eagle, find it hard to rise from the ground. Professor Langley was fond of quoting the following description of an eagle's struggles to get on the wing, taken from a hunter's story of his exploits:

> An approach to within 80 yards arouses the king of birds from his apathy. He partly opens his enormous wings, but stirs not yet from his station. On gaining a few feet more he begins to *walk* away with half-expanded, but motionless, wings. Now for the chance. Fire! A charge of No. 3 from eleven-bore rattles audibly but ineffectively upon his densely-feathered body; his walk increases to a run, he gathers speed with his slowly-waving wings, and eventually leaves the ground. Rising at a gradual inclination, he mounts aloft and sails majestically away to his place of refuge in the Libyan range, distant at least five miles from where he rose. Some fragments of feathers denoted the spot where the shot had struck him. The marks of his claws were traceable in the sandy soil, as at first, with firm and decided digs, he forced his way; but, as he lightened his body and increased his speed with the aid of his wings, the imprints of his talons gradually merged into long scratches. The measured distance from the point where these vanished to the place where he had stood proved that with all the stimulus that the shot must have given to his exertions he had been compelled to run full 20 yards before he could raise himself from the earth.

Like this eagle, a flying-machine must acquire considerable preliminary speed before it can soar. In other words, it must be in motion before it can fly. What is more, it must start in the teeth of the wind, like an eagle or a boy's kite. Langley caused his machines to run down an inclined track and released them when their velocity was great enough. A similar method has been adopted by the Wright brothers. Most of the French machines are mounted on bicycle wheels on which they run, driven by their propellers, until a sufficient speed is acquired. A Californian aeronaut attempted to launch a gliding machine by dropping it from a balloon, with the result that he met a ghastly death.

When a Flying-Machine Actually Flew

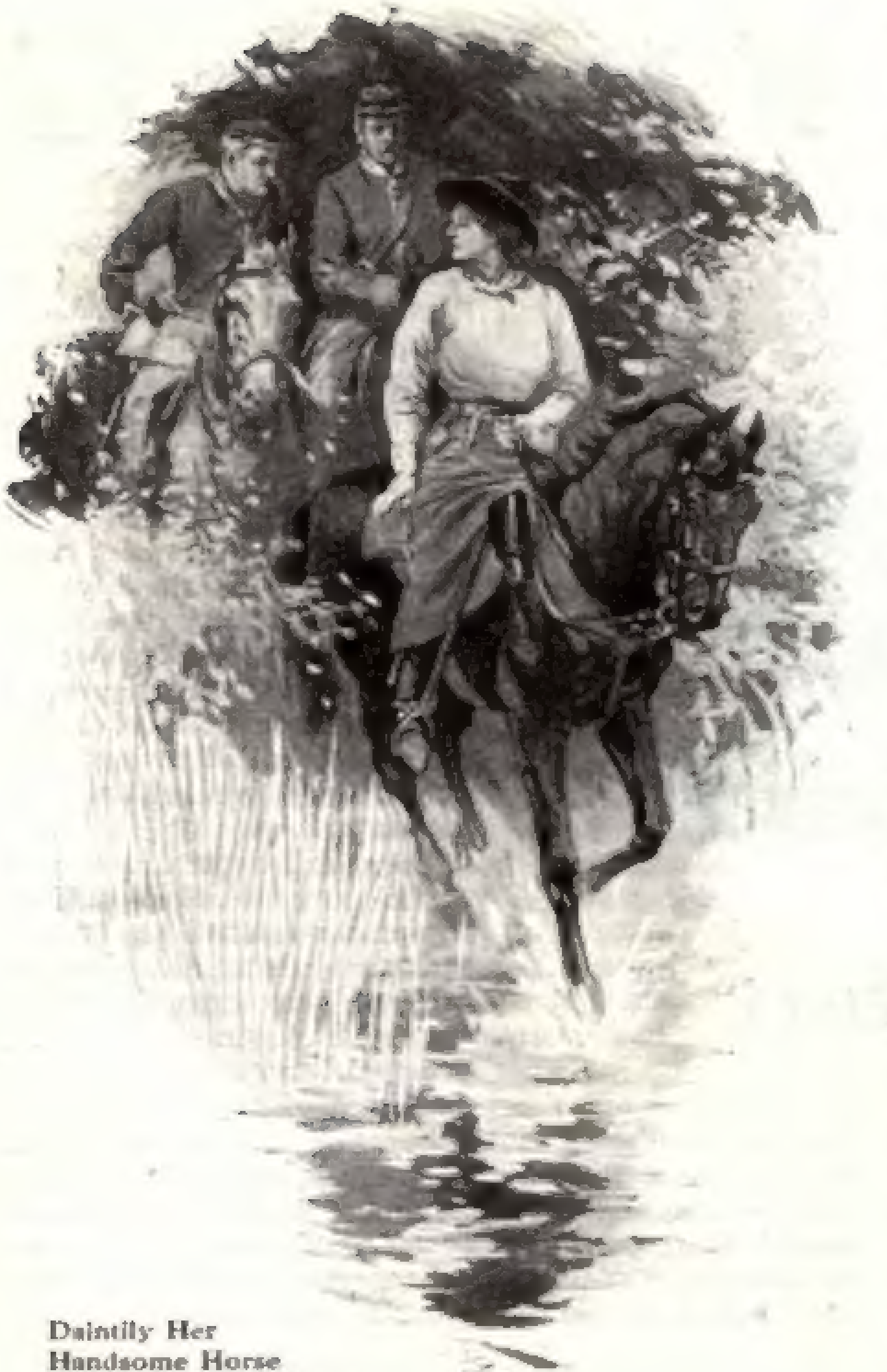
PRACTICALLY all that we now know about mechanical flight we owe to the late Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, and to Mr. Octave Chanute. Langley carried out, perhaps, the most painstaking series of experiments that have ever been made. The record of his immensely valuable work is embodied in his Experiments in Aerodynamics, which, it may be said, bears to mechanical flight much the same relation that Darwin's Origin of Species bears to biology. He tested all kinds of plane surfaces at slow and high speeds with the aid of a whirling table in order to arrive at the laws which must be obeyed in building an operative flying-machine. After years of untiring tests and disheartening failure he finally constructed a small model which flew half a mile on May 6, 1896, and settled very slowly and gracefully when its fuel and water supply were exhausted. This was the first time in history that a flying-machine actually flew. Encouraged by this success, which was repeated with other models, Professor Langley built a man-carrying machine for the United States Government. The apparatus was tried several times in 1903, but it never soared because of some defects in the launching devices.

(Continued on Page 28)

RED FERRY

By Robert W. Chambers

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



Daintily Her
Handsome Horse
Set Foot in the Water

WHEN Private Allen, of Kay's Cavalry, deserted with headquarters' dispatch-pouch and headed straight for Dixie, there was a great deal of consternation and excitement on the north bank of the river, and a considerable amount of headlong riding. But on the tenth day he slipped through the cordon somewhere, got into the woods, and was evidently making for the river when a patrol shot at him near Gopher Creek, but lost him in the impenetrable cypress swamp beyond.

However, the pursuit was pushed forward to the very edge of the enemy's country; Kay's troopers patrolled the north bank of the river and watched every road and ford; east and west Ripley's and Haynes' brigades formed impassable curtains.

Somewhere in this vast corral lay hidden a desperate, starving man; and it was only a question of time before the hunted creature broke cover for the water.

That a trooper had deserted with his arms and equipment was generally known; but that in his flight he had also taken vitally-important papers was known at first only to Kay and later to the Special Messenger.

Now, the south bank of the stream being in the enemy's territory, Kay had not ventured to station patrols above the clay banks opposite, lest rumor of invasion bring Stuart's riders to complicate a man-chase and the man escape in the confusion.

And he explained this to the Special Messenger at their first conference.

"It ought to be guarded," insisted the Messenger tranquilly. "There are three good fords and a ferry open to him."

"I hold the fords on this side," argued Kay; "the ferry-boat lies in the eel-grass on the south shore."

"Stuart's riders might cross if they heard of this trouble, sir!"

"And if they see Union troops on the south bank they'll cross, sure pop. It won't do, Messenger. If that fellow attempts the fords we'll catch him, sure; if he swims we may get him in the water. The Lord knows I want him badly, but I dare not invite trouble by placing vedettes across the stream. . . . There's a ferryman over there I'm worried about, too. He'd probably come across if Allen hailed him from the woods. . . . And Allen was thick with him. They used to fish together. Nobody knows what they hatched out between them. It worries me, I can tell you—that ferry."

The Messenger walked to the tent-door and looked thoughtfully at the woods around her. The Colonel rose from his camp-stool and followed her, muttering:

"I might as well try to catch a weasel in a wall, or a red horse in the mud; and how to go about it I don't know."

With set jaws and an angry spot glowing in his gaunt cheeks, he stared wickedly around him and then at the Messenger: "*You* do miracles, they say. Can't you do one now?"

"I don't know, sir. Who is this deserter?"

"Roy Allen—a sullen, unwilling dog—always malingering. He's spent half the time in the guard-house, half in the hospital, since he arrived with the recruits. Somebody got an idea that he'd been hit by the sun, but it's all bosh. He's a bad one—that's all. Can you help me out?"

The Messenger nodded.

"You say he's fond of fishing?"

"Crazy about it. He was often detailed to keep us in food when rations ran low. Then the catfish made us sick, so I stopped his fishing. Then he took French leave."

"I want two troopers this evening, Colonel. May I have them?" she asked thoughtfully. "I'm going to keep house at Red Ferry for a while."

"All right, ma'am. Look out for him; he's a bad one."

But the Messenger shook her head, smiling.

At ten o'clock that night the Special Messenger, mounted astride and followed by two cavalrymen with carbines, rode down through the river-mist to Bushy Ford.

Daintily her handsome horse set foot in the water, hesitated, bent his long, velvety neck, sniffed, and finally drank; then, satisfied, stepped quietly forward, hock-deep, in the swirling, yellow flood.

"Foller them stakes, Miss," cautioned the older trooper; "I sot 'em m'self, I did."

"Thank you. Keep close to me, Connor. I've crossed here before it was staked."

"Sho!" exclaimed Connor under his breath; "she do beat 'em all!"

Twice, having no light but the foggy stars, they missed the stakes and her horse had to swim, but they managed to flounder safely back to the ford each time; and after a little while her mount rose, straining through the red mud of the shore, struggled, scrambled madly, and drew out, dripping.

Up a slippery, crooked ascent they rode, out into a field of uncut corn above, then, spurring, swung at a canter eastward along the river.

There was a dim light in the ferry-house; a lubberly, fat man ran to the open door as they drew bridle before it. When the fat man saw the blue troopers he backed hastily away from the sill; and the Messenger dismounted and followed him into the house, heavy revolver swinging in her gloved hand.

"What'n hell y'goin' to do to me?" he began to whimper; "I ain't done nothin'"; but an access of fright strangled him, and he continued to back away from her until he landed flat against the opposite wall. She followed and halted before him, cocking her weapon, with a terrible frown. She said solemnly:

"I want you to answer me one or two questions, and if you lie to me it will be the last time. Do you understand?"

He nodded and moistened his thick lips, gulping.

"Then you are the ferryman, Snuyder, are you not?"

He nodded, utterly incapable of speech. She went on, gloomily:

"You used to fish sometimes with a Yankee recruit named Allen—Roy Allen?"

"Ye-s'm," he sniveled. "There's my fish-pole an' his'n layin' on to the roof——"

"How did he hail you when he wanted you to come across to take him fishing?"

"He jest come down to the shore an' hollered twicet——"

She bent closer, scanning his dilated eyes; speech died on his lips.

"How did he call to you at *night?*"

"He ain't never called me at night—so help me——"

"No; *but in case he ever wished to fish at night?*"

The man began to stammer and protest, but she covered him suddenly, and her dark eyes struck fire.

"What signal?" she asked with a menacing ring in her voice. "Quick!"

"Cock-o'-the-pines! . . . It didn't mean nothin'," gasped the man; . . . "it was jest private——"

"Go on!"

"Yes'm. . . . If I heard a cock-o'-the-pines squeal I was to squeal back, an' then he was to holler—jest friendly—'Hallo-oo! How's fishin'?' That's all, ma'am——"

"And you were to cross?"

"Yes'm—jest friendly like. Him an' me was fond o' fishin'——"

"I see. Sit down and don't move. Nobody is going to hurt you."

She went to the door, leisurely uncocking her revolver and pushing it through her belt.

"Oh, Connor," she called carelessly, "please mount my friend Mr. Snuyder on my horse, take him across the ford, and detain him as my guest at headquarters until I return. Wait a second; I'll keep my saddle-bags with me."

And a few minutes later, as the troopers rode away in the mist with their prisoner, her gentle voice followed them:

"Don't be rough with him, Connor. Say to the Colonel that there is no harm in him at all, but keep him in sight until I return; and *don't* let him go fishing!"

She began housekeeping at sunrise by taking a daring bath in the stream, then, dressing, she made a careful inventory of the contents of the house and a cautious survey of the immediate environment.

The premises, so unexpectedly and unwillingly abandoned by its late obese tenant, harbored, besides herself, only one living creature—a fat kitten. The ferry-house stood above the dangerous south bank of the river in a grove of oaks, surrounded for miles by open country.

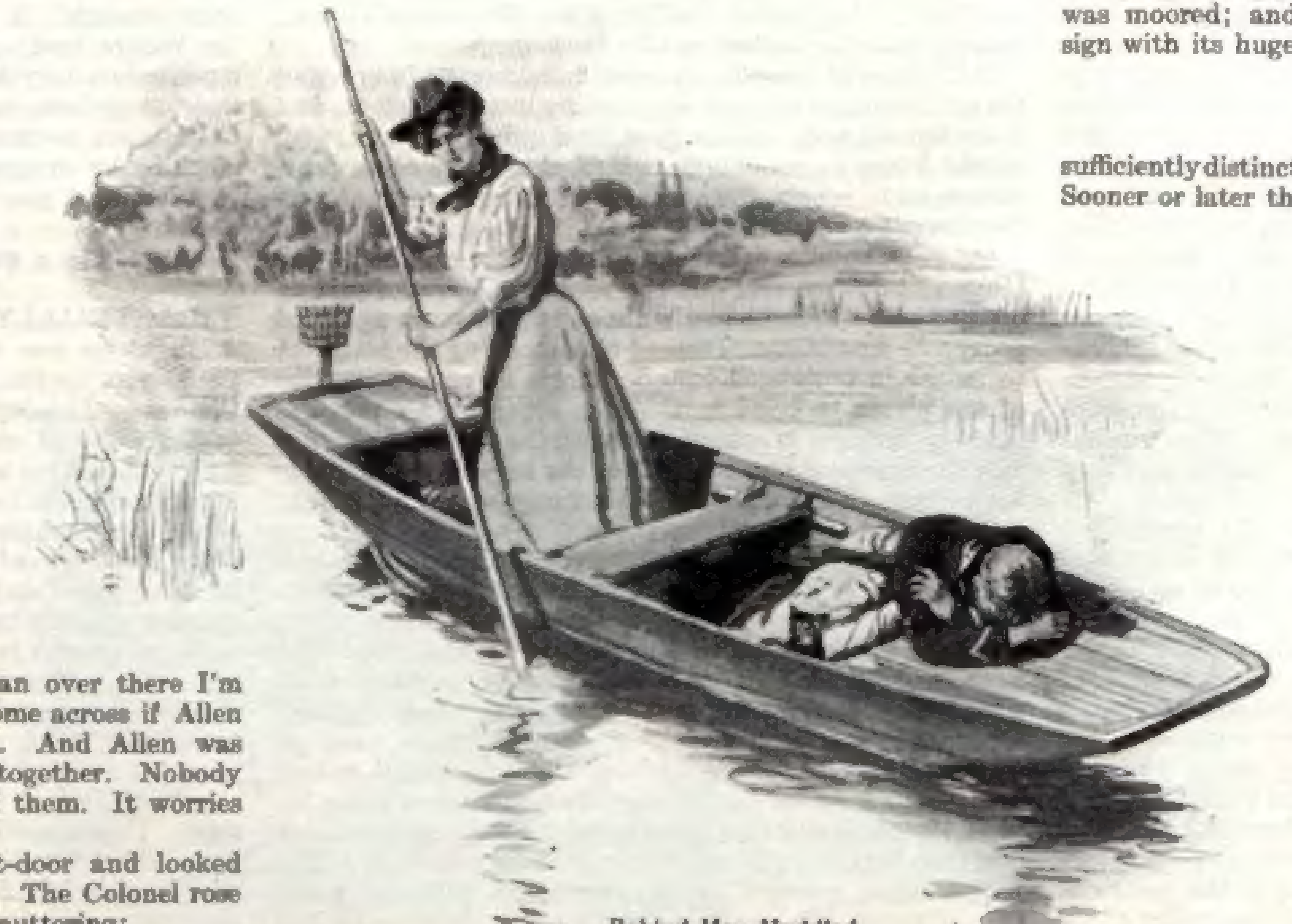
A flight of rickety wooden stairs pitched downward from the edge of the grassy bank to a wharf at the water's edge—the mere skeleton of a wharf now, outlined only by decaying string-pieces. But here the patched-up punt was moored; and above it, nailed to a dead tree, the sign with its huge lettering still remained:

RED FERRY
HOLLER TWICE

sufficiently distinct to be deciphered from the opposite shore. Sooner or later the fugitive would have to come to the river. Probably the cavalry would catch him at one of the fords, or some rifleman might shoot him swimming. But if he did not know the fords, and could not swim, there was only one ferry for him; east, west and north he had long since been walled in. The chances were that some night a cock-o'-the-pines would squeal from the woods across the river, and then she knew what to do.

During those broiling days of waiting she had leisure enough. Seated outside her shanty, in the shade of the trees, where she was able to keep watch both ways—south for her own safety's sake, north for the doomed man—she occupied herself with mending stockings and underwear, raising her dark eyes at intervals to sweep the landscape.

Nobody came into that heated desolation; neither voice nor gunshot echoed far or near. Day after day the foliage of the trees spread motionless under cloudless skies; day after day



Behind Her, Huddled
in the Stern, the Prodigal
Wept, Uncomforted

the oily river slipped between red mud-banks in heated silence. In sky, on earth, nothing stirred except, at intervals, some buzzard, turning high in the blinding blue; below all was deathly motionless, save when some clotted cake of red clay let go, sliding greasily into the current. At dawn the sun struck the half-stunned world insensible once more; no birds stirred even at sunset; all the little creatures of the field seemed dead; her kitten panted in its slumbers.

Every night the river-fog shrouded the land, wetting the parched leaves; dew drummed on the rotting porch like the steady patter of picket-firing; the widow-bird's distracted mourning filled the silence; the kitten crept to its food, ate indifferently, then, settling on the Messenger's knees, stared, round-eyed, at the dark. But always at dawn the sun burned off the mist, rising in stupefying splendor; the oily river glided on; not a leaf moved, not a creature. And the kitten slept on the porch, heedless of inviting grass-stems whisked for her and the ball of silk rolled past her in temptation.

Half-lying there, propped against a tree-trunk in the heated shade, cotton bodice open, sleeves rolled to the shoulders, the Special Messenger mended her linen with languid fingers. Perspiration powdered her silky skin from brow to breast, from finger to elbow, shimmering like dew. Her dark hair fell, unbound; glossy tendrils of it curled on her shoulders, framing a face in which nothing as yet had extinguished the soft loveliness of youth.

At times she talked to the kitten under her breath; sometimes hummed an old song. Memories kept her busy, too, at moments quenching the brightness of her eyes, at moments twitching the edges of her vivid lips till the dreamy smile transfigured her.

But, always quietly alert, her eyes scanned land and river, the bank opposite, the open fields behind her. Once, certain of a second's safety, she relaxed with a sigh, stretching out full length on the grass; and, under the edge of her cotton skirt, the metal of a revolver glimmered for an instant, strapped in its holster below her right knee.

The evening of the fourth day was cooler; the kitten hoisted its tail for the first time in their acquaintance, and betrayed a feeble interest in the flight of a white dusk-moth that came hovering around the porch vines.

"Pussy," said the Messenger, "there's bacon in that well-pit; I am going to fry some."

The kitten mewed faintly.

"I thought you'd approve, dear. Cold food is bad in hot weather; and we'll fry a little cornmeal, too. Shall we?"

The kitten on its small, uncertain legs followed her into one of the only two rooms. The fat tenant of the hovel had left some light-wood and kindling, and pots and pans necessary for such an existence as he led on earth.

The Messenger twisted up her hair and pinned it; then the culinary rites began, the kitten breaking into a thin purring when an odor of bacon filled the air.

"Poor little thing," murmured the Messenger, going to the door for a brief cautionary survey; and, coming back, she lifted the fry-pan and helped the kitten first.

They were still eating when the sun set and the sudden Southern darkness fell over woods and fields and river. A splinter of light-wood flared aromatically in an old tin candlestick; by its smoky, wavering radiance she heated some well-water, cleaned the tin plates, scoured pan and kettle, and set them in their humble places again.

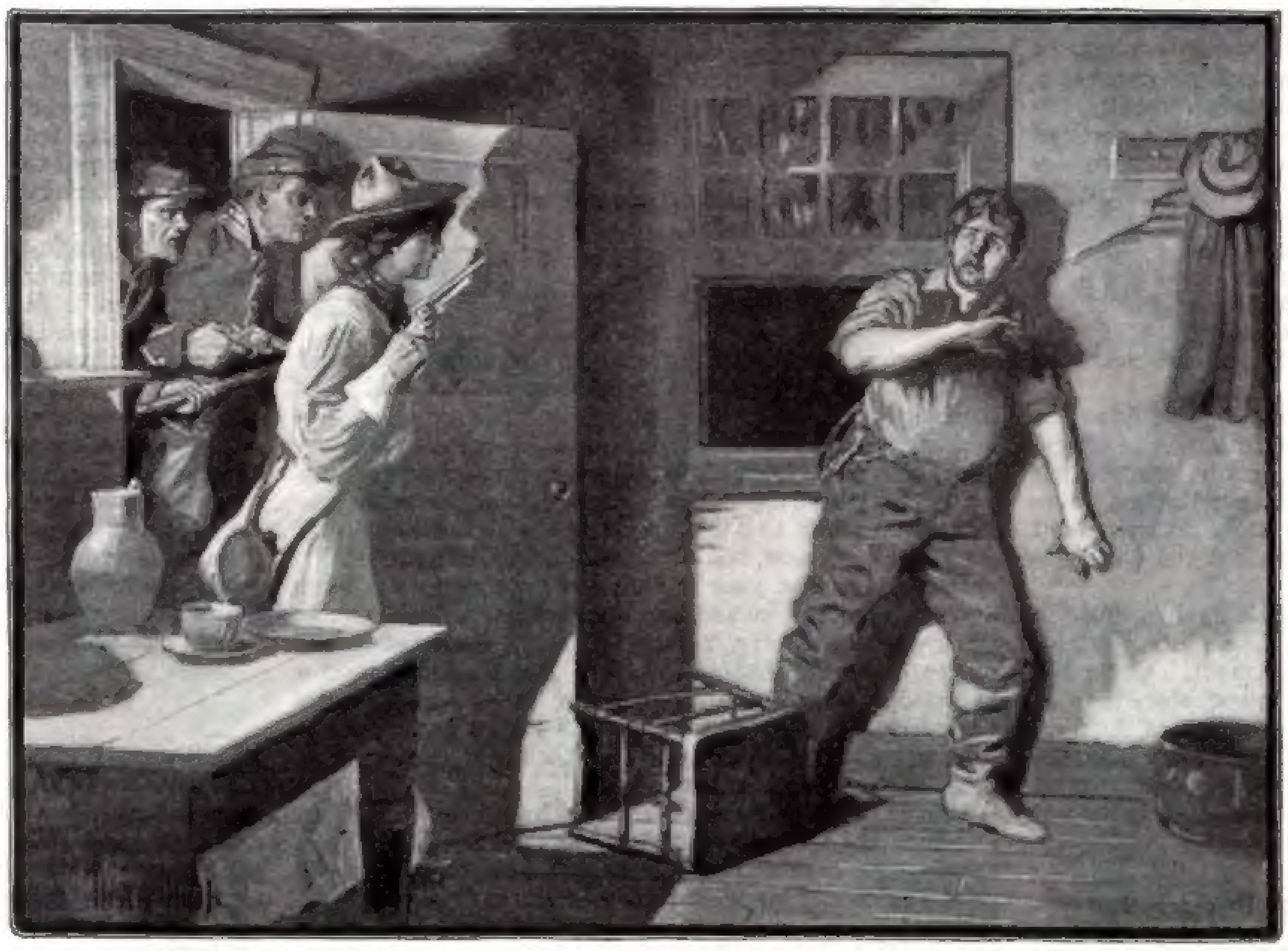
Then, cleansing her own hands daintily, she dried them, and picked up her sewing.

For her night was the danger-time; she could not avoid, by flight across the river, the approach of any enemy from the south; and for an enemy to discover her sitting there in darkness, with light-wood in the house, was to invite suspicion. Her only hope, if surprised, was to play her part as keeper of Red Ferry.

So she sat mending, sensitive ears on the alert, breathing quietly in the refreshing coolness that at last had come after so many nights of dreadful heat.

The kitten, too, enjoyed it, patting with tentative velvet paw the skein of silk dangling near the floor.

But it was a very little kitten, and a very lonely one, and presently it asked, plaintively, to be taken up. So the Messenger lifted the mite of fluffy fur and installed it among the linen on the table, where it went to sleep purring.



He Continued to Back Away from Her Until He Landed Flat Against the Opposite Wall

Outside the open door the dew drummed loudly; moths came in clouds, hovering like snowflakes about the doorway; somewhere in the woods a tiger-owl yelped.

About midnight, lying on her sack of husks, close to the borderland of sleep, far away in the darkness she heard a shot.

In one bound she was at the door, buttoning her waist, and listening. And still listening she lighted a pine splinter, then raised her cotton skirt, and adjusted the revolver, strapping the holster tighter below her right knee.

The pulsing seconds passed; far above the northern river-bank a light sparkled through the haze, then swung aloft; and she drew paper and pencil from her pocket, and wrote down what the torch was saying:

"Shot fired at Muddy Ford. Look out along the river."

And even as the red spark went out in the darkness a lonely bird-call floated across the river—the strange, squealing plaint of the great cock-o'-the-pines. She answered, imitating the call perfectly. Then a far voice called:

"Hallo-o-o! How's fishin'?"

She picked up her pine candle, hurried out to the bank, and crept cautiously down the crazy wooden stairs. Setting her torch in the iron cage at the bow, she cast off the painter and, standing erect, swung the long pole. Out into obscurity shot the punt, deeper and deeper plunged the pole. She headed up-river to allow for the current; the cool breeze blew her hair and bathed her bared throat and arms deliciously; crimson torchlight flickered crisscross on the smooth water ahead.

Every muscle in her superb body was in play now; the heavy pole slanted, rose and plunged; the water came clip! slap! clap! slap! against the square bows, dusting her with spray.

On, on, tossing and pitching as the boat hit the swift, deep centre current; then the pole struck shallower depths, and after a while her torch reddened foliage hanging over the northern river-bank.

She drove her pole into the clay as the punt's bow grated; a Federal cavalryman—a mere lad—muddy to the knees, brier-torn and ghastly pale, waded out through the shallows, revolver in hand, clambered aboard, and struck the torch into the water.

"Take me over," he gasped. "Hurry, for God's sake! I tell you ——"

"Was it you who called?"

"Yes. Snuyder sent you, didn't he? Don't stand there talking ——"

With a nervous stroke she drove the punt far out into the darkness, then fell into a measured, swinging motion, standing nearer the stern than the bow. There was no sound now but the lapping of water and the man's thick breathing; she strove to pierce the darkness between them, but she could see only a lumpish shadow in the bow where he crouched.

"I reckon you're Roy Allen," she began, but he cut her short:

"Well! What's that to you?"

"Nothing. Only Snuyder's gone."

"When?"

"Some days ago, leaving me to ferry folks over. . . . He told me how to answer you when you called like a cock-o'-the pines."

"Did he?" The voice was low and sullen.

For a while he remained motionless, then, in the dull light of the fog-shrouded stars, she saw him face her, and caught the faint sparkle of his weapon resting on his knees, covering her.

"It seems to me," he said fiercely, "that you are asking a good many questions. Which side pays you?"

They were tossing now on the rapid little waves in the centre of the river; she had all she could do to keep the punt steady and drive it toward the spot where, against the stars, the oaks lifted their clustered crests.

At the foot of the wooden stairs she tied her boat, and offered to relight the pine knot, but he would not have it and made her grope up the ascent before him.

Over the top of the bank she led him, under the trees, to her door, he close at her heels, revolver in hand. And there, on the sill, she faced him.

"What do you want here?" she asked: "supper?"

"Go into the house and strike a light," he said, and followed her in; and, as she turned from the blazing splinter, he caught her by the arm, feeling roughly for a concealed weapon. Face aflame, she struggled out of his clutch; and he was as red as she as they confronted each other, breathing heavily.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I'm—h-half-crazed, I think. . . . If you're what you look I meant you no insult. . . . But—but—their spies are everywhere. I've stood too much—I've been in hell for two weeks ——"

He wiped his mouth with a trembling, raw hand, but his sunken eyes still glared and the pallor once more blanched his sunken face.

"I'll not touch you again," he said hoarsely; "I'm not a beast—not *that* kind. But I'm starving. Is there anything—*anything*, I tell you? I—I am not—very—strong."

She looked calmly into the ravaged but still boyish features; saw him swing, reeling a little, on his heels as he steadied himself with one hand against the table.

"Sit down," she said in a low voice.

He sank into a chair, resting the hand which clutched the revolver on the table.

Without a word she went about the business of the moment, rekindled the ashes, filled the fry-pan with mush and bacon. A little while afterward she set the smoking food before him, and seated herself at the opposite side of the table.

The boy ate wolfishly with one hand; the other seemed to have grown fast to the butt of his heavy weapon. She could have bent and shot him under the table had she wished; she could have taken him with her bare hands.

But she only sat there, dark, sorrowful eyes on him, and in pity for his certain doom her under-lip trembled at intervals so she could scarcely control it.

"Is there a horse to be had anywhere near here?" he asked, pausing to swallow what his sunken jaws had been working on.

"No; the soldiers have taken everything."

"I will pay—anything if you'll get me something to ride."

She shook her head.

He went on eating; a slight color had come back into his face.

"I'm sorry I was rough with you," he said, not looking at her.

"Why were you?"

He raised his head wearily:

"Fear! I've been hunted so long that I guess it's turned my brain. Except for what you've been good enough to give me, I've had nothing inside me for days, except green leaves and bark and muddy water. . . . I suppose I can't see straight. . . . That shot at the ford seemed to craze me. . . . So I risked the ferry—seeing your light across—and not knowing whether Snuyder was still here or whether they had set a guard to catch me. . . . It was Red Ferry or starve; I'm too weak to swim; I waited too long."

And as the food and hot tea warmed him, his vitality returned in a maddened desire for speech.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE BUYING END

The Creative Supply Man

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ONE of the ablest purchasing agents in this country is at the head of the supply department of a large corporation in the electrical field. His methods of purchasing are so broad and human that it is worth while to go back and see where he started. When this supply man entered the company's service as a youth, nearly twenty years ago, it was just struggling into its own, after a long, doubtful period of experiment and missionary work. Fifteen years before that the invention upon which the company is based had been a scientific marvel, and nothing more.

"Very interesting," people said; "but what can you use it for?"

Then it was developed into a scientific toy, exhibited alongside the living skeleton in dime museums, and was not much more practical, commercially. Then some promoters broke their hearts trying to finance it, likewise their stockholders, until the thing had been brought to a point where the very rich could afford it as a luxury — about the same sort of luxury as having a living skeleton do the chores. Presently the very rich found this invention genuinely useful, and the merely-rich wanted it, and then the well-to-do, and so on, until, by steady experiment and improvement, it began to grow into an every-day necessity at an every-day price. And then, suddenly, the public swept down upon this corporation with a demand that turned its organization and methods upside down—or perhaps right side up would be a better way of putting it.

Until then the company had drawn its men from other industries. One department head was an old telegrapher and another an ex-railroader. Each worked pretty much his own way. Some held jobs through stockholders' influence. Few of them realized what a vast potential industry they had got into.

By the time the real public demand began, however, the company was getting graduates from the technical schools, specially trained in that industry, while other youngsters coming up in its own organization were beginning to crowd out the old generation. It was about this time that our future supply man entered the company's service as a clerk.

Out in the warehouse there was a little boxlike office in charge of a cantankerous old fellow, Uncle Bill Upright. That little box was the supply department. Uncle Bill was the purchasing agent, and his queer storeroom of those early days is still remembered by officers of the company. Rows of brooms, mops and buckets hung from the low ceiling, while in some neglected corner would be piled the whole stock of insulated wire—about enough to last the company one working-hour to-day.

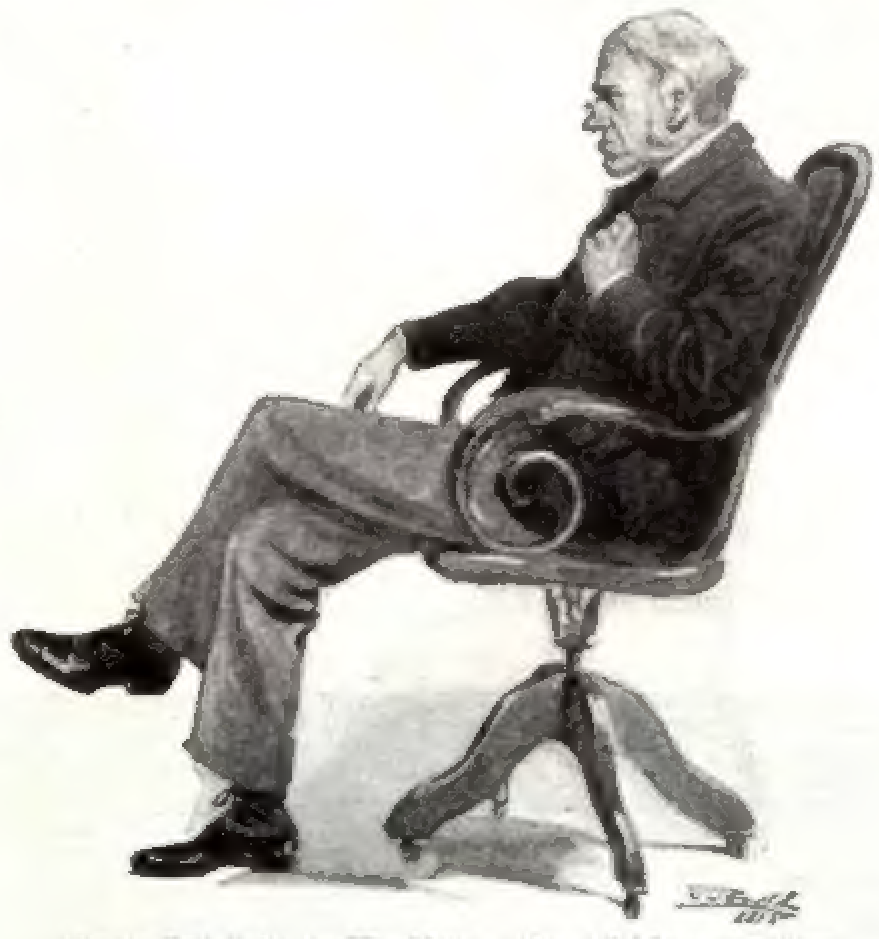
The Downright Honesty of Uncle Bill

UNCLE BILL considered insulated wire a nuisance, and hoped that the business would eventually outgrow it. His heart was in the purchase of buckets and brooms. Shrewdness and old-fashioned honesty were his chief characteristics. All his bargains were conducted in suspicion, and he regarded everybody with goods to sell as corrupt. Uncle Bill said, in his haste, that all men are liars. And very properly. For he was so ostentatiously honest, and so dryly shrewd, and his ways of buying were so devious and unpleasant, that really nobody but a liar or sycophant could do business with him at a profit.

Now, the purchasing situation of this company was peculiar, for nothing that it buys itself is ever sold to the public. Just as a railroad buys enormous quantities of physical property and sells only transportation, so this electrical company bought apparatus and supplies and sold only service. When the public woke up to the value of this service its plant had to be doubled almost yearly. That put high pressure on the engineers and construction men. They had to devise new apparatus and solve hundreds of technical problems. The engineers, in turn, brought pressure on the purchasing department. Instead of brooms and buckets, there was complicated electrical machinery to be built on their specifications. The purchasing department, again, brought pressure on manufacturers of such apparatus, and had to be widely informed about concerns capable of building it. The supply man also needed comprehension of the engineering department, and sympathy with its point of view.

Uncle Bill regarded the engineers as a lot of pests, and had no friends among progressive manufacturers. So, like many another shortsighted man who has blundered in on the ground floor of a vast new industry without realizing where he had got to, Uncle Bill blundered out again. They dropped him into an easier job, and the clerk who is still the supply man of that company was given his opportunity.

This youngster started purchasing with little more than a well-developed bump of curiosity concerning men and methods. He was just the sort of chap who could smoke a cigarette with the president's son and talk football, or smoke a pipe with Pop Thomas, the timekeeper, and listen to a description of the battle of Gettysburg. He could hold the hand of the shallowest girl at a porch party and drink in her chatter, and this same fine gift enabled him to wind up a trade with a salesman by saying, "Well, now, tell me something about yourself."



Uncle Bill Said, in His Haste, that All Men are Liars

During his first year in that work he could not have distinguished the insulation of a multiple cable from its electrostatic capacity, nor told the difference between a magneto and a lightning-arrester. But he didn't need a knowledge of electrical engineering to comprehend the engineering department. That was just a human proposition. He began his study of technical problems by listening to their troubles.

Uncle Bill's method of buying had been based on secrecy. Bidders were pitted one against another. Then the cheapest man was told privately that he would have to meet a price still lower—a purely fictitious figure which he believed a real quotation. When it came to trimming prices, Uncle Bill could pull the last tail-feather off the eagle on a dollar. But Uncle Bill's successful bidder was usually the yellow dog in his line, with indifferent manufacturing facilities. Quality would not be maintained. Deliveries would be delayed, causing costly suspension of the company's construction work, and loss of revenue from customers waiting for service.

When the new man took charge of the supply department he found that most of the progressive manufacturers of electrical apparatus had been alienated, and no longer entered Uncle Bill's guessing contests.

The new man dealt in absolute openness from the outset. There was only one detail in purchasing, he found, that really called for secrecy—that was price. He quickly learned, however, that prices must be subordinated to quality of apparatus and certainty of delivery. The manufacturer who could be screwed down to the lowest bid was rarely the one who could deliver high-grade apparatus at the time promised.

When Cheap Things are Dear

TO BE in position to buy the best stuff, laying it down when the company needed it, he went to the leading manufacturers, got acquainted, invited their bids. Manufacturers and salesmen were transformed into personal friends. He read the trade press, visited factories, followed processes to learn how things were made, got acquainted with superintendents and foremen, felt the temper of each organization, and formed his own estimates of a factory's facilities for turning out work. Thus, when bids were opened, his knowledge of the lowest bidder's plant might lead him to place a contract elsewhere at a higher price. The lowest bidder might promise, in good faith, to deliver supplies on time and up to specifications. But he was promising what he could not perform, and the supply man knew it, and considered even the risk of delay worth insuring against by paying a slightly higher price.

Those were piping times of expansion in that industry. The price paid for apparatus had nothing whatever to do with the possibility of getting it when promised, for the best manufacturers were working night and day, and had difficulty in securing sufficient raw materials.

Open dealing on quality and delivery soon led him to be entirely open concerning prices. For example, several large manufacturers were bidding for an important contract. The supply man sent for the representative of one of them.

"Your people can make this stuff to our satisfaction," he said, "but I want you to go over your prices again."

"Not low enough?" said the manufacturing man in surprise. "Why, we made up those figures with unusual care. We *want* this business. Our folks say they are the lowest prices anybody can give you. But if it's possible to figure it out we'll give you a still lower ——"

"I'm not asking you for a lower bid," said the supply man. "Your prices are the lowest already. You're going to get this contract. The trouble is, your prices are *too* low. You've made an error somewhere, and I want you to put in a new bid, for if you take this contract at a loss there will be no inducement to push it through your works."

When the manufacturer looked into his figures again, however, he decided to let the original price stand. But at the suggestion of the purchasing agent strict cost records were kept of factory operations, and those records showed, sure enough, that the contract had been unprofitable. Here was a case where the supply man had to choose between trimming prices still further by a cheap trick or making a friend by decent, open dealing. He took the latter course, and that has always been his policy.

A capable salesman left the road about a year ago, taking an executive position in a New York house. At home he has several notebooks filled with names and addresses. There must be five thousand of them, and they are names and addresses of people to whom, at some time, during ten years' traveling, he has sold goods that gave satisfaction, as he said they would. What if to-morrow some emergency threw him out into the world? He might start afresh with only those names, looking up his old customers and selling them again.

Diplomacy a Business Asset

OUR supply man, by fifteen years' open dealing in his purchases, has built up a similar constituency among makers and sellers. He knows all the manufacturers, big and little, and their facilities, and they know him as a good man to do business with. The average purchasing agent, bent on making a fine yearly showing in economy, often takes every small advantage, crowding the seller in misfortune. This supply man, however, has worked chiefly to build up a steady relation, foregoing sharp practice to make friends. That counts as much with sellers as with purchasers. To-morrow our supply man, thrown into a new industry, could probably make a better showing in dollars and cents, through his manufacturing friends, than could the shrewdest purchasing agent depending on sharp practice.

He has worked just as closely in coöperation with the company's engineers, finding out what they were trying to accomplish, getting the technical men's broad outlook into the future, and their detached, professional way of looking at solidity of construction. He has read their proceedings, attended their conventions, and acquired enough engineering knowledge to be able to correct them occasionally.

The company's engineers designed a new switchboard and sent specifications to the purchasing agent. The engineering department had all the creator's pride in those specifications. They not only embodied new ideas in theory and practice, but called for the largest switchboard ever built up to that time.

The contract was let. When construction was under way the manufacturers came to the supply man, as a friend, and explained that they were likely to lose all their profit on the job because of an unforeseen difficulty with certain tiny insulated wires. Those manufacturers would never have looked for help from Uncle Bill Upright. If they had Uncle Bill would have said: "Rot! Carry out your contract—it's in black and white, ain't it?" This supply man visited the factory and investigated the difficulty. It was found that in any one of three separate operations on those tiny wires the metal might be weakened or broken inside the insulation. Granted that the switchboard could be built successfully, it would still be defective in operation. Breakages in those wires would entail constant repairs and frequent interruptions of service.

Back came the supply man to the engineers.

Now, after the chief engineer has read an institute paper on "Modern Switchboard Practice," and his juniors have written on the same topic for the professional journals, it isn't agreeable to be asked to eat one of his pet ideas.

The supply man knew that. He threw the burden of failure, not upon the engineers, but upon the manufacturers. That design was precisely what the engineers ought to expect to have built to specifications in an ideal industrial world, he told them. But unfortunately, you see, it was too far advanced beyond current manufacturing conditions. So the engineers handsomely made allowance for imperfect manufacturing conditions and drew new specifications embodying larger wires. Thus, in a perfectly agreeable way, the company got a monster switchboard that would be efficient in operation and cause very little trouble through breakdowns, while both the manufacturers and the engineers took credit to themselves. As for the supply man, if he had any notion that the credit was due him he said nothing about it.

The Economy of Looking Ahead

BY A COMMON-SENSE technical knowledge of both engineering and manufacturing conditions, and a wide acquaintance among the many departments of his own company, this purchasing agent has worked important economies. Almost his last resource in saving the company money, however, is that of close manœuvring for low prices on the first cost of supplies. What he has always in mind is *service* and low cost of repairs.

One year a parsimonious director complained of the constantly increasing cost of certain supplies, showing by statistics that the price per pound, per foot, per unit, had steadily advanced during several years. The purchasing agent's explanation of that might have been a table of contrasting figures, proving that there had been a general market advance on such supplies. But, instead, he submitted a statement showing steady reductions in cost of repairs—savings that doubly offset the larger outlay in good materials.

Other important economies were brought about by a little pressure on the company's departments to make them look ahead and anticipate their needs in supplies. It had been the custom to run pretty much by rule-of-thumb. The construction gangs strung wire zealously, perhaps, drawing on stock as though some invisible connection existed between their storeroom and a big wire factory. Suddenly the wire ran out. In came a requisition for more marked, "Rush! RUSH!! RUSH!!!" That threw the supply man into the market for wire under unfavorable conditions. He might have to purchase doubtful quality to get immediate deliveries. As soon as his order was placed the construction department began to say, "Rush! Rush!" to the manufacturer of its own accord, causing confusion. Frequently the construction department took a little shopping tour of its own in search of wire, and got deliveries of small quantities. The bills for these independent purchases then came into the supply department and were returned to the seller unpaid. The supply department knew nothing of the transaction.

In the end, all this trouble was done away with by a system of daily supply reports in each department, showing what stock was on hand every night, and the rate at which material was being used up, and about when the supply man ought to go into the market for more.

These daily reports accomplish something else. They enable the various departments not only to have adequate stocks on hand at all times, but also to run on a moderate stock. That diminishes supplies necessary to have on hand, and effects great economies through the whole organization. For supplies piled in warehouses, waiting to be used, represent, with a company of this magnitude, large amounts of capital tied up, loss of interest, loss through depreciation, cost of storing, handling and insurance.

Uncle Bill's Successful Bidder was Usually the Yellow Dog in His Line

Moreover, the company is to-day so large that its stocks of supplies are carried in several branch storerooms, each complete in itself. From one of these branches comes to-day, to the supply department, a requisition for material worth twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. A report from another branch shows that sufficient of that material to fill these requirements has lately been taken out of service in reconstruction work, and has been put back in stock. So no purchase is necessary. There are supply departments run so loosely, though, that such a purchase would be made for one department, and the material on hand sold for junk by another.

These daily reports might, in many lines of business, serve as a valuable market guide to the purchasing agent—as in a manufacturing industry where quantities of raw material were being made up into goods for sale. With an accurate daily gauge on needs, the purchasing agent could sometimes buy on favorable fluctuations of the market.

This supply man has found by experience, however, that playing the market in the purchase of his own class material is only a hazard. If persisted in as a policy it results in about an equal balance of losses and gains. So his contracts for materials subject to fluctuations are made on basic prices, with an arrangement whereby variations can be adjusted between himself and the manufacturers as the market rises or falls during the life of the contract. This plan has two marked advantages. First, the purchaser gets his supplies at the market price, whatever the variations. Second, the seller cannot lose the profit on his contract through an unforeseen rise in the cost of his own materials. Thus, if prices go up, the manufacturer will not be tempted to delay delivery of goods while he runs his plant on more profitable orders; nor, on the other hand, will he slacken manufacturing in hope that a drop in materials may give him a larger profit than he anticipated.

A Parsimonious Director Complained

What One Buyer Accomplished

THERE came a time in the development of the supply department when its chief found it advisable to become a manufacturer himself in a small way. Much of the apparatus in every-day use came in for minor repairs—adjustments, new attachments, cleaning, replacement of missing parts. Until then it had been permitted to accumulate for shipment in lots to the manufacturer, who made repairs and shipped it back. A small repair department in the storeroom, however, saved delays and shipping charges, aided the construction men, and effected other economies. To-day each branch storeroom has its repair department.

About that time, too, the supply man became a salesman. As the company's business grew, and improvements in plant were introduced, much old apparatus had to be discarded for better types. It was by no means worn out or obsolete. Most of it could be used by smaller companies throughout the country. So the detail of selling it was given in charge of a subordinate, who sought the best markets through advertising in electrical journals and correspondence. What was formerly disposed of as junk now brings in several hundred thousand dollars yearly.

From the original little old storeroom, run by Uncle Bill, this supply man has built a department with nearly three hundred people under him—assistant buyers, storekeepers, repair men, clerks, messengers, inspectors. As the department has grown, each new man added to the actual purchasing staff, which now numbers half a dozen assistant buyers, has been a man valuable not for shrewdness or trickery in his dealing, but a man with technical knowledge, able to estimate with the manufacturers and to check the specifications of the engineering department. All the results accomplished by sharp practice in other purchasing departments are achieved by the open policy. There is a solitary clerk who files catalogues, price lists and every other scrap of information bearing on prices and deliveries, and these records are consulted in placing orders. The company's reputation for square dealing and progressiveness, on the other hand, brings to the supply department from outside everything in the shape of improved material, unusual discounts and favorable rates of delivery. If a manufacturer is pressed for money, and willing to offer favorable concessions to keep his plant running, this company is naturally his first resource. He comes to its supply department in frankness, knowing that its head will not take petty advantages of him while he is working under difficulties.

No amount of sharp practice in screwing down prices or manœuvring for discounts could ever have effected for this company the economies that have been brought about by the one item of intelligent interchange of information between its own departments.

This exchange of information is now reduced to a routine system, taken care of to a large extent by forms and reports. But it originally grew out of the supply man's prime qualities as a "mixer." The engineers, the construction men, the clerical and financial departments, the men who operate the plant, formerly worked in blind disregard of one another. Some ran on stocks of supplies that were too slender, while others were overstocked. Some failed to anticipate important improvements in apparatus, and were caught one fine morning with a lot of obsolete stuff. Others put too firm faith in some new device that lacked permanent worth, and built too much of it into the plant. All purchased supplies on their own account, from time to time, because they assumed that they could do it to better advantage than the supply man. These purchases were fairly certain to be made with the idea that a low price is the chief thing, and so the quality was inferior or the delivery slow. But the supply man has changed all that. Practically every purchase, large or small, is to-day made through his department, because he has impressed upon other departments the value of coöperation; and, finding coöperation excellent inside his own organization, he saw no reason why it should not also be beneficial outside as well. So it has been carried into all his transactions with sellers. "You work with us and we'll work with you, and in that way we'll probably see a good deal of one another the next few years."

Selling is all positive and affirmative, and because it is so many purchasers assume that buying should be just the opposite. Because one is aggressive, it is supposed that the other must be negative and defensive. Never a salesman walked in shoe leather, however, who was more affirmative than this purchasing agent, and he holds that it is contrary to the principles of true buying to think for a moment that the purchaser must ever resort to smallness or trickery or secrecy. Frankness of speech, liberality of spirit, truthfulness of utterance are the only weapons needed in a successful purchase, he maintains. Press price too hard here, and it is certain as Fate that the seller will find compensation in some more vital essential. Resort to sharp practice, and it is certain that he will be as sharp, and probably sharper. For what goes up must come down.

Building on Installments

A BOOKKEEPER in Toledo, Ohio, was showing his home—an exceedingly pretty cottage and well-kept lot—to a friend. "It cost me," he said, "just $3200, and never, while I was paying for it, did I put in more than $25 a month. How did I manage it? You see, I was never much of a hand to save until I got the notion of getting married, when I just shut off on everything until I had $400 ahead. Then I began to talk to the girl about furniture and house rent. I figured on paying about twenty a month, although I was getting only sixty. But the girl said she'd rather start buying a home than put the money into furniture. So we talked and talked, and, finally, I bought this lot—eight hundred was the price—fifty dollars down. Then I got a builder to put up that back end; just two rooms downstairs, living and bed room. That cost $350; it was just set on cedar posts, you know.

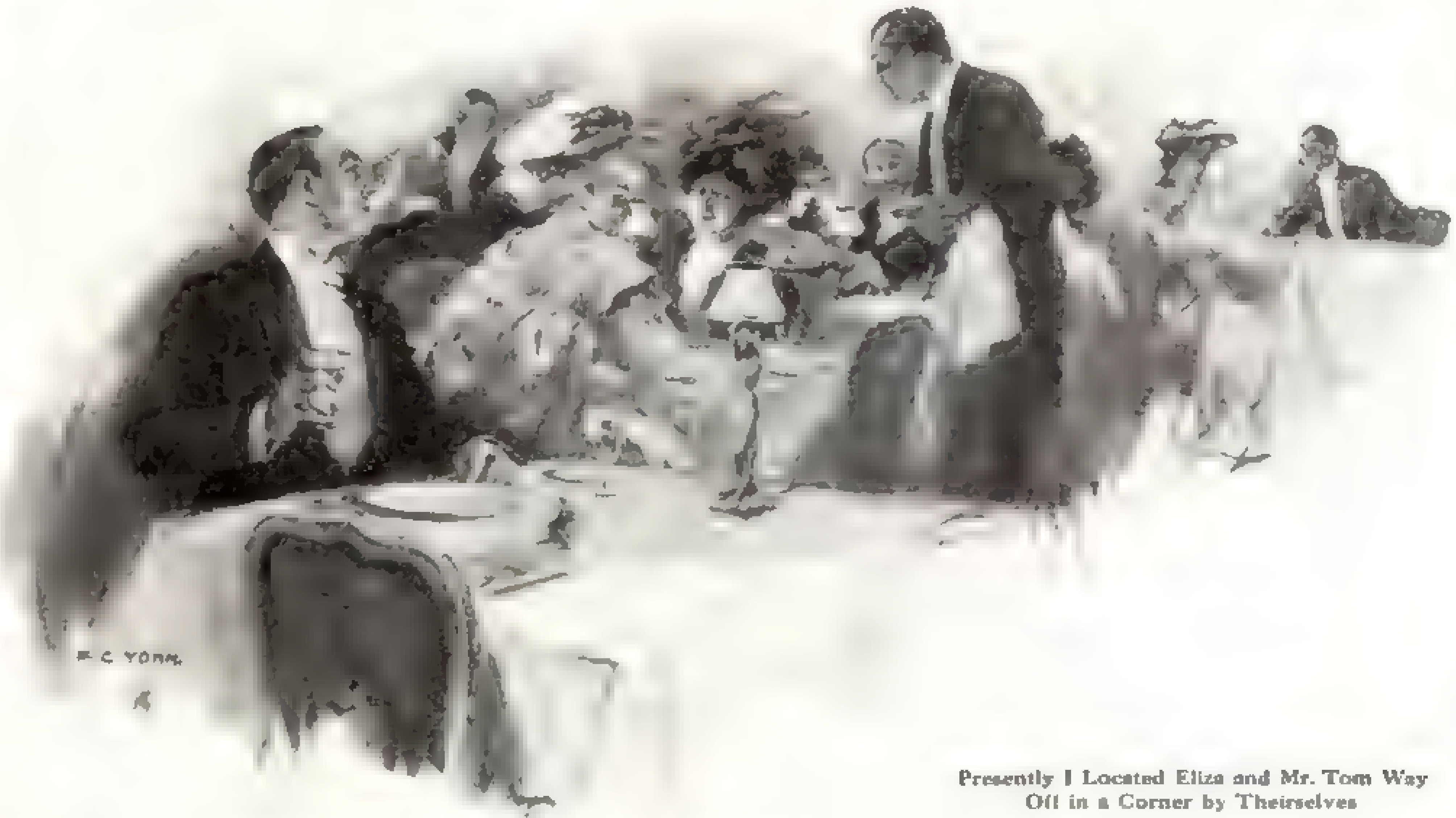
"Well, we managed to get a little furniture and started that way, rent free, and we always had a few dollars for clothes and a theatre ticket now and then. A year later we finished the two upper rooms and made a payment on the lot, and we lived on in that way for five years longer, just putting aside $25 each month as if it were rent. At the end of that time I had paid for the lot and had nearly $900 in the bank. Then I got the front part of the house built. That cost $1900 and put me in debt again for a thousand, and that I cleaned up in four years more. I've been ten years paying for it, and I could sell it to-morrow for $4000 cash. How could I have paid rent, raised three children and got anything ahead on my pay in any other manner?"

THE BUTLER'S STORY

How I Got in Mr. Tom's Way

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED C. YOHN



Presently I Located Eliza and Mr. Tom Way Off in a Corner by Theirselves

WHEN I read over wot I wrote the last time I took my pen in hand it seemed all mixed up and sort of wandering, for I had intended to write mostly about Miss Patricia and I found I had not wrote about her at all but instead a lot about Mr. Amos and the musical people and our servants and servants in general I shall ask Mr. Amos how to write so that one sticks to one thing and puts it in the right place, for he is a wonderful writer or at least so everybody says, only he always makes fun of everything, even wot he writes himself, so you can never tell. Another thing I notice is that although I write very easy it does not sound as well when I read it over aloud as when I speak ordinary. But the reason for that is because I have learned how to say everything I do say exactly right, which is for the most part only "Very good, madame or sir," or "Thank you, madame or sir," or "The carriage is here, or dinner is served," *et cetyra, et cetyra*, so that perhaps it is just as well not to put on too much literary pretense but to go ahead with my story, in the hope that if it is inside of one it will come out somehow.

Now something has occurred that I should put down here at once and yet I do not know whether to do so before I have described Miss Patricia and Master Willie who is at Groton and back for the holidays, but as it concerns the household I will postpone them for a moment and do so. It is about Eliza Thomas, for night before last when the bell rang, as I was going down the corridor I came upon her and Mr. Tom standing behind the portieres very close together, and Eliza had something shiny hanging from her hand. When Mr. Tom saw me he turned around very sudden and walked away, but Eliza she seemed sort of frightened and not to know wot to do and just stood there sort of pale, and I saw it was a pearl necklace, and when I had passed she ran upstairs as fast as she could.

Well, Mr. Tom said nothing to me, and indeed we has very little to say to each other at any time, and I went down to the pantry feeling very depressed, for Eliza is one of the best girls I have ever seen in service. In the first place she is so gentle that all the servants are fond of her and in the second she is so conscientious that Mrs. Carter could not live without her. Moreover she is as pretty as any lady I have ever seen excep Miss Patricia, and speaks as soft and correct and her behavior is always modest and quiet. Her father is an electrician over in Astoria and she has a brother who belongs to the Twelfth Regiment and I suppose that is how she came to believe all the things Mr. Tom must have told her. O, you, Mr. Tom! Sometime I would like to pound your beastly head! You "*Tom!*" There I have said it! Tom! Just "Tom!" You are not harf the man that I am and you know it!

I never had any interest in Eliza myself—not in the least—but being as I am head of the house I felt it my duty to speak to her that evening on the stairs. I was as nice as I could be and by way of conversation asked her about her brother. She did not seem to want to talk so I says,

"I hope you won't be offended, Eliza, but where did you get that necklace you had this afternoon?"

Well, you should have seen how flaming her cheeks got! I never seen her like it before. And her eyes just snapped as she says,

"Wot business is that of yours, Peter Ridges?"

I hadn't meant to hurt her feelings so I says,

"Don't be angry with me, Eliza, but if Mr. Tom gave it to you I should be sorry," I says.

"And why? I should like to know?" she says keeping up the same dignified tone.

"Because when gentlemen give working-girls jewelry," I says, "They don't mean them any good," I says.

Then Eliza took out her handkerchief and begin to cry and I felt like a brute.

"I don't know wot right you have to speak to me like that," she says. "I think it very crool of you."

"I'm sorry, Eliza," I says, "But I was only speaking for your own good. I am afraid of that Mr. Tom," I says.

Then she got angry again.

"Perhaps you don't know him," she says.

"Nor you neither, I fancy," I says.

She started to go upstairs.

"How long has this been going on?" I says, stepping in front of her.

"Kindly let me go by," she says with the tears in her eyes. "Or I'll complain to Mr. Carter."

"O, *will* you?" I says. "It would be a good thing if you did."

Then she made a sudden rush and got by me, and although I called "Eliza" after her several times she did not turn round and I did not see her again that night, but I was very depressed about it because I distrusted Mr. Tom and wondered wot her father and mother would say if they knew he was making up to her in that way, and then the extraordinary thing happened, for as I was going up the stairs I found a little folded scrap of paper like a soldier's cap and when I opened it wot should it be but a note in Mr. Tom's handwriting. It had no beginning and no ending but it just said,

"Will be at the S. W. corner of Fifth Avenue tomorrow night at eight thirty."

Well, there was a pretty how do you do! My first impulse was to tell Mr. Carter, and then to tell Eliza's father or her brother, but by the time I had got back to the pantry I had decided not to do either, because if I did the first Mr. Tom would lie about it and Eliza would get packed off and she would fall into his clutches, and if I told her father it would make trouble for her at home. So I says to myself, "Ridges, this is a piece of business for you to manage yourself."

The note I had found on the stairs bothered me quite a bit wot to do with it. Of course, it belonged to Eliza but if I should give it back to her it would be a warning that I had read it and knew wot they was planning, which would spoil any chance I might otherwise have to defeat Mr. Tom. Moreover she would never guess I had it and would not dare to make much of a fuss looking for it, and of course she had read it before she lost it, so I burned it up. Harf past eight tomorrow night! O you "Tom!" You will have to count in Mr. Peter Ridges afore you can harm a hair of that poor innocent girl's head!

Well I had some doubt as to whether I could get off the next evening but, as luck would have it, the whole family went to the opera and left the dinner table a little arfter eight. Miss Harriet always kicks and says it is an "evidence of ill breeding" to change your hours to go the opera, because no one who is anybody ever gets there before nine o'clock, but Mr. Carter says he will be darned if he is going to pay a hundred thousand dollars for a box and not see the whole show. Besides he likes to see the other people come in and so does Mrs. Carter, and they always leave early to go to bed. Well, I almost wanted to call up Mr. Amos and tell him about Eliza, but I decided that there was enough people interested in the poor girl already. So as soon as I had passed the cigars I slipped upstairs and put on my Inverness coat that used to be Lord Craven's, and my top hat which belonged to the same, and went out the front door, and wot should I see just at the same moment but Eliza step out of the area all fixed up in her prettiest clothes and the feather boa Miss Patricia gave her on Christmas too pretty for anything and trip off as smart as you please for the corner. I followed just behind so as not to be seen and lit a cigar so as to appear like a gentleman, and when she got to the corner a handsome wheeled out of a side street and there was Mr. Tom, and Eliza sprang in and they started off and I nearly bit my cigar in two. Well I had not planned out just wot I was going to do and for a moment I was dazed but just then a cabby pulled up alongside and says "Keb, sir?" alluring and I forgot all about the money and says, "Foller that cab," and in I got. Well, the cabby had followed other cabs before I fancy for he whipped up his old horse and away we went lickety cut. They went down Fifth Avenue at a great rate, and turned into Thirty-fourth Street, stopped at the Herald Square Theatre and went in. That sort of baulked me because I had no ticket and I knew they would stay there all the evening, so without thinking I says to the cabby quite unconscious,

"Wot are we going to do now?"

"I guess we'll go in arfter em," he says.

Well, somehow I had took quite a fancy to that cabby and I says,

"You're right," I says, "in we go. But first how much do I owe you?" I says.

So he said it was a dollar but added as how he hoped he might have the pleasure of taking me home arfter the theatre. Then he says,

"If you are particular interested in any party in that other handsome," he says, "the driver is an old friend of mine and I can fix it up," he says.

Then the scales fell from my eyes and I told him how he was a good fellow and I would take him at his word, and with that he whistled very loud and sharp and his friend turned around and we all drove up the street.

I gave the other cabby a dollar and he was most genial and told us how he had an appointment to take the same parties to Rector's arfter the theatre was over at eleven o'clock. They was sure to stay until it was over because it was a "hot show," he says. So I and my cabby arranged for him to wear a white paper in the back of his hat-band so we could see him in the crowd, and for my man to stick right behind him all the time. Well I began to feel like Sherlock Holmes and spending the two dollars and another dollar I had give to my cabby extra had made me feel reckless, so I bought an entrance ticket and went in.

Well, I had to stand up, and when I had got used to looking so far as the stage I really was ashamed to be there it was that immodest. My eye! I never had supposed that such things could go on with Mr. Jerome and the police hunting for crime, and right on Broadway too. Then I looked for Eliza and Mr. Tom and couldn't see them, but finally I saw Eliza's feather boa in the back of a box I had thought was empty and I grew hot and then cold and wanted to rush in and take her away and would have done it at that only for making a scene.

That show was something scandalous. How any decent woman could have sat through it is more than I can understand. After a while two actors wot pretended they were artists came out in tamoshanters and corduroy suits and sang a silly song and arranged a lot of big easels in the back of the stage in a row. Then a lot of big handsome girls in kimonos came in and each one got behind a easel and took off her kimono and threw it away. Well, it made you think wot was going to happen next! All you could see was their heads above and their bare feet below and the canvas on the easel in between. Then just as I had about made up my mind to rush into the box and drag out Eliza, the easels began to fold up together and you could see their necks and arms and their legs as far up as their knees, and the stillness grew intense. I just held my breath. Just as the canvas was going to fold up entire and leave those girls standing there with nothing on for everybody to see they all give a little screech and jumped down off wot they had been standing on back of the easels and let their skirts (which they had been holding up all the time) fall down! My eye! I almost had palpitation of the heart. Then a big roar went up all over and a drunken man in the gallery said:

"W-o-o-ow!" very loud and everybody laughed again.

But I felt sick to think anybody would bring a decent girl to see a show like that, for its entire objec was to see how far you could go. And then as I was debating whether or not to stay and lose any more of my self respec all of a sudden there was a little commotion on one of the sides of the theatre and I saw my dear Miss Patricia walking up the aisle looking straight in front of her and her skirts gathered up as if she was afraid they would touch some of those people who was laughing, and right behind her hurried a young man I had seen often at our house, named Mr. Gaynes, with lots of money, and a pink face and a high collar, and he was trying to say something to her and she wouldn't listen. She walked right out into the foyer all alone and Mr. Gaynes rushed ahead of her and says,

"Miss Carter! Miss Carter, don't go home! Please come back"

And she turned her eyes on him very cold and says,

"Had you ever seen this before you asked me to join your box party?"

And he hesitated and turned redder than ever, and didn't say anything.

Then she left him to look for a cab and there was Mr. Tom's and she started to get in.

"Beg pardon, miss, but I'm engaged," says the cabby.

Just then young Mr. Gaynes came up and says,

"I hope you'll at least let me see you home," he says very much embarrassed.

"You need not take the trouble," she replies. "I should feel quite as safe by myself."

Well, with that he steps back and I took the occasion to nod to the driver that it was all right and that he should let her get in, which he opened the wings of the handsome and did. At the same moment I slipped into my own handsome just behind and when she had given the address we started off. Never in my life have I felt greater pleasure than I did then when without her knowing of it I watched over my dear Miss Patricia like a hen taking her chicken under her wing, and I felt so happy about it that I chuckled to myself all the way home wondering wot the little lady would say if she knew I was there and feeling so proud of her that she would not stay in that place and was brave enough to walk right out alone by herself

When we got nearly home I stopped my handsome and got out and walked near enough to see that she got up the front steps in safety and then we hurried back to the theatre. This time I did not go in but waited outside and watched the people walking up and down Broadway, which is one of the most interesting things I ever did, for I had never before done so dressed in gentlemen's raiment and feeling that I was a part of it. Moreover I learned a good deal about some of the young men who come to our house which has nothing to do with wot I am writing, and a lot of things I should be ashamed to write down as well, but I made up my mind that the nice people who were there having a good time without any particular money seemed to be enjoying it more than the ones that did.

I was standing by a haberdasher's show case smoking my second cigar when up came a young gentleman in very swell clothes and says,

"I beg your pardon, sir, but will you oblige me with a light?" And who should it be but Mr. Amos? So I did not say anything, but holds out my weed and while he was puffing he looks in my face and exclaims,

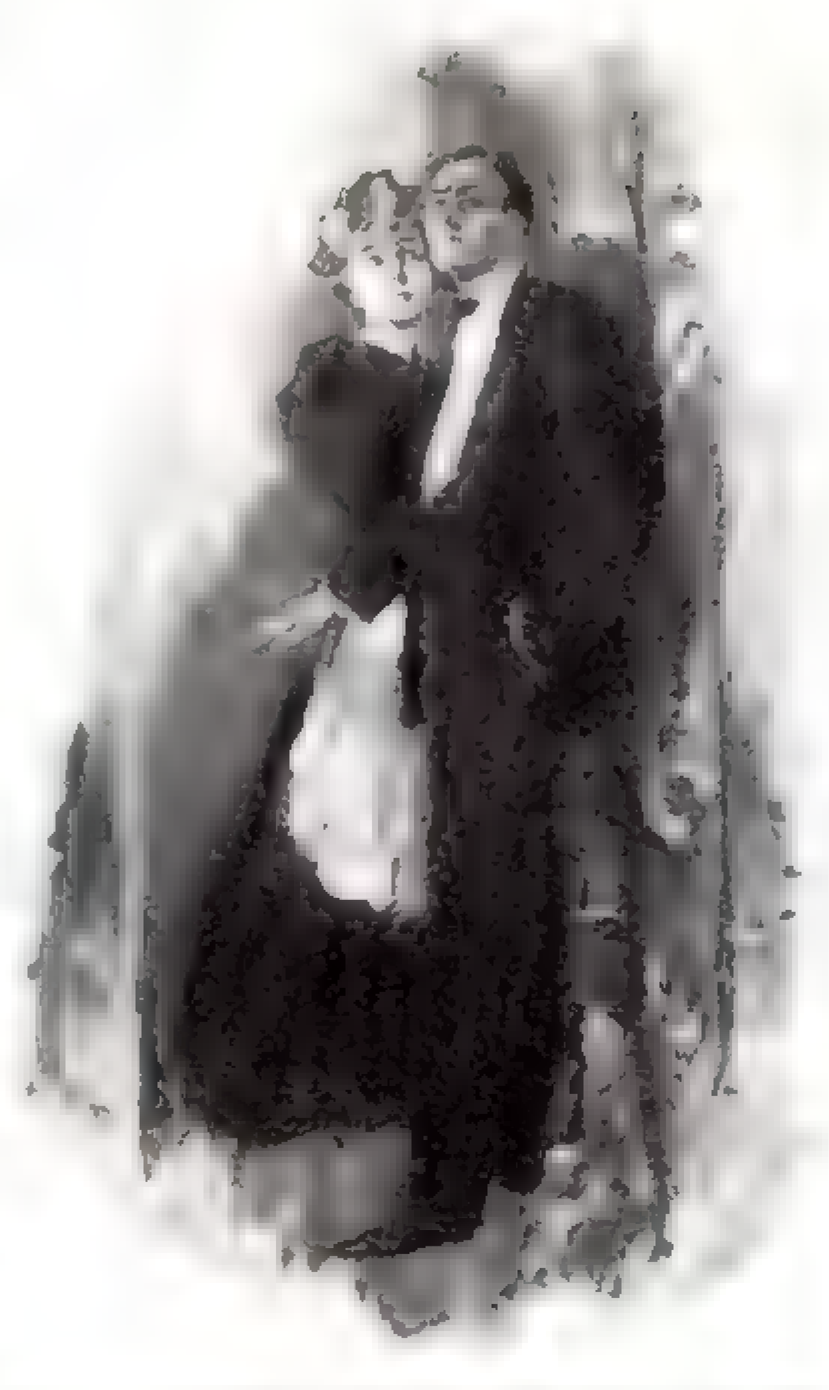
"Well of all things! If it isn't Ridges."

"Yes, sir," I says, "Asking your indulgence, it is."

And he laughs a little laugh all to himself, and says,

"Are you gathering sociological data or pondering on the ephemeral quality of human happiness?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I says. "Would you mind saying that again?"


When Mr. Tom Saw Me He Turned Around Very Sudden

"Are you slumming, Ridges, or taking the air?" he asks.

Well, I was all taken aback so I hardly knew wot to say and I guess I just stammered and he took me by the arm and says,

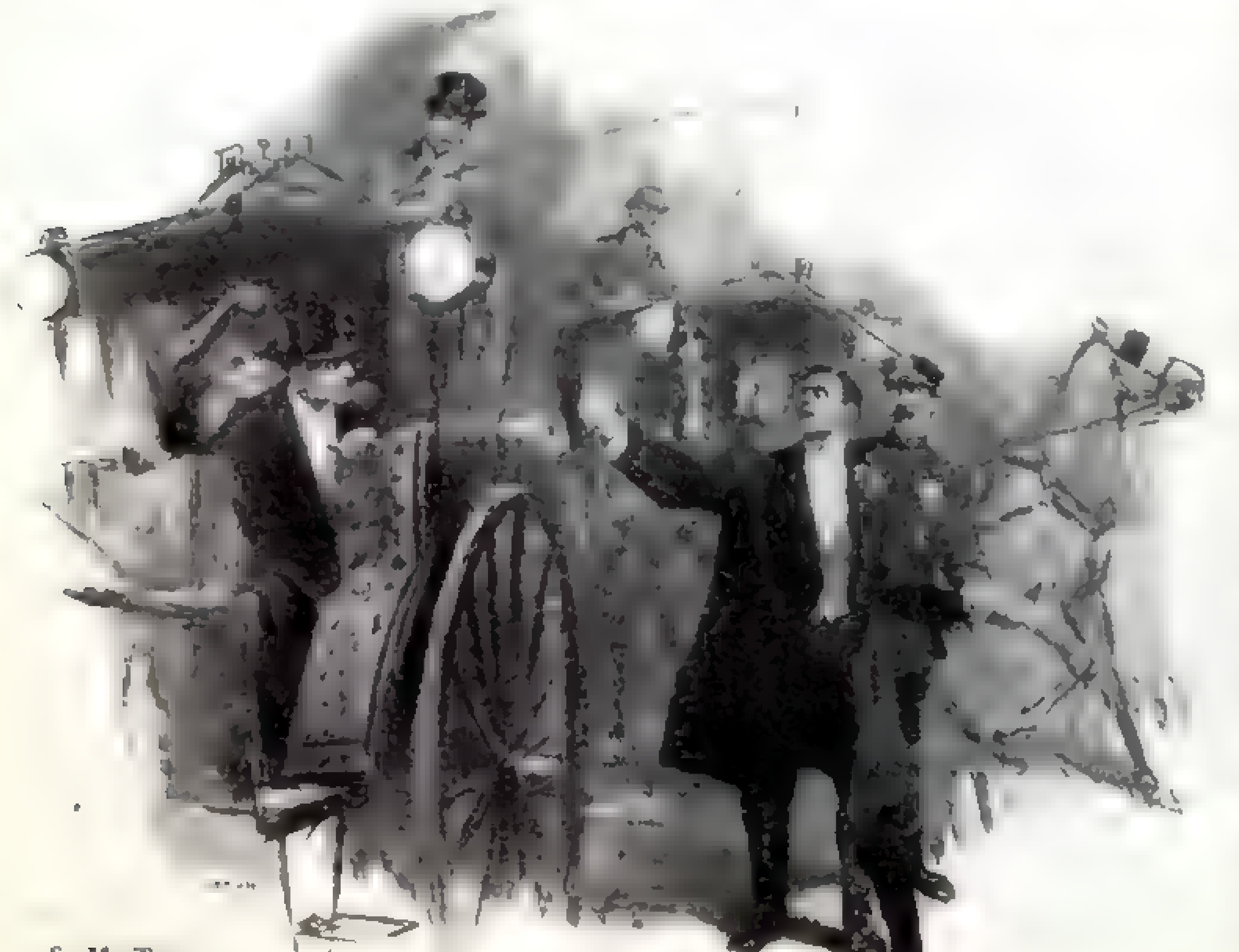
"We are both alone," he says. "I have often wanted a quiet chat with you," he says. "Wot is the matter with a cigar and a bottle of ale?"

Now nothing would have give me greater pleasure at any other time, but I had business on hand so I said,

"Mr. Amos, I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't go with you. I have an engagement of importance," I says. "I hope you will forgive me."

And with that Mr. Amos draws back and laughs again and says,

"The fault is mine. Forgive me for disturbing your incognito," he says, wotever that is, and he walks on and I could have cursed because I couldn't go along with him he looked so clean and straight and handsome. But in a minute more the people began to come out of the theatre and I thought no more of him, being engrossed in watching for Eliza and Mr. Tom. Almost everybody had left and I had almost concluded they had gone out some other way when they appeared very sudden and jumped into their handsome. I did not think Eliza looked quite so jolly as when she had gone in but I only saw her for a moment. We gave them a good start, because we knew where they was going and then started along arfter them. The streets was full of people going home from the theatres or out to supper and it all looked tremendously elegant and fine and I tried to pretend to myself I was a swell going to keep a rondayvous with some beautiful and talented person.


So Mr. Tom
Grinds His Teeth
and Shakes His Fist and Yells

Then the next thing I knew I was being helped out of the handsome by a nigger in uniform about seven feet high who gave me a ticket to use when I came out. Across the sidewalk I could see Eliza and Mr. Tom pushing their way through the door in an awful jam of red-faced men in tall hats and ladies all covered with pearls and diamonds and I sort of drifted along arfter them on a smell of violets and sachet powder until I found a valet helping me off with my coat and giving me another check. Well, by that time I had got the shakes for fear some of Mrs. Carter's friends might be there to recognize me and I was afraid to go in, but I got caught in the crowd and pushed right up against a beautiful woman that looked like a actress, and when I stepped on her foot quite accidental she gave me the sweetest smile. Well the crush was worse than one of Mrs Carter's Mondays and I began to see it was no place for a poor man let alone a common servant, but I was in for it and no way to push out, and the next thing I knew I was inside the dining room in front of the crowd right in full sight of everybody.

Now I have worked in dining rooms all my life and might almost say was born at a side table but I must confess I felt entirely *day trow*. If I had only had a tray in my hands or even a bottle it would have been different, but there I was without anything trying to stand as if I enjoyed it instead of like a automato as usual. That was the hardest part, for my heels would slide together try as hard as I would

The glare and noise almost blinded and deafened me and it was that hot my forehead was all of a sweat. Every second I expected some one at the tables to tell me to fetch the patté or ices and I was on the point of diving back into the crowd to hide myself when the head butler steps up to me and bows quite deferential.

"One?" says he, holding up one finger.

I give him the haughtiest nod I could and he led the way right down the centre of the room and pulls out a chair for me at a table in front of the band. Well, no one pointed or even looked at me that I could see except two ladies who were alone at the next table and I flattered myself I was undiscovered, and arfter the head butler had given a few more people seats he came right back and excused hisself for going off that way and took out a little pad and seemed real anxious about my getting wot I wanted to eat.

"Wot shall it be tonight, sir?" he says quite solicitous, holding his pencil in suspense. "The *potage d' espagnole* is particular good, and how would a trifle of *pom pano* with sauce *diab* do to follow?"

Now I had et no supper, owing to leaving home in such a hurry of excitement, and I would have given a good deal to say to him, "Bring me a pork pie and a bottle of ale," but I knew he would have dropped dead if I had, so I says very careless like,

"O, anything tasty, but let it be hot and enough of it."

"To be sure," he says, feeling encouraged, "I suggest a bit of venison steak with currant jelly and sauce *a la Signora* with vegetables."

"Very good," I says, keeping my eye out for Eliza and Mr. Tom.

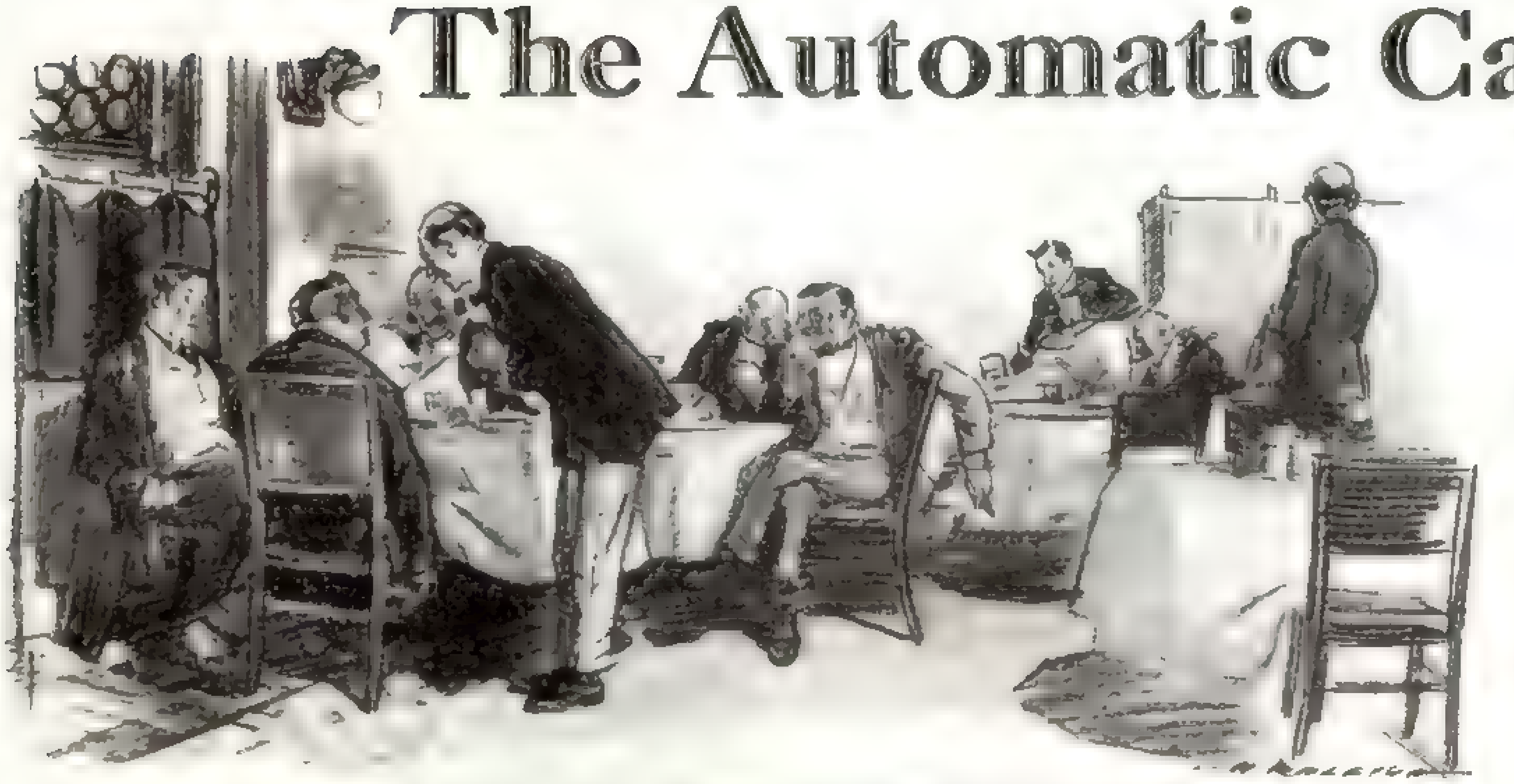
"And then a *canard roti*," he adds, "with sauce *bigarde*, a bit of salad, a sweet, Cammerbert and coffee, and a bottle of sparkling Chambertin," he says, scribbling it all down on his pad.

Then before I had time to say yes or no he shouts "garsoon" and jams the paper into the hand of a red-headed second man and disappears. They both disappeared.

So I began to feel more at home and as if I had a right to be there and to look around. It really made me dizzy to see all the hats and feathers and bare necks and hear the laughter and popping of corks and smell the rice powder and roses and cologne and feel the warmth of the air. It was like a big hotbed of flowers all in motion. But I noticed that while they was much more at ease they did not look as if they was enjoying themselves any more than the people at Mrs. Carter's dinner parties, and most of the men were either very fat and red or very pale and hollow eyed and all the ladies looked tired and did not seem to be interested in wot was said but spent their time looking at one another.

(Concluded on Page 36)

The Automatic Capitalists



"Why, if it isn't Mr. Benton!" Exclaimed This Loathsome Object Cheerfully

A FINISHING TOUCH

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY H. RALEIGH

MARCUS BARRINGTON, leisurely blowing out a puff of cigar smoke, stepped over to the ticker in the corner of his handsomely-appointed private office. He held the cigar to one side, tipped his head a little to the other side, advanced his left foot and thrust his right hand lightly in his trousers' pocket as he read the tape.

"Gas is now 143," he announced.

Returning to the polished table he sat down, cocked his leg over the arm of the chair and contentedly swung a small foot, neatly shod in patent leather. "Do you realize, Theodore," he inquired of the junior partner, with a philosophical air, "that we're making money every minute?"

Benton musingly fingered his double chin. "Awfully easy, ain't it, Marcus?" he replied, with an absent-minded and chubby smile. "Perfectly simple. It sort of humiliates me that we didn't think of it before."

Lounging in the chair and smoking leisurely, the senior partner made some figures on the pad. "Gas is bound to go right along up for some time," he observed. "We'll stay long of it until it crosses 150. By that time we will have a profit of two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand dollars. Then we'll go short twenty or thirty thousand shares. There will be a drop of twenty-five dollars a share at least. Suppose we are short thirty thousand shares. That will make us seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So there we are with a round million—a good, broad, solid financial footing." He contemplated the figures with pleasant thoughts. "Of course, Theodore," he added confidentially, "we've had to resort to some deception to do it. I hate that as much as anybody does. But if a fellow hasn't got a good, solid financial footing—why, he's simply got to get it."

"Sure," Benton murmured sympathetically. "And as for the deception, I don't see that there was so much harm in that. It was deception only in a technical sense. True, our rich Scotch clients, Robert Burns Mackintosh and M. R. Burns, for whom we are conducting this Gas deal, might be called only imaginary. But everything is more or less imaginary when you come to that. 'There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.'

"I've considered that phase of it more or less," he continued speculatively. "What does everybody, from a college professor right down to a bank president, say about business? Why, they say it's all a question of confidence. With confidence business is good; without confidence business is bad. That's the whole story. Everybody recognizes the value and necessity of sustaining confidence. Well, that's just what we've been doing. For example, we've borrowed valuable securities from A and casually exhibited them to B as though they were our own. That has inspired B's confidence, so that he has loaned us valuable securities, which, being exhibited to A, have sustained and strengthened A's confidence, while the securities of A and B, when displayed to C, have inspired confidence in C."

While the senior partner considered this thoughtfully, Benton paused to light a stogy. "Now, what was the object of all that?" he continued. "Why, the object was to make A, B and C believe that we were on a strong financial footing. Well, thanks primarily to their confidence, we've got this Gas deal going, and when it's over with we will be on a strong financial footing. So really there is no deception. Their confidence in our financial standing will not have been misplaced. Or, take another view of it," he urged. "By exhibiting our—or other people's—money and dropping fruitful hints we have filled Mr. Tetlow, Mr. Blarcum, Mr. Scott and some other leading citizens with confidence that something important is doing in Gas. As the market shows, they are quietly buying the stock and quietly spreading our confidential hints among their acquaintances. What's the result? Why, something important is doing in Gas; it's going up every few minutes."

"That's true in a broad view," Barrington replied. "Still, certain details are more or less deceptive." He took up from the table an official-looking sheet—a notice of application to incorporate the Gaside Process Company, the original stockholders being Robert Burns Mackintosh, M. R. Burns and Burns R. MacRoberts. "We can't really make gas by soaking soft coal in warm rain-water, can we?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" said the junior partner. "Our process—or the process of our Scotch clients—isn't soaking soft coal in rain-water at all. You see, the man who runs the drug store at my hotel put me on the track of a first-class chemist; in fact, he was professor of chemistry in some fresh-water college down South until he got fired for writing patent-medicine testimonials. I thought I'd give him ten dollars to fix up a rain-water formula for us in good, scientific terms. He brought me the formula last evening. There's a whole lot of stuff in it. I don't know what the things are, but the symbols look fine. He's a kind of genius, too," Benton explained reflectively. "If he had a clean collar we might take him into partnership with us. You see, he assured me so solemnly that the process would work tiptop and reduce the cost of making gas by ever so much, that for half a minute I sort of believed him—and gave him fifty dollars instead of the ten I had in mind. He's an all-right scientist if he could stay sober. Of course," he added, "we hope the process will work tiptop, but not exactly in a scientific manner."

"I see the papers have notice of the incorporation of the company," Barrington observed casually. "I think ——"

He was interrupted by a tap on the door. The stenographer looked in. "Mr. Tetlow," she said.

The partners sat up briskly. Barrington hurriedly rumpled his hair and caught up a pen. A spare, round-shouldered, economically-dressed old gentleman came in; took the chair which the partners joined in hospitably offering him. Mr. Tetlow seemed rather ill at ease. He was frowning slightly and nervously twisted his gray chin-whisker.

"I noticed by the papers," he began mildly, "that Mr. Mackintosh and his associates have incorporated a new company—Gaside Process Company, I believe it is called. I suppose it has something to do with Gas."

The senior partner nodded gravely.

"I had understood," Mr. Tetlow continued, softly tapping the ends of his fingers together, "that they had a process for cheapening the production of gas—which, of course, would be a very valuable thing."

Neither partner seemed to feel at liberty to discuss, even with Mr. Tetlow, their clients' valuable process.

"I happened to be talking to Mr. Blarcum yesterday," he continued. "I find that Mr. Blarcum is quite bullish on Gas; quite bullish. I inferred that he knew of some important developments. My experience has been that Mr. Blarcum doesn't get bullish without due cause. It occurred to me that perhaps he was interested in this Gaside Process Company. I have been more or less associated with you gentlemen in this Gas matter. I think I'm as good a man financially as Blarcum is, if I do say it. If he or anybody else is to be taken into this new company, I think I ought not to be overlooked."

With a joyful and even fond unanimity the partners hastened to assure Mr. Tetlow that nobody stood higher in their regard than he did; that nobody would be preferred over him. It had not been intended, they explained, to take any outsider into the Gaside Process Company; but they would see whether, as a sure testimonial of their regard, they couldn't get a small share for him.

"Beats all, don't it, Marcus," the junior partner observed, when Mr. Tetlow left. "I'll bet a dollar Blarcum and Scott will both be after us for an interest in our Gaside Process Company; be real mad if we won't give them a share. See how independent we are. We've got money of our own; at least we've got profits of our own on our long stock. We can hand 'em back their old borrowed securities any time and treat 'em haughtily."

Barrington had risen from his chair and was pacing back and forth, surcharged with large ideas. "Theodore, we've been too modest," he asserted. "We haven't gone in strong enough. We haven't cut a wide-enough swath. If we stoop to deception, we owe it to ourselves to do so in such a manner that forever after we will be far above all temptation to stoop again. We've got the local crowd all stirred up on Gas and got the market going as we want it. But the more people we can get stirred up, the bigger market we'll have to turn in, and the more money we'll make. We ought to take another step."

"As how?" Benton inquired.

"Rockwell!" said Barrington impressively. "He's got more Gas stock than anybody else. We ought to go down to New York and get him in line."

"Why, as to that," said Benton with a modest air, thoughtfully pinching his chin, "I don't imagine it would be so difficult. Rockwell is human like everybody else. The same tactics that will operate here will operate in New York. I met Rockwell once," he added reflectively. "He's a dapper little bantam with a hooked nose and a leathery face and a high, cracked sort of voice. Mondays and Tuesdays he's up in the country looking at his horses. Wednesdays and Thursdays he's in the country looking at his friends' horses. Fridays he attends to business from eleven-thirty to a quarter-past one. Saturday he gets soused and Sunday he won't do anything. Seems to me," he concluded modestly, "that by attending to business not less than four days in the week we ought to get along with him."

The result of this conversation was that, two days later, Benton took a fast train for New York.

The next afternoon he wired, partly in the firm's cipher: "Have seen Rockwell. Feel much encouraged. I wanted him to give me an option on twenty thousand shares of Gas stock at 145—only two points under the market. He remarked that I must be crazy. I find that he has been noticing the way Gas stock is acting out there; seems quite interested. He asked me especially about Gaside Process Company, incorporation of which had been reported to him. My replies were as vague as the process itself. He hinted that if we were really intending to do something in Gas we'd find it to our advantage to take him in with us. Said he'd been rather expecting, any time the last ten years, that somebody would discover a process for making gas more cheaply, and whoever did discover it could buy gold mines for his children to play with. Am to see him again to-morrow. Consider the outlook very sunshiny. I notice Gas is moving right along up. We must be ready to switch to short side of market pretty soon."

About the same time he received a wire from Barrington. "Everything lovely here," the senior partner reported. "Mr. Blarcum and Mr. Scott are anxious to have an interest in Gaside Process. Seem jealous of Mr. Tetlow and of each other. I am handing back the borrowed securities. We have too much money to be borrowing. Gas closed at 148. Our profit figures up a hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars. Am buying nice span driving horses from Mr. Scott."

The following day Benton's report ran: "Have seen Rockwell again. Guess we made a mistake fooling around with small fry in Chicago; should have come down here; better field. Rockwell seems to have been making inquiries out there about Gas situation; was much interested and quite respectful. His mind is full of Gaside Process. He suggests that if the process is any good it should be used in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities; sees millions in it. He pointed out that he was in a position to handle it to best advantage and it would be worth our while to let him in on ground floor; wants us to give him an option on half interest in Gaside Process Company, price of half interest to be a hundred thousand dollars, but real consideration to consist of profits we will make operating in Gas in New York, Philadelphia, etc. I told him I would have to consult Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Burns and Mr. MacRoberts who, of course, will consent. To-morrow I will give him option on half interest. I notice Gas closed to-day only a little under 150. Here is my plan: You mail me our formula for Gaside Process. We will go short of Gas up to our necks. Then I will deliver the formula to Rockwell and leave for home. Naturally, when he examines the formula he will hasten to jump on the stock. It ought to drop about twenty-five dollars a share. How would you like to come down here to live? Pleasant town; agreeable people."

This was on Wednesday. The following Friday, at a quarter of eleven, Benton wired: "Am just leaving for Rockwell's office to give him the formula. Notice that Gas is 153. Hope you have been selling to beat the band. Sell fast. We ought to be short anywhere from twenty-five to thirty thousand shares when the market closes to-day. Will see you in the morning and we will watch the explosion."

His telegram had a jaunty air, and he felt that jauntiness was the only reasonable frame of mind for him. Nevertheless, walking over to Rockwell's office, with the formula of the gas process in his pocket, he found himself unaccountably nervous. The task before him was perfectly simple—hardly more than saying good-morning, handing over his package of chemical hieroglyphics and gracefully withdrawing. Weighing over two hundred pounds, he was not usually an hysterical sort of person. Yet in the anteroom he fumbled awkwardly in getting out his card, and when he entered the capitalist's private office his heart gave a painful little jump for no reason except that his eye lighted upon a stocky, glum, bald gentleman in spectacles sitting at the end of Rockwell's desk—an owlish sort of man whose appearance somehow suggested an inspector of police. Benton felt that his forehead grew moist, and declined to sit down. He must trot right along, he said, for he had an appointment with Mr. Mackintosh. Rockwell looked somewhat surprised; and Benton's embarrassment was increased by the knowledge that it was a very coarse, dull kind of lie.

Rockwell introduced the stocky gentleman as Mr. Thayer, an expert on gas-making, and Benton grew more nervous than ever merely because Mr. Thayer took a notably firm, clinging hold of his hand. He got the formula out of his pocket, handed it over, and backed away, forcing a smile. Out in the corridor he wiped his dewy brow. He was really astonished and much ashamed of himself. He believed that Rockwell had said something about his returning at three o'clock to hear Mr. Thayer's opinion, but he had been so confused that he was not quite clear.

Out in the free, open air, however, he soon regained his poise, except that some sense of humiliation and astonishment lingered until an early and unabstemious luncheon banished it. He left the restaurant not only with his nervous tone restored, but with a golden, autumnal content in his brain, and strolled up Fifth Avenue, having three hours before train time.

He soon dropped in at a jeweler's shop and purchased a set of ivory poker chips, with appurtenances. The pretty trinkets, lying in the show window, caught his eye, and he found it very pleasant to be able to indulge his errant fancy for them offhand. He reflected that he had always led a frugal, circumscribed sort of life, with hardly more than a couple of hundred-dollar bills about his person at any one time. The Avenue had ever bothered him more or less, suggesting so many pleasant ways to spend money. It was agreeable, therefore, to feel a certain mastery over it, or at least equality with it. He stepped into the Waldorf, the St. Regis, the Plaza, considering which he would choose when he came down to New York to live. His tastes were really modest. A snug bachelor existence on twenty-five or thirty thousand a year was all he had in mind. At the Plaza he went the length of asking to be shown some available suites. One of them quite pleased him. The view from the sitting-room windows was attractive, and the price not extravagant for a young man in his position. He whistled a contented little air under his breath as he looked over the rooms

Soon after nine o'clock next morning he deposited his bag on the corner of the senior partner's table and sat down, smiling modestly, yet happily. Barrington smiled also. Indeed, the partners were in that rare frame of mind where, if one mentioned the weather, they both smiled. On the subject of business they said comparatively little, because, in the way of business, nothing remained except the simple operation of raking in the money and counting it up. Yet no happiness can be absolutely perfect. A slight frown appeared upon the senior partner's brow.

"I'm rather sorry I bought that span of Scott," he observed, in a tone of faint regret. "Not because he trimmed me on them. Of course, that doesn't matter. But I gave away my automobile yesterday. My cousin's husband hasn't got one—poor fellow. So I gave him mine. If I buy a couple of new ones I'll not have much use for the horses."

"Oh, you can give 'em away," Benton returned, disposing of so small a matter.

"True," the senior partner assented lightly. Lightly, also, he took up his pencil—being of a figuring habit. "You see, we're short twenty-seven thousand shares of Gas at an average of 153⅓. It's certain to drop at least twenty-five points. You know how it usually goes after a wild-eye bull movement like this. Everybody rushes to unload at once. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the stock dropped to par. That would be over a million, four hundred thousand dollars for us." Looking dreamily at the leaded glass window he absently swung a neatly-shod foot.

Benton glanced up at the clock. "What's the stock selling at now?" he inquired casually.

"I haven't taken the trouble to look," said Barrington. Lazily unhooking his leg from the arm of the chair, he arose and stepped to the ticker. "It's 154 now," he observed. "Evidently Rockwell hasn't got in action yet. Maybe his expert hasn't reported." He laughed lightly, and returned to the table. The partners fell to discussing various things in an idle, pleasant way. Benton spoke musingly of the advantages of New York as a place of residence.

Presently Barrington, struck by an amusing thought, gave a laugh. "Here it is half-past ten," he said, "and I haven't heard a word from Mr. Tetlow or Mr. Blarcum or Mr. Scott about that interest in Gaside Process which I'm privately trying to get for each of them. They haven't been this late before. It's funny how jealous and suspicious the old boys are of each other, each fearing the other is going to get that interest. They'll get to the point of pulling whiskers pretty soon."

They spoke genially of their customers for a few minutes. Then Barrington pulled himself up leisurely. "Well," he observed, "I believe I'll drop over and have a look at some more automobiles. There'll be nothing doing here to-day."

Incidentally, before going out, he stepped over to the ticker; then made a small note of surprise. "Gas is 154½," he commented. "Sort of odd it doesn't begin to drop. I wish I dared use what little free money we have and go short a few thousand more shares. But we'll stick to the sure thing. Evidently the explosion is postponed until Monday." He put on his gloves at leisure, and went out lightly twirling a slim, silver-mounted stick.

At a quarter of twelve Monday, Benton entered the office rather hurriedly. He seemed annoyed and somewhat uneasy.

"Why, I just dropped in at Hough & Martin's on my way from the tailor's," he said in some perplexity. "And I noticed that Gas, instead of going down, was up to 157."

The senior partner was standing over by the ticker. "Yes, I've been watching it," he replied, also in some perplexity. "I don't see why it should keep on going up this way," he murmured thoughtfully. "Rockwell must surely have heard from his experts about the formula by this time."

"Maybe he's sick," Benton suggested vaguely.

"Of course," said Barrington with a cheerful contempt, "it doesn't really amount to anything. The rise simply can't last. The stock is bound to go down—only," he added with a touch of vexation, "we'll be called for more margins on our short sales, and it will sort of bother us to rake 'em up."

Benton frowned. "Rockwell isn't attending to business," he declared, in a tone of condemnation. "You don't imagine he could possibly have trotted off to the country and let the whole thing hang fire for a week?" he asked. The possibility was certainly disquieting.

"It's what one gets for doing business with a d——d loafer!" the senior partner announced, not without bitterness.

"The question is," said Benton presently, in a grave manner, "if Gas stock should, by any fool possibility, continue to rise for another day or two, how are we to get hold of enough money to keep our margins good?"

"Why, we still have Tetlow and Blarcum and Scott to fall back on," said the senior partner boldly. "Our credit is gilt-edge with all of them. They're all crazy to get an interest in Gaside Process. Of course, we wouldn't dare really to sell them an interest in the company, because, the company being bogus, that would be indictable. But we can easily play off one against the other, for they're jealous enough to die of one another now. By borrowing judiciously from each we can easily keep up our margins until that blasted bum and idiot, Rockwell, wakes up. Then the stock will fall, and we'll get our profit. Why, Theodore, tips that were absolutely untrue have put this stock up thirty dollars a share. Won't a true tip put it down twenty-five?"

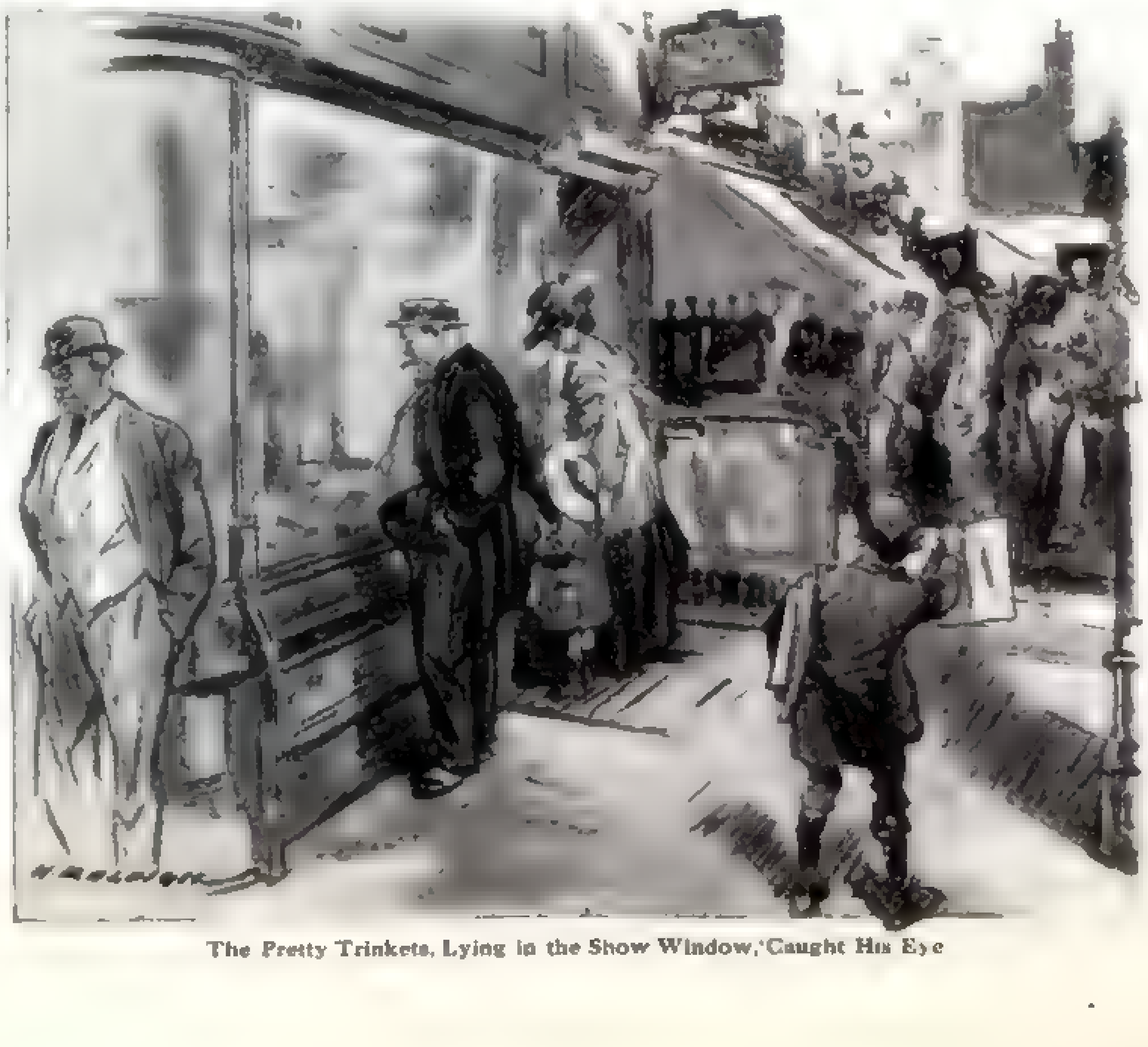
That seemed convincing. Barrington's plan, moreover—in view of their past successes in the same line of endeavor—was obviously feasible. Having been able to borrow a million when they had absolutely nothing, it would be a pity if they couldn't borrow a hundred thousand or so now that they had a million as good as in their fists. The partners therefore cast off the little cloud which had temporarily obscured them. Barrington returned to his agreeable study of six-cylinders; and in a few moments they received further assurance.

Mr. Scott telephoned over an urgent invitation that the partners take luncheon with him at his club.

"You see?" said Barrington, smiling, as he put down the instrument. "Of course, he wants us to give him definite assurance that he is to be taken into Gaside Process. I thought it was sort of funny that we hadn't heard a word from him, or Blarcum, or Tetlow since Friday about an interest in the company, when they were all so crazy to get in before that. Well, we can't actually sell Brother Scott an interest in the company; but we'll just borrow a hundred thousand from him—touching up his jealousy of Blarcum and of Tetlow, if necessary."

Walking jovially to the club, Benton observed that the streets in New York were so much cleaner, and there wasn't nearly as much noise; he thought noise was hurting his nervous system. Barrington mentioned spending the winter on the Mediterranean. For several winters he said—which was news to the junior partner—he had found the harsh northern climate trying to his health.

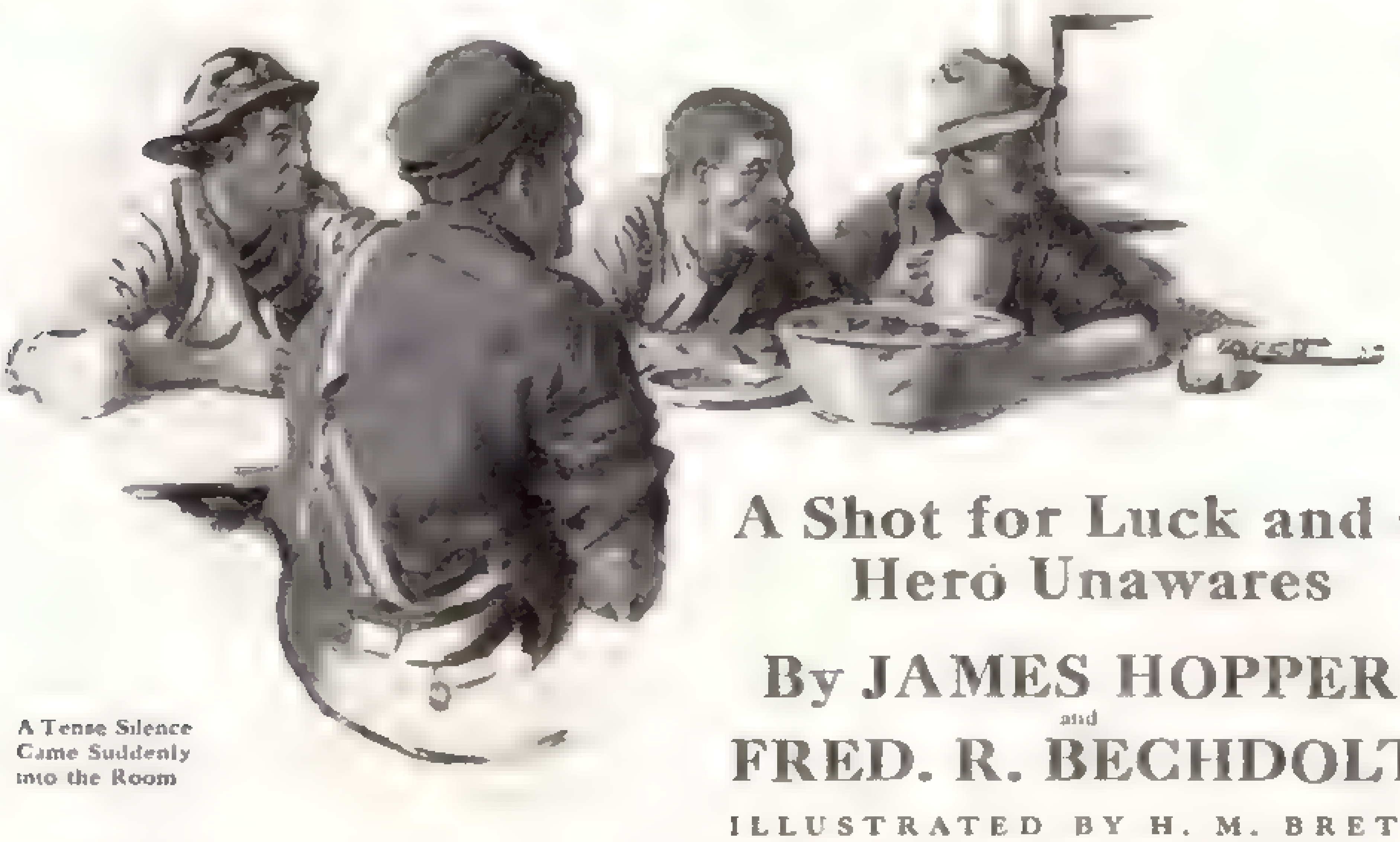
They met Mr. Scott in the highest good humor, and avoided, rather than



The Pretty Trinkets, Lying in the Show Window, Caught His Eye

(Continued on Page 34)

THE PASS OF GUNNER FLYNN



A Tense Silence Came Suddenly into the Room

A Shot for Luck and a Hero Unawares

By JAMES HOPPER
and
FRED. R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

GUNNER FLYNN and Jerry Morley stood on the edge of the long dump, indecision and a sort of puzzled fear in their faces and postures.

"Phwatever's come over the Old Man all the wanst?" asked the Gunner in a half-whisper. He was a warped little man, an eye gone in some premature blast, and a long, blue scar reaching from the empty socket into the grizzled bristle of his throat. As he spoke his remaining eye squinted into Jerry's heavy face, blue-flecked with powder scars.

Morley shook his cropped head anxiously. "I dunno. He was all right the half-hour ago—will you listen to him now! Just listen to him!"

The object of the two drillers' awed admiration stood above them on the tip-top of the dump—a grossly-built man, six feet tall, of tremendous girth and very red of face. He stood with feet wide apart, solid as a foundation, his hands in the pockets of his trousers, which disappeared within hip-high rubber-boots, his hat tilted back and on one side, in a posture truculent and masterful; and out of his mouth, as if inflamed by his stiff red mustache, there poured continuously, but with those occasional inflections that mark one born with the talent and schooled by long experience to consummate art, a stream of invectives of marvelous adequacy.

"Listen, oh, listen!" repeated the Gunner, half with respect, half with disgust.

Above them the cañon wall rose sheer, its dingy snowbanks crumbling into a sibilance of small streams beneath the white-hot sunshine; and in the gut below the brown river roared through man-made things. The sun flashed these out glaringly—the row of saloons with flamboyant canvas signs, the railroad track, cinder-strewn and smeared with grease, the cluster of unpainted bunk-houses, the red power building, belching black smoke from its high stack. At the base of the mountain a black hole yawned—the new tunnel at the piercing of which hundreds of men had been toiling many months, and would be toiling many months more.

At regular intervals dirt-cars in strings came clattering out of it and along the narrow track stretching the gray length of the dump, to be pounced upon by a quartette of bullet-headed men, blond of hair and blue of eye, who swiftly emptied them.

It was these men whom the Old Man was directing; and to his fervent monologue they moved in spasms of apprehensive eagerness, their eyes fixed upon him

"Phwatever is the matter with him!" repeated the Gunner despairingly, and his one eye, fixed upon Morley, was almost tearful.

"I tell you he was all right the half-hour ago," muttered Morley. "And now ——"

His voice died in his throat; the Old Man, emitting a louder roar than usual, had suddenly spied the whispering couple. "What do *you* want?" he growled, coming toward them.

The Gunner scratched the back of his head, tilting forward his oil-skin hat, and remained where he was; but Morley, stiffening himself, moved forward a step and looked evenly into the Old Man's smouldering eyes.

"We want a pass to town," he said firmly.

The Old Man glared at him in silence a long moment; then, as if disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, "You want a *what?*" he asked heavily.

"A pass," repeated Morley doggedly—"a pass to Seattle, I said!"

"You did!" The Old Man's voice had dropped to a tone lower than Jerry's. "You did! A pass to town, you said?" He breathed hard; his nostrils distended as he looked Jerry over from head to foot. "What's callin' ye to the city, Mr. Morley, if I might make so bold as to ask? I ain't been readin' the society papers of late. Is Mr. Flynn expectin' to accompany yez? Humph!" He threw back his head as he grunted, and the Gunner took a step backward. The Old Man looked at the two long, evidently struggling with himself; then, with thick tongue: "Get off!" he said; "get off this dump before I take a crack at ye wit' this here pinch-bar! Goin' to Seattle! Ye'll be wantin' to ride in the President's private car next. Get away!"—he waved his hand with the gesture of a drunken man—"get away, I tell ye!"

"Phwat *has* got into him, anyhow!" murmured Jerry, when the two drillers, returning bootless, were out of earshot.

The Gunner's one eye suddenly flashed up with vicious light. "By the powers," he roared, "I'll tear the insides out of this camp when I draw my pay to-morrow!"

A gust of wind, from the cañon, set all the canvas signs of the saloons flapping. It was as if the camp were raising its arms to Heaven in fear.

The reason of this rise in the Old Man's temper—which had proved so disastrous to the two drillers' dream of an amiable "blow-out" in Seattle—was that Weed had come into the camp. Weed was the resident engineer of the company, and not beloved of his inferiors.

"You've heard the news?" the Old Man asked from behind his coffee-cup, looking over its rim at Smith, the assistant engineer. They were at supper and the Old Man's rage had subsided into a mood grim and sarcastic.

"Been on the summit all day running levels; haven't had time to hear anything—excepting that Weed is here, if that's what you mean. What's he up to now?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Old Man with ponderous affectation of indifference; "oh, nothing at all. He's just planning staying with us now, to the end of the job—that's all!"

"Staying?" Smith repeated vacantly, and stopped, his fork poised in air.

A metallic chuckle sounded in the Old Man's throat. "I *thought* I'd get a rise out o' ye," he said. "Yes, he's meditatin' makin' himself the main squeeze here."

"What's the matter now? Ain't you pulling ground enough to suit them yet?"

There was irony in the inflections. It was a matter of common knowledge that, under the Old Man's driving, reports from Cascade bore records that summer.

"It's the holin' av the tunnel he's after," growled the Old Man. "Now that the work is comin' along fast an' all the troubles are done wit', he wants to be on hand for the holin' and get all the credit. An' he's in the notion of campin' wit' us now, puttin' his finger into everything. 'The camp,' says he to me this afternoon—and two of them dudes from the St. Paul offices standin' beside him when he said it—'The camp needs straightening out. 'Tis notorious the length av the road. There should be more system in the runnin' av the town down there,' he says. 'And the personnel av the men would be better for much change.' The *personnel av the men*," repeated the Old Man slowly.

A clash of tinware and a rumble of heavy voices came from the dining-room, where the two off-shifts were at supper. Smith smiled. "What does he expect to do with them?" he asked, pointing toward the door.

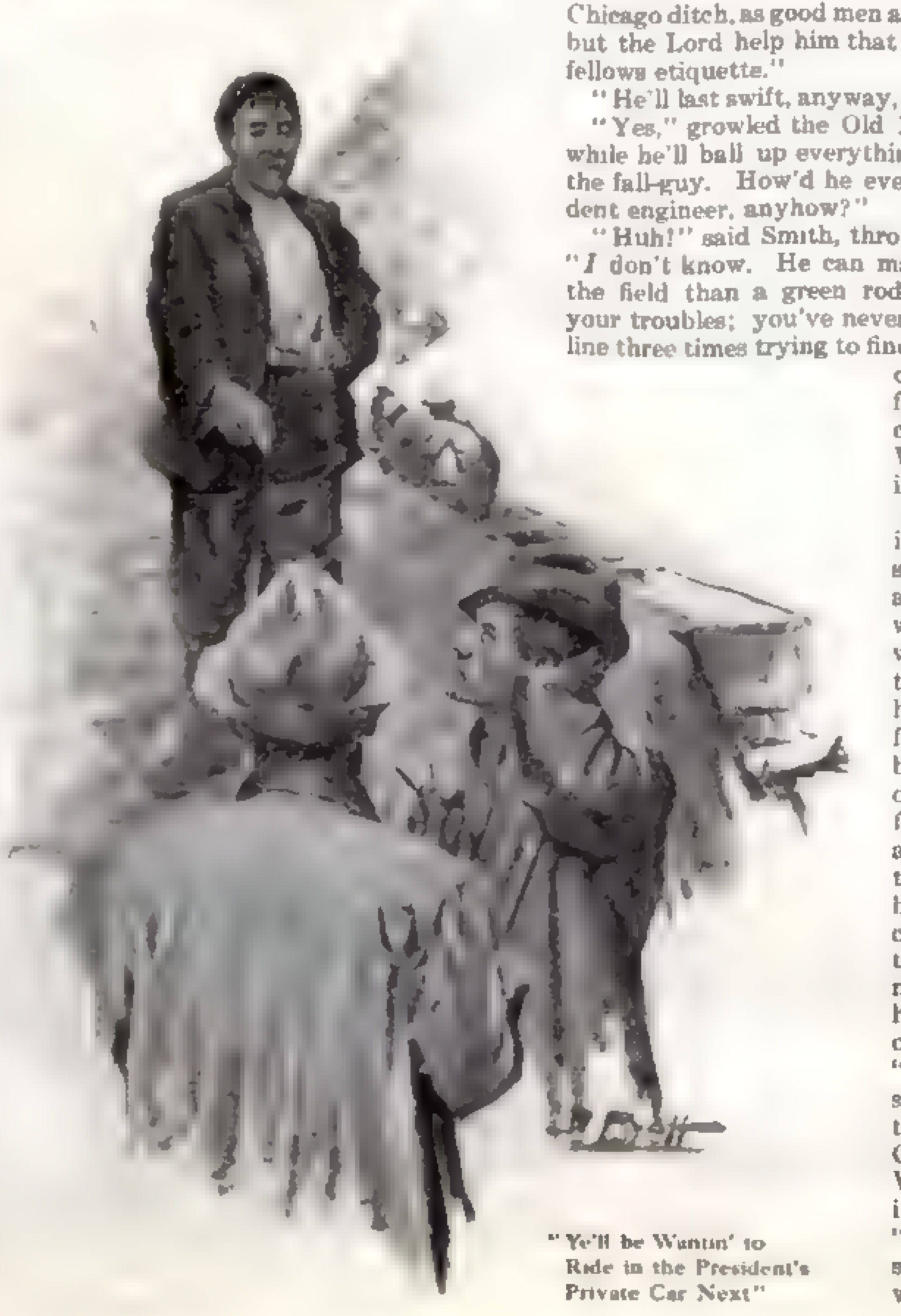
"The Lord knows," said the Old Man solemnly. "I don't. I've handled them an' their likes for manny years. A hundred an' fifty came wit' me here from the Chicago ditch, as good men as ever bruk ground; but the Lord help him that tries to teach thim fellows etiquette."

"He'll last swift, anyway," Smith concluded.

"Yes," growled the Old Man; "and meanwhile he'll ball up everything and then I'll be the fall-guy. How'd he ever come to be resident engineer, anyhow?"

"Huh!" said Smith, throwing up his hands, "*I* don't know. He can make more errors in the field than a green rodman. Talk about your troubles; you've never had to go over a line three times trying to find his bull after he'd declared you four feet out ——" He checked himself; Weed was walking into the room.

He was very natty in a tweed mountain-suit, yellow puttees and plaid golf-cap; when shaking hands with Smith he made the latter look, in his tattered blue-flannel shirt and baggy trousers, like one of the Siwash farmers who held allotments down in the valley. With him were two precious young men—two of those ornamented beings who handle the red-tape of big offices. "They're going to stop a day or two on their way to the Coast," explained Weed, after he had introduced them; "they want to see something of the work and the men."



"Ye'll be Wantin' to Ride in the President's Private Car Next"

"Ah, yes," said the Old Man with eagerness to please; "ye might take 'em downtown to-morrow night – to-morrow is pay-day, ye know—an' show 'em the camp. 'Twould be intherestin'!"

Smith choked in his cup.

"That pay-night business ought to be stopped," said Weed, his eyes going fixed in the contemplation of his idea. "The name of this camp is awful. It's known for murder, highway-robbery and all sorts of violence. That's one reason I'm thinking of staying. Men can be handled properly as well off the work as on."

"I wish you joy," said the Old Man, looking at the speaker helplessly; "I wish you joy in the thryin'."

They passed into the main dining-room on their way out. It was a long, low room, bare-floored, with a ceiling through the wide cracks of which the shingles showed. Upon the three tables running its length lay great pans of heavy, steaming food, and through the vapor the faces of the men glowed like full moons. Every foot of the benches which paralleled the tables was taken; side by side, spread elbow touching spread elbow, the men were eating. Some sat bare-armed, their shirts open upon their hairy chests; but others were still in their dripping oilskins and ate with the gritty muck and black oil smeared on their faces and hands. The faces were rough. Some were twisted and bore ragged scars, the marks of accidents or feuds; some were curiously pitted, telling of combats in far-away lumber-camps, where it is the victor's custom to stamp his mark upon his prostrate antagonist with the corked heels of his boots; many were flecked blue with the tattoo of burning powder. The voices of these men growled deep in their chests; their muscles bulged and their hands were gnarled. They ate grossly and noisily, heaping the food upon their tin plates, shoveling it between their teeth with their knife-blades, smacking their lips, and drank steaming drafts from their huge cups with sucking noises. Now and then one of them raised his head to stare at the three strangers, then with a bovine movement lowered it again and resumed his feeding.

Weed's penetrating voice rose above the rumble and the clatter. "These," he was saying, "are some of the men; the 'hobos,' we call them."

A tense silence came suddenly into the room.

They were "hobos." They called each other so, they allowed the Old Man to call them so. For they were wanderers, and reckless; they feared few things and respected fewer. They had come long distances without paying fares, stretched on swaying car-roofs or huddled on dust-shrouded brake-beams among whirling wheels. One or two big construction "jobs" in the East had furnished many of them; the Cœur d'Alene and Rocky Mountain mining camps others; these were called, and with reason, the "dynamiters."

Most had no homes but the bunks in which they slept. They had handled rock and giant-powder in mountain tunnels; in stifling caissons lapped by brown rivers; in palm-lined cuts beneath a perpendicular sun; in shafts so deep that the water spurting beneath their drills scalded; above the line of eternal snows they had toiled, with hurricanes about their heads and glaciers under their feet; under the roar of city streets; in the silence of desert solitudes – every place where Man fights with Nature they had hammered rock and set fuses. They *were* hobos. They had seen Death and had come to laugh at her. They had striven against the granite of the earth and, striving, had acquired its hardness; they had worked with dynamite, and had caught its violence. They sweated at their work; they ate like animals, and their pleasures were terrifying. And always at their hearts there tugged a vague restlessness, the call of far lands; never a day passed that did not see some depart, stirred by rumors of a big undertaking in a remote corner of the world.

They *were* hobos; they called each other so; they let the Old Man call them so; but they did not like Weed to call them so. And when he did a tenseness came over the tables.

A nipper-boy broke it happily. "Oh, Reginald!" he said, addressing Gunner Flynn, who sat bent over, sullen with the contemplation of his coming debauch; "Oh, Reginald!" he said, in a mincing voice; "please pass the spuds."

A grin passed over the scarred, pitted faces, the forks resumed their clatter, and this was all for the time.

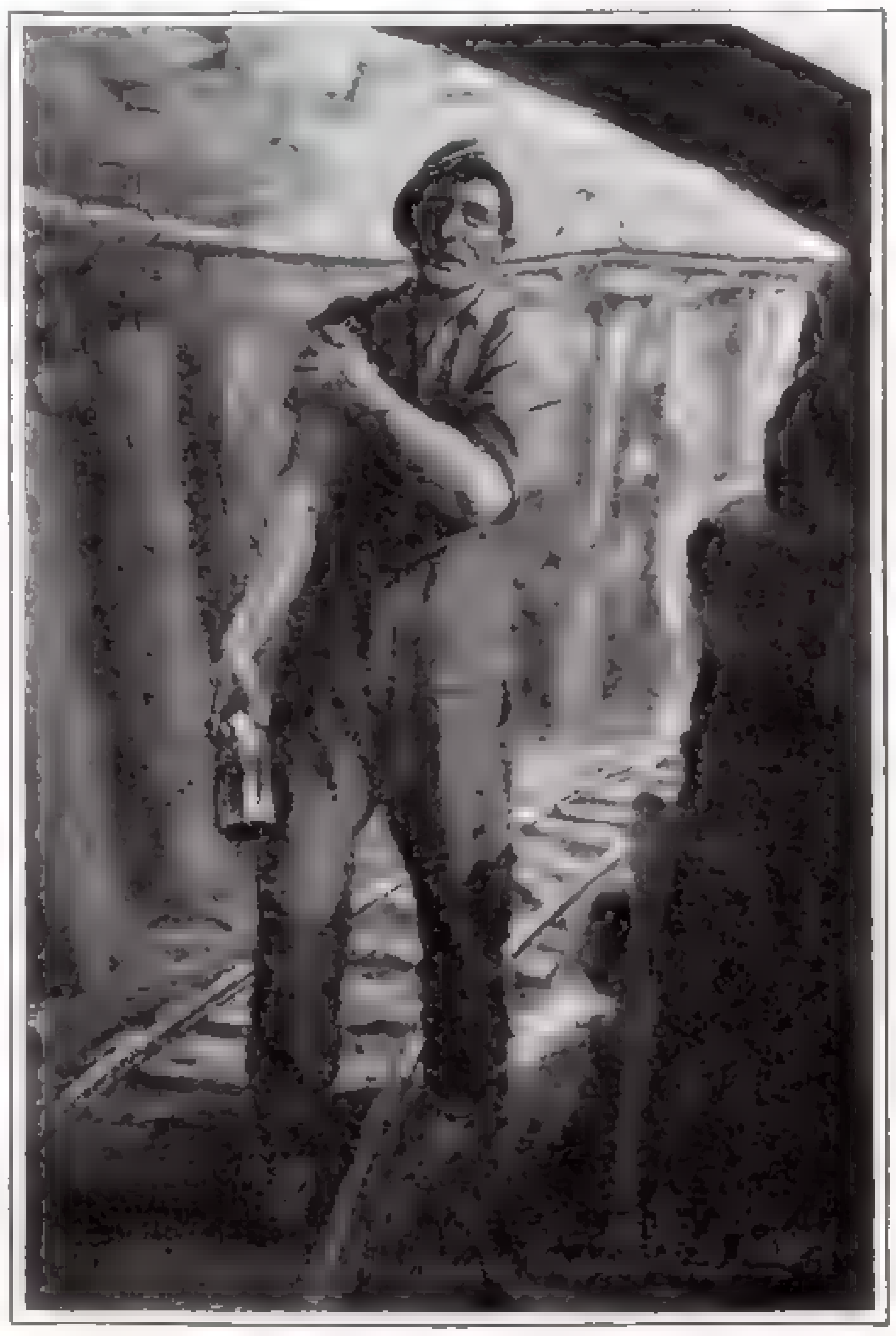
But by the next morning the Old Man, sensitive through experience to the subtle changes of mood of his army, began to worry.

"They won't stand for Weed," he said to Smith, at the noon-day meal. "I c'n feel 'em gettin' restless. There's an even dozen now ready to go the minute they're paid. By next drag-day half the drill-runners will be hittin' the grit."

He passed Weed and the two "dudes" as he went out; the sight exasperated him, and he relieved himself by taking personal charge of the timber-shed until he had them all but frantic. It was well in the afternoon when he went into the tunnel to see the setting off of the blast which, each day, at the same time, ended with its booming note the day's work of the shift.

Once in the cool, dark depths his anger cooled quickly, for everything was working smoothly there. Standing on the "Jumbo"—the platform from which the muck was dumped through chutes into the cars beneath—he passed his eye gravely over everything—over the machines, hammering their way through the granite in pounding unison; the sweating muckers, wheeling in endless line the broken rock to the chutes; over every detail of the great engine, half-flesh, half-steel, which answered to his will, and he felt within him as a pent-up breath, which would raise his chest, a swelling pride, something big and fine that, in spite of himself, softened his growling voice for a moment as he spoke to the shift foreman.

The bench-machines were already using the fourteen-foot drills and the muckers were nearing the bottom of the heap of broken rock left by the preceding shift's blast. Jerry Morley, dripping in his oil-skins, stood on the rocking tripod of one of these machines, one hand on the jarring crank, the other close to the air-valve key. His last steel was biting its way clean and smooth, and every one of the thousand noises which rose from the coughing, trembling mass of metal was blending in a deafening roar that spoke perfect action. He stood with feet apart, his face, blue-spotted with powder-marks, very attentive. At times he inclined his head with the movement of a mother listening to the breathing of her sleeping child, and picked out of the terrific medley some of the component sounds, then with his hand signed to his helper who stood at the chuck, wrench in hand, alert to his bidding. Beside Morley's machine three others thundered; behind these, four more, prostrate, were bellowing like animals upset on their backs, and still farther, in the heart of the heading, eight, mounted on columns, roared mighty salvos. Along the narrow gangway that stretched over the slimy, black pool between the bench and the Jumbo, oil-skinned muckers, pushing with bent backs wheelbarrows laden with rock, were passing in an endless chain.



"Oh, Phwat Luck!"

It was on this scene that Weed, very immaculate, but at the bottom of his being not at all feeling the assurance he tried to display outwardly, appeared suddenly with his two dudes. He was showing them through. He stood on the Jumbo a moment, a little uncertain, a little bewildered, waving his hands in a brave show of pointing out details, then stepped upon the muckers' gangway and made his way along it toward the bench.

The narrow board way had been clear for a short interval, but just as Weed stepped upon it from one side, a mucker, the head of the restored and interminable line, was starting from the other side. Weed met the wheelbarrow in the middle and signed the mucker to back. The man hesitated, and while he hesitated a dozen barrows, starting up the gangway, blocked him from behind. Weed stood his ground, wrathful and embarrassed, the two dudes poised timidly behind. The whole traffic, essential to the work, was stopped, the work halted; the Walker gesticulated; the Old Man roared and raised his arms; but Weed, very pale, was still signaling the line to back.

Jerry Morley had finished his drilling now, and, the compressed-air hose in hand, was cleaning out his holes, the refuse geysering over him in gritty rain. Out of the corner of his eye he caught the situation. His hand jerked to the right, the compressed-air hose swung around, writhing and hissing like a serpent; it blew its tense and frozen breath across the gangway—and Weed and the two dudes, like bits of paper, rose into the air with loose arms and legs and flopped into the black pool below.

The work, a moment arrested, surged on again. There was no pause of stupor, no sign of surprise, not even a demonstration of amusement. Immediately the wheelbarrows renewed their journey over the cleared plank; Jerry Morley began to drop into the drilled holes the sticks of dynamite which within a half-hour would shatter the tunnel a few feet farther on into the mountain's mass; and, the last line of barrows being emptied, the Jumbo started backing out of harm's way to the discordant thumping of a donkey-engine. Only the Old Man took time to wave to the trio, as they crawled forth dripping, a good-by which they felt to be derisive.

Morley was working swiftly, dropping the cylinders of dynamite into the holes of the round, ramming them one on the other with the wooden loading-stick and connecting each to each with a slender electric wire. A runner clambered over the face of the bench trailing behind him two insulated wires. One of these Jerry made fast to the copper strand protruding from the first hole; then, crossing over to the last hole, made ready to fasten there the second wire.

This done, the circuit would be completed and a last action would instantaneously transform the latent dynamite into a fiendish power, tearing at the mountain's entrails. The electric current came from the power-house outside by a wire strung the tunnel's length. Four hundred feet away from the blast this wire was broken in a short gap. When everything would be ready and all the men safe out of the way, the shift foreman would lift to this gap a wire tied to the end of a long stick, thus making the connection; and the electric current, leaping across, would zip on like lightning to the powder awaiting its hot, stimulating sting.

Morley, bent over, was beginning to close the circuit; the men about him were lazily preparing to withdraw.

Four hundred feet away, by a pump that coughed dismally in the half-shadow, Weed and his two companions came upon a long pole at the end of which dangled a short wire.

"What's this?" asked one of the precious young men, seeking to make a conversation.

Weed looked at the object; he did not know. But he felt he could stand no further humiliation. He glanced swiftly about him and caught sight of the gap in the mainwire strung the length of the tunnel.

"That's one of the poles," he said. "It has fallen. See, it belongs here."

And, taking up the long stick, he raised its dangling wires toward the gap.

Morley, at the bench, was completing the circuit. The men were still about him. Fifty sticks of dynamite were beneath their feet.

It had been a heavy day for Gunner Flynn. He had drawn his pay in the morning and since that had been engaged in putting himself in condition to perform the choleric threat extracted from him by the Old Man's refusal of a pass.

He worked at this steadily and with determination; but the result he sought came but slowly. It was rather lugubrious work. In the glare of day the saloons of the camp were not gay. The pianos were silent; the bartenders, yawning, were filling black bottles, and the white-faced faro-dealers stood like emotionless sentinels by shrouded tables. Late in the afternoon a sudden longing for companionship took the Gunner toward the tunnel. He carried in his hand a heavy bottle.

There were no cars at the portals of the tunnel, so the Gunner trudged on along the narrow track. At intervals he sat down and refreshed himself.

"I'll meet the Old Man," he said to himself, at the first of these stations, "and I'll destroy him; I'll show him the Gunner musht 'ave his passes."

A softer mood had come over him the next time he sat down. Ahead, in the semi-darkness, he could hear a pump hiccoughing and sighing dismally. "Poor George," he said, thinking of the pump man; "a-pumpin' water all

(Concluded on Page 28)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1908

A Few Assets Left

SOME scientific minds especially are born to trouble as sparks fly upward. Waste of our natural resources is a subject for sober thought, but a scientifically constructed diagram showing that we hardly know where our next meal is coming from is a subject for amusement only.

No man begins to know what the natural resources of the country are—which tends to invalidate the diagram. Rice and tobacco were the great Southern staples when this Government was formed. Since then, rice production has increased tenfold, and the value of the crop is two or three per cent. the value of the cotton crop, which, at that time, was an unconsidered item. As late as 1814 the country's production of coal was given as twenty tons, although great coalfields were then within its territory. Petroleum, of course, was unthought of for more than forty years afterward. The census of 1820 shows two thousand tons of pig iron. In 1840 the wheat and corn outturn was about fifteen per cent. of what it now is, and part of the region which now yields those grains so abundantly was marked "Great American Desert."

Within twenty years reputable scientists have demonstrated that wheat production could not possibly keep pace with increased population. Meanwhile production has increased fifty per cent., and everybody now knows that immense virgin areas in Canada, Argentina and Siberia are capable of growing the grain, while the area in the United States that may be brought under wheat cultivation by irrigation, "dry farming" and so on is great.

The brain of man is, also, a natural resource of the country, and its possibilities are incalculable. Other cotton gins, petroleum refineries, hard-coal experiments, Bessemer converters, copper smelters, irrigation schemes, each creating a great new source of natural wealth, lie untouched within it.

Waste of natural resources needs serious consideration. Nevertheless, eat your breakfast food with good cheer.

House-Cleaning in Wall Street

IN ONE recent "million-share" day a single firm—which happened next day to go into receivers' hands—originated about nine-tenths of all the business done on the Stock Exchange. The governors deemed this a suspicious circumstance and ordered an investigation.

The list that is commonly quoted contains over two hundred different stocks. As a rule, when the market is active, two-thirds or more of all the transactions are confined to a dozen stocks. That is a normal condition. The dozen stocks vary from time to time. Louisville and Nashville, Atchison, Erie may appear among them for a while, then drop out, giving place to Reading, Pennsylvania and Copper. But by some peculiar telepathic sympathy the investing public always demands a few certain stocks to the neglect of others equally meritorious. Which leads to an injurious insinuation that the stock market at all times is mostly cooked up and prearranged by a clique of professional operators; and that what happened on the day which excited the governors' suspicion was merely the overdoing of a common practice.

We are told that the advantage of the Stock Exchange over the bucket-shop for the small speculator lies in the fact that, on the Exchange, the small man's operation influences the market. If he buys Southern Pacific his purchase tends to make Southern Pacific firmer. But if, while his modest hundred-share order is being executed, Smith and Jones, by prearrangement, trade in ten thousand shares, the extent to which he really influences the market is very problematical.

Three quite recent Stock Exchange failures might very well suggest to the management thoughts in the house-cleaning line.

Candor in High Places

IF MR. BRYAN could manage to focus attention upon this huge tariff graft—if he could get such a hearing of it as he got for the silver question in 1896—his chance of winning would, no doubt, improve. But even with small Democratic aid, by the slow weight of fact, we are gradually and painfully approaching the truth about it.

When the necessity bred of war had passed, the tariff, as we now know it, was defended as needed to foster our infant industries. They fostered amazingly and, presently, became the greatest in the world. We still needed the tariff, it was then alleged, to insure good wages to American workmen—notwithstanding our labor cost, in some lines, was lower than in England, and workmen in non-protected callings, comprising the great majority, got as high or higher wages than workmen in protected industries. This year a new and franker defense has been introduced.

Duties, says the Republican platform, must equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad, "together with a reasonable profit to American industries."

That is, we must be taxed enough, not only to protect American labor, but to make sure that the trusts will have a satisfactory profit. One by one the specious and fraudulent reasons have fallen away, until, at length, in this year's platform, we are given a candid glimpse of the real reason. Being ever friendly to candor we welcome the advance, and hope it will continue. In the Republican platform of 1912 we expect to find a simple and entirely honest tariff plank, as follows:

"Duties must be high enough to produce satisfactory dividends upon several billion dollars of watered stocks."

Sweetness and Light on the Farm

MAKING farm life more attractive is not the least important of the many subjects that President Roosevelt has discussed. Two farmer's daughters, aged thirteen and fifteen, who ran away from home the other day to get work as domestics in town, give a rather extreme example of the attitude of many country-bred young people toward the farm.

Upon a certain basis of fact political spellbinders have reared a vast structure of fiction. The fashionably-clothed, automobile-driving, villa-inhabiting, money-burdened farmer of print and picture is about as true to life as the Irishman of vaudeville. The farmer is relatively prosperous. He makes a good living, and usually something more, by working hard twelve to fourteen hours a day. He is better off than he was a dozen years ago. The Manufacturers' Record computes that 8,656,000 people engaged in agriculture in 1890 produced an average of $287 each, while 11,991,000 so engaged in 1907 produced $618 each. Farm life is more attractive in just that degree. There is a better house, a telephone, more social enlivenment.

To make life on the farm still more attractive the only thing needed is that the farmer shall be still better off. What he and his wife want is not instruction as to how to amuse themselves, but more money and leisure for amusement. Twelve hours of brisk, manual labor per diem, with the axe to be ground and the socks darned afterward, would make life monotonous on Fifth Avenue. A fifth more grain to the acre, or ten per cent. more on the price, or lower cost of "boughten" commodities will greatly disseminate sweetness and light in the rural districts.

When Work is a Bore

HARVARD'S new graduate school of business administration promises something to those who, after a four-year academic course, can take a two-year course in the new school—at a total investment for the six years of, say, five thousand dollars—before accepting a novice's job at eight dollars a week. That the beneficiaries will be relatively so few is, of course, no objection; but it brings to mind the unbenefited many.

Much modern business is so organized that to the beginner it has very little educational value. He is put to making a few simple motions, doing certain rigidly prescribed stunts, which are not interesting in themselves and which, so far as he can see, lead nowhere in particular. Set to packing crates in the cellar of a great wholesale warehouse, for example, he finds no such mental stimulus as the youth in a country store derives from a lively sense of the importance of what he is about.

Nobody expects a normal boy to show enthusiasm for formal study. Three hundred years have made no change in his state. Creeping like snail unwillingly to school he goes—some millions strong just about this time. That study shall be more or less a bore appears to be a standing condition of young male life. What we grieve over is that, for a good many, work also shall be a bore. This is the newer and more depressing fact. Some big banks and others of like condition have, of late, undertaken not only to tell the beginner what to do, but to explain why, and so to attach his interest to his labor.

School is dull just naturally, and of itself. Work is dull unnaturally.

As the Twig Inclines

A NEW book upon the art of teaching a country school is very suggestive. The relative merits of birch and hickory are not discussed. Upon the great question of getting in the first blow the author is silent. He seems not even to have an opinion as to whether a stove poker or a brass-bound ferule makes the most effective missile—although, if our fathers say true, that point was as vitally important to the backwoods pedagogue of fifty years ago as the make of rifle is to modern war boards. The classical pedagogic strategy of establishing proper relations with the school by picking out the strongest big boy and crumpling him up with a skillful kick in the abdomen is nowhere hinted at in this treatise. Even the pacific "Hoosier Schoolmaster" would probably find the book strangely idealistic and impractical.

Apparently the big boy has changed his point of view; no longer considers it disgraceful to obey a teacher who hasn't licked him; understands that a black eye is irrelevant to the question of profitable intercourse between himself and the teacher.

Possibly we grow puny and lack "red blood." At any rate, we attach less importance to the question, Which can lick?—except, of course, in international relationships.

The Decrease in Savings

REPORTS of New York savings-banks for the year ending July 1 show that the number of accounts opened was 73,883 less than in the year before; the number of accounts closed 48,486 greater. The whole amount deposited was thirty-five million dollars less; the whole amount withdrawn, forty-one millions more. The net loss in deposits, added to the interest accrued and credited to depositors by the banks during the year, shows that the savings-fund was trenched upon to the extent of sixty-five millions. The average account is about five hundred dollars, so this may be said to represent the savings of a hundred and thirty thousand persons.

A good many million people have only hearsay evidence that the country experienced a setback in the latter part of 1907 and the first half of 1908. Farmers, as a whole, felt it very little. Among salaried people generally the effect seems to have been small. In many Western and Middle-Western towns trade, as indicated by bank clearings, was about as brisk as in the year before.

And to a good many persons who have talked much about it the setback was merely a figure of speech—or, what is about the same thing, a figure in a ledger. Their wealth was not appraised as high in the market, but was still ample for their needs. But to others it was no hearsay or theoretical affair. The New York savings-bank figures suggest how very tangible and practical it was to a big industrial population.

A Baffling Disease and Some Remedies

WHAT shall be done with the trusts? The query is familiar—perhaps to the point of being contemptible. Yet we think it everybody's duty to consider it at least once in four years.

Both parties offer a program. That of the Democrats is the most fantastic feature of their platform. Requiring every concern that does twenty-five per cent. of the business in its line to take out a Government license, and sternly forbidding it to do more than fifty per cent., would be about as effective, in our judgment, as sticking a poison label, with skull and cross-bones and the legend, "Beware!" on every corporation capitalized for a million or more. It might cause the Steel Trust, for example, a temporary inconvenience in the way of turning over some mills to an "independent" company. Freight rates move absolutely in unison, by agreement. So does the price of rails. This is the essence of monopoly. It is sternly forbidden already; but it exists just the same.

The Republican expedient would be more effective—and more objectionable. It proposes substantially to put big corporations under the personal guardianship of the President. We doubt that the country is prepared for so remarkable an extension of Executive discretion.

Probably we shall do nothing with the trusts. They present a problem for which nobody, as yet, has offered a feasible solution—except as a revision of the tariff in the interests of the people would solve it. On that side, of course, the Democrats give much the best promise.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Laurels of Demosthenes

WHERE the silvery moonbeams caress the sweet magnolia blooms — where the mocking-bird swoons in ecstasy as he trills and thrills his evening lay—where the Southern Cross hangs low in the summer sky and sheds its golden radiance on fair women and brave men—where the cotton opes its snow-white bolls and showers its largess on a peaceful people—where the happy negroes sit besidé their cabin doors, singing their quaint songs to the tinkle-tankle of the banjo—where hospitality is the one endeavor of the generous residents, and where the weary wayfarer is welcomed with outstretched hands to groaning boards—where the mint patch flourishes and the liquor glows ruby red—where chivalry still retains its beauteous sway—where the days are dreams of delight and the soft and odorous nights make romance live again—where the lovebirds coo and caress in the fragrant branches of the emblossomed trees—where all Nature is brightest, sweetest, loveliest ——

That's the Sunny South. And the speaker? Ah, who could the speaker be but that distinguished son of that Sunny South, that silvern-tongued orator from Dixie, that Ajax of Atlanta, that Demosthenes of Demiopolis, Colonel John Temple Graves? Favorite son of a favored section, none so well as he can phrase the delights of the land of his nativity.

There are other orators in the South. Dixie teems with them. It goes with the blood, the birth. In the North, when a man cannot do anything else, he thinks he can write. In the South, when he can do nothing else, he knows he can talk. Oratory a lost art? If it ever was lost the South found it. But, even so, there are orators and orators, and at the apex, the peak, standing in sublime and solitary splendor on a pedestal of golden, glistening, glistering language, is Colonel John Temple Graves, who distils common speech into the quintessence of poetry, who pronounces a "Good-morning" with such measured cadence that the trite and trivial words fall like liquid music on enraptured ears, for whom the garden of rhetoric holds its fairest flowers, whose feet wander on the primrose paths of poesy and whose head is ever far amid the stars—John Temple Graves, the hottest little tamale when it comes to handing out the spoken word we have in our vast and somewhat conversational midst.

We have come to associate bulk with oratory, in a way. There was Daniel Webster, whose dome of thought was so spacious he probably would be letting out the advertising privileges thereon if he were living now; and Ollie James, "Kintucky's" most magnificent orator, who, on that bountiful occasion when he was seconding the nomination of William Jennings Bryan at Denver, hurled this one at that wonderful, but somewhat word-weary, audience, in detailing the triumphal march of Mr. Bryan around the world:

"I saw him in Buckingham Palace, where that mighty monarch, King Edward, took off his pearly diadem and cast it at his peerless feet" (meaning Bryan's feet)—or words to that general effect.

There, too, are Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, of Iowa, and Bob Cousins, and others who might be named, all imposing as to beef and reposing as to language, all silver-tongued to a fare-you-well. A glorious galaxy.

The Harp of a Thousand Strings

NOT so with Colonel John Temple Graves—not so. One wonders, when the Colonel talks, where he conceals within him all the words that flow, like a rain of stars, over that silver tongue. One wonders how so small a man can be the repository for so many gems of thought, phrased so pellucidly, radiating poetry from every angle, slant and crevice. For the Colonel is no Brobdingnagian wordsmith, depending on the hypnosis of brawn or beef to impress his million hearers with what he has to say. Slight, natty, nobby and neat, the golden gorgeousness of his garlands of speech entrances by its sheer and shining glory, with no adventitious aids such as a gross weight of an eighth of a ton to help it along.

No; Colonel Graves, save in the intellect that coins those magic phrases with which he is wont to incite the populace to rise and get aboard the uplift, is not large. In fact, the Colonel is small, but dynamic. One might call him a pony if one were seeking for a comparison for him when measured by the Percherons of oratory who infest our rostrums. But, large or small, the Colonel is there with the language, whether it be for use in a burning editorial article or a conflagrationous speech. Every time he writes or talks he starts combustion in a dozen places at once, compelling the reader or the hearer to turn in a general alarm before the Colonel has ignited half a dozen paragraphs.

One Wonders Where He Conceals Within Him All the Words that Flow Over that Silver Tongue

He is always at the blazing point. "Fire! Fire!" shriek his agitated auditors when he gets to going good; but, hark! There is no danger.

Soon he glides into poesy, soon he begins making rainbows, soon you can hear the water rippling in the rill and the birds singing in the boughs, the soft voices of the wind sighing through the pines and the chirp of the cricket on the hearth.

Georgia is the place the Colonel is from: Georgia, Ga. For years he lived there and strove for the South, writing daily panegyrics of her places and her people as editor of various and varied journals. But the South could not hold him. He had other fields to conquer. So, one day, when William Randolph Hearst sent down and asked the Colonel if he would not like to come North and be one of the innumerable caravan of Hearst editors—only *the* one, of course—the Colonel saw a broadening horizon, and he came, but not until he bade the Sunny South good-by in a few tender paragraphs, covering a page or so of his paper, and the South bade him good-by, weeping profusely, but cheered up a bit, after the lacrimose ceremonies, by the thought that in this wider field Colonel John Temple Graves might labor with more effect for dear old Dixie.

The paper he had been editing spread across the first page on the day he left: "Good-by, John Temple Graves!" and the town went down to the station to see him off, wish him Godspeed, and to ask, one of another, if it really was true that Colonel Graves would receive the enormous salary it was reported he had been offered, and whether, all things considered, he would be worth it, after the manner of kind and loving friends the world over.

The Party of T. Jefferson, B. Bryan and W. Hearst

COLONEL GRAVES' mission in New York as editor-in-chief of the Hearst newspapers was rather complicated by the fact that there were several other editors-in-chief, but he began valiantly to labor for the South through his new medium of expression, and everything he wrote was eloquent, enthusiastic and embroidered. Always a Democrat, he had long chafed under some of the bonds that bound him to the party of T. Jefferson and B. Bryan, and when Mr. Hearst constructed a new party, Colonel Graves was found in the forefront of the van. He was for the new party, heart, soul and vocabulary.

Having a new party, it became incumbent on Mr. Hearst to provide that party with Presidential candidates. A new party without candidates is like an airship the French Government is not trying to buy—utterly inconsequential. The obvious thing was for Mr. Hearst to be his own candidate of his own party; but Mr. Hearst is rarely obvious. He refused. Thus the field was open, and into it rode Colonel John Temple Graves, full panoplied and fully qualified. The balloting came on apace. It developed that Hisgen had the greater number of votes, and he was nominated for President, but the convention was conscious of the claims of the Colonel, conscious of his surpassing eloquence, conscious of his grip on the Sunny South, and they named him for Vice-President, which, although it is not all the Colonel deserved, is going some—from an editorial chair in Atlanta to be a candidate for Vice-President of a party that will emancipate us all, so soon as it gets enough votes to set the date for Emancipation Day.

And there he is, Colonel John Temple Graves, formerly of Georgia, now of the indissoluble Union of States, rampant on every stump, pleading to the folks to strike off the shackles that bind them, come out into the open and be free men.

They may not come—the sad part of it is they may not come—but, if they do not, it will be because they have steeled their hearts and shut their ears against an orator in whom Eloquence has a long lease on all apartments, who wears the laurels of Demosthenes upon his marble brow, and who wants the job.

Can such things be?

Who He Was

IRVIN COBB tells a story of a little, wiry negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Niggah, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply, "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfyin' tuh meh."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follows bullyin' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "You hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully an' I wanter know whar you git all dat 'money?"

Quick as a flash, the little negro upper-cut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly: "Niggah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's th' pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."

The Key of the City

AT THE finish of the Marathon, at the Olympic games in England, when the Italian had fallen and Hayes, the American, had won, several more Americans came in, pretty fresh, then some runners of other nationalities, and, finally, an Englishman arrived.

The Americans were very sore over the treatment they had received, they had heard nothing for days but boasts that an Englishman could win the Marathon, and when the English runner finally did appear, way back in the ruck, an immense American, leaning far out of his box, bellowed through a megaphone:

"Welcome to our fair city!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ William Loeb, junior, secretary to the President, is a bridge-whist expert.

¶ Mundji Bey, the new Turkish Chargé d'Affaires in this country, does not wear a fez and likes beet salad.

¶ George Sammis, who runs the Herald Square Theatre in New York at night, is mayor of Sound Beach, Connecticut, in the daytime.

¶ Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the New York State Republican Committee, has been "mentioned" for another office. This time it is United States Senator to succeed Thomas C. Platt.

¶ James T. Williams, junior, Chairman Hitchcock's confidential secretary, was a newspaper correspondent in Washington, but he comes from one of the oldest Republican families in North Carolina.

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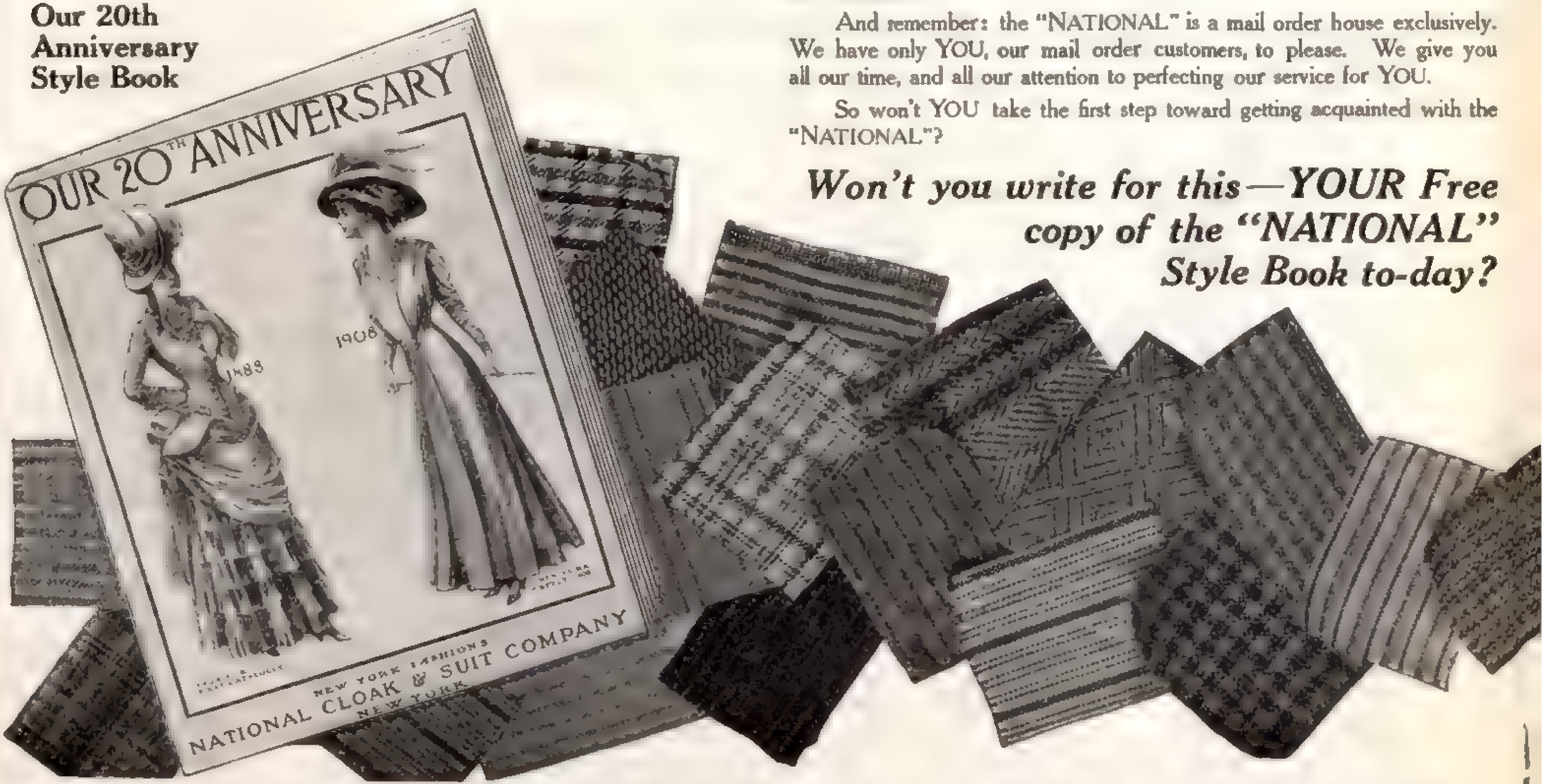

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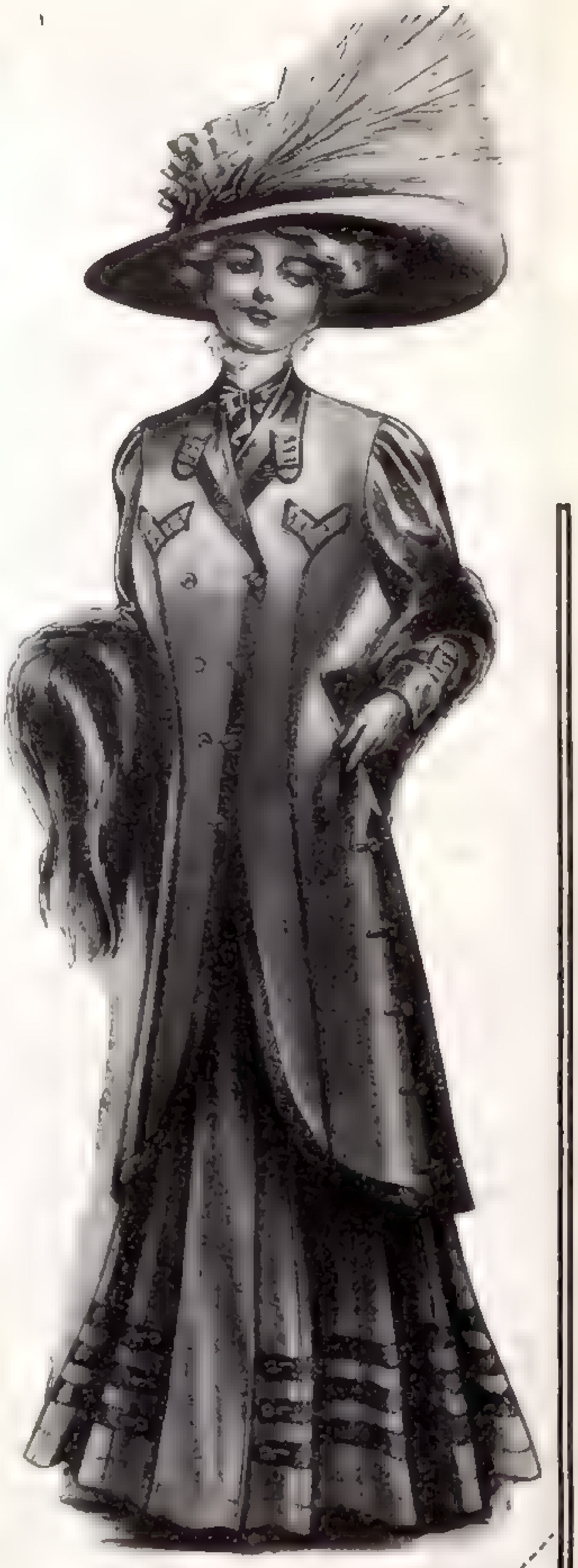

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Your Savings

The Bond Market and the Presidential Campaign

THE conservative man with savings or other funds to invest is just now asking himself: "What is the condition of the bond market, and is this a good time to buy bonds?" The query is very opportune, because financial matters are apt to be unsettled during a Presidential campaign and the investor is liable to be disturbed about his holdings or the safe disposition of his money.

The Presidential campaign has often been held up as a bugaboo for the investor, and there have been times when it brought loss and dismay. The most conspicuous example of this, during comparatively recent years, was in 1896, when, following the depression which began in 1893, the financial world was in terror of a silver basis and the investment business practically came to a standstill. During the succeeding Presidential campaigns, however, the bond market held its own fairly well, although then, as now, there were a great many people who preferred to postpone investing until the ballots were counted.

This year the bond market has been more than usually independent of politics. One reason perhaps for this is the fact that Wall Street has a way of discounting, or trying to discount, events. It may be the election of a President, the retirement of a great corporate leader or the passing of a dividend. Wall Street is proceeding on the theory that Mr. Taft will be elected, and the result has been a fairly active market both for stocks and bonds. The present time is a good one to buy bonds. Here are the reasons:

The Abundance of Money

To understand any bond market it is necessary for the investor to keep always in mind the one large fact underlying all investment, which is, that the price of the investment depends upon the price of money. Money, being a commodity, is highest when it is most in demand and lowest when it is least in demand. In panic times, money is withdrawn from its legitimate channels and becomes scarce. The rates for it go up. At such times people would rather lend than invest; and the prices of all kinds of securities go down. There was an example of this last October. Hard times followed.

The United States has great recuperative powers. The people have become more economical; the prices of commodities have been reduced; business has improved. Under ordinary circumstances the money thus obtained would have sought employment months ago; but the lesson of the panic, coupled with the fact that this is a Presidential year, has made people cautious. Many business men, for example, instead of putting their surplus back into the business, have kept the money in bank. In all parts of the country building operations have been curtailed. All the money which has been kept from employment in investments or business has found its way to the banks, with the result that the banking reserve is larger to-day than it has been for years. An instance is presented by one of the largest national banks in New York City. Instead of having on hand only the legal reserve of 25 per cent. of its deposits, it has 42 per cent. in its vaults. These conditions prevail in all countries, the banks of Germany and France having the largest gold holdings in their history, while England has the heaviest gold supply since 1897.

This wide abundance of money has very naturally caused the interest rates to decline to an almost unprecedented figure. During the week this article is written the rate for call money ranged from ¾ to 1 per cent., while the rate on money loaned out for a definite period averaged 2 per cent. For the same period last year the call-money rate was 3 per cent. and the time rate was 6 per cent. These low prices for money have continued despite the growing demand for funds to move the crops, which usually causes a stringency and an advance in rates.

When money rates decline bonds usually go up. The explanation is very simple. Banks and individuals who put out their money to work cannot afford to lend it out

WHY don't you get **WUNDERHOSE**—and "cut out" all the fuss and cuss and annoyance of socks that "punch through" at the toes and heels? No darning woes with **WUNDERHOSE.**

One dollar invested in a box of four pairs of **MEN'S WUNDERHOSE** will guarantee you no less than 3 months' wear without darning heel, toe or sole.

WUNDERHOSE are shape-retaining, soft-feeling, proper weight and true absorbent dye

WUNDERHOSE are low priced enough to be good—they're good enough for us to "back up" with the most liberal and far-reaching guarantee of service that ever accompanied hosiery. More price would only add to their profit

MEN'S WUNDERHOSE in Black, Tan, Navy, Gray—and Black with White Feet—$1.00 per box of four pairs

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If your dealer hasn't **WUNDERHOSE**, send us $1.00 direct, state size and color—and we will see that you are supplied.

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"From Field to Feet"
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Wunderhose
ARE WARRANTED
CHATTANOOGA KNITTING MILLS
3 MONTHS WEAR Guaranteed
They wear where there's wear
$1 PER BOX

MAN WANTED

We will start a responsible man in a steady business in each town having gas works, and give him control of that town. No competition. Large income possible from small investment. Can be made to pay

$1800 PER YEAR AND UPWARD

Customers and income permanent. Every user of gas will be interested. You must have [illegible] to conduct the business during first few months. Write and learn how we start you in the business.

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Latest and Most Popular Music 18c per Copy

Here's an opportunity to get the latest and most popular sheet music for only 18 cents per copy. We are the largest [illegible]

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Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic" 10,000 tons
Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours, '08, Round the World
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Reduced rates on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago. 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis. 851 Tremont Bldg., Boston. [illegible] Columbia Bldg., San Francisco. 200 Central Bldg., Los Angeles

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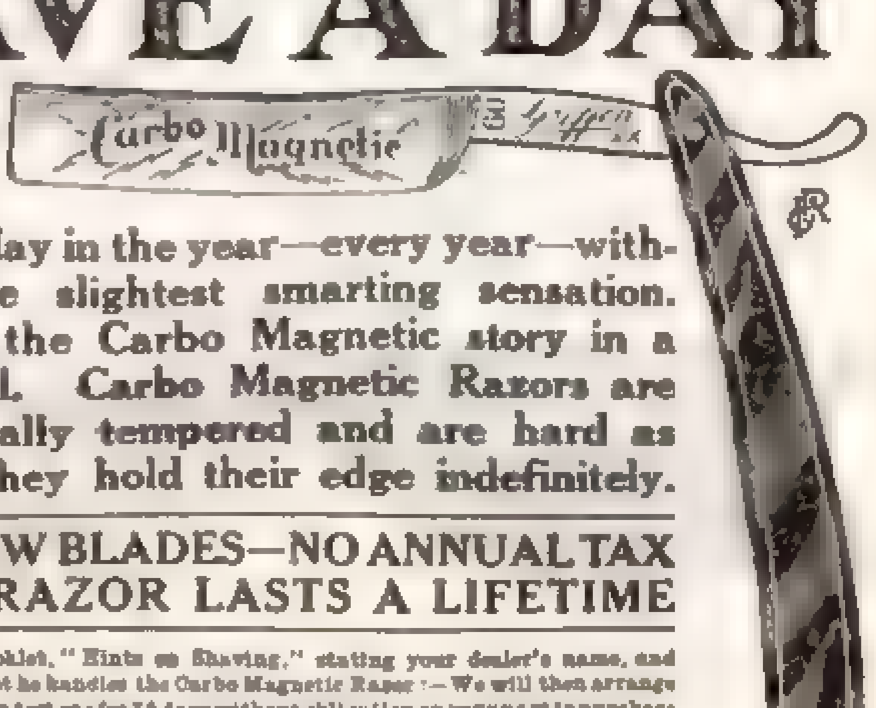
A SHAVE A DAY

Carbo Magnetic RAZOR
JANUARY
1
2
3



Every day in the year—every year—without the slightest smarting sensation. That's the Carbo Magnetic story in a nutshell. Carbo Magnetic Razors are electrically tempered and are hard as flint—they hold their edge indefinitely.

NO NEW BLADES—NO ANNUAL TAX
ONE RAZOR LASTS A LIFETIME

Write for booklet, "Hints on Shaving," stating your dealer's name, and whether or not he handles the Carbo Magnetic Razor:—We will then arrange so that you can test one for 30 days without obligation on your part to purchase

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN,
443-444 Broadway, N.Y.

Hollow Ground as illustrated $2.50	Set of two in leather case $5.50	Double concave for heavy beards $3.00	Carbo-Magnetic Strop $1.00

NO HONING THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR NO GRINDING

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44 State Street, Boston · 43 Exchange Place, New York City · The Rookery, Chicago

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CONCERNING PUBLIC UTILITIES

THIS pamphlet explains why Bonds of conservatively managed Public Utility Corporations, located in large and thriving communities are among the best investments for Business Men, Professional Men and Women. We send with the pamphlet a circular describing an issue of Public Utility Bonds suitable for the requirements of the most discriminating investors.

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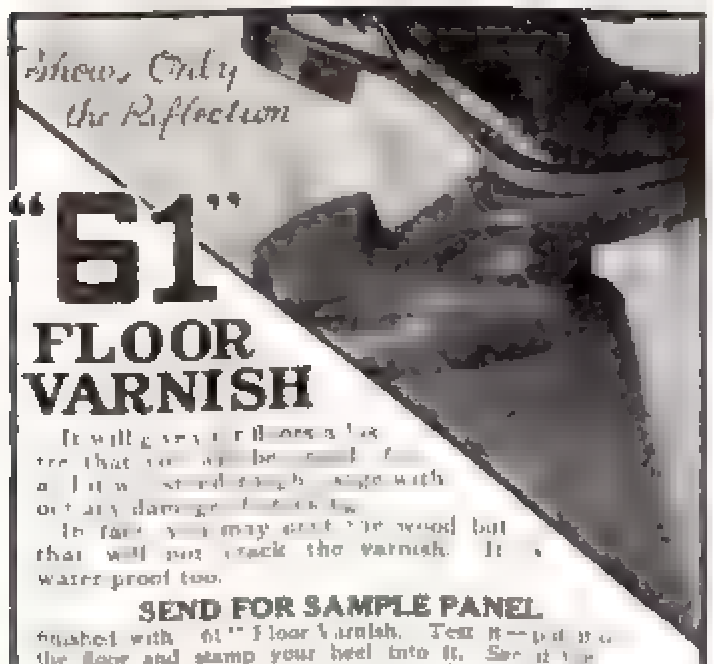

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It will give your floors a lustre that [illegible] with[out] any damage [illegible].
In fact you may dent the wood but that will not crack the varnish. It is water proof too.

SEND FOR SAMPLE PANEL
finished with "61" Floor Varnish. Test it—put it on the floor and stamp your heel into it. See if the Varnish comes off. Ask your dealer for "61"—if he hasn't it, write us direct.

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Sieber & Trussell Mfg. Co.
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Model 18 4 H.P. $400
Just the car for country [illegible] on one gallon of gasoline.

WALTHAM Friction Drive RUNABOUTS
Guaranteed to be equal [illegible] good territory. Write at once for special agency offer.

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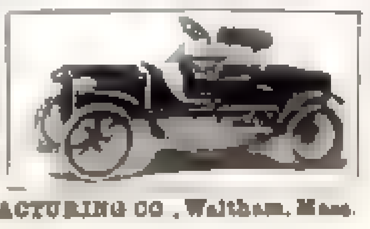
Wheel steer. Two Cylinder Air Cooled. Three forward speeds and reverse. [illegible] Fine hill climber. Best [illegible] the market at this price. Write for catalog.
WALTHAM MANUFACTURING CO., Waltham, Mass.



at current interest rates; so they turn to the next best and safest thing, which is bonds. Thus for several months, while money has been piling up in the banks, the demand for high-class bonds has steadily increased. Besides, bonds are less liable to feel the effects of a national campaign and are the last kind of security to suffer in a financial upheaval.

During the past two months there has been considerable buying of bonds by the big bond houses, who, confident of a large market after the election are laying in a good supply of wares. Significant of the condition of the bond market were the bond sales for the week during which this article is written. The total par value of the railway and miscellaneous bond transactions of the New York Stock Exchange for the six days was $28,357,000. The previous week's transactions aggregated $12,235,000, while the sales for the same period last year were $5,697,000.

Some New Bond Issues

It is evident that the tendency now is for increasing activity in the bond business, and this, under present conditions, means advancing prices. Since the last list of bonds was printed in these columns four months ago, some of the best-known types have increased from three to six points in price.

Before indicating the older and standard bonds it may be interesting to point out some of the new issues—that is, the bonds brought out this year. Despite the fact that 1908 immediately follows a panic and is a Presidential year, the total amount of new securities that were issued during the first six months aggregated $992,467,000. Of this sum, $731,413,700 was in bonds and $261,053,300 was in stocks. Railroad securities predominated, $651,000,000 being in railroad bonds alone. The issue of industrial bonds amounted to $80,191,000.

Of the new issues of bonds the following may be regarded as types of the highest class. The prices are those at the time this article is written:

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Transcontinental Short Line First Mortgage 4s, due July, 1958. This bond may be bought at 94½, which would make the yield about 4.25 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy General Mortgage 4s, due in 1958. At the present price of 104 the yield would be about 3.85 per cent.

Delaware and Hudson First and Refunding 4s, due in 1943. The present price is 100½, which would make the yield about 4 per cent.

Pennsylvania Railroad Consolidated 4s, due in 1948. The present price is 103⅛, which would make the yield about 3.95 per cent.

Union Pacific First Lien and Refunding 4s, due in 2008. At the present price of 96¼ the yield would be a little over 4 per cent.

Some Standard Investment Bonds

Among the bonds of older issue the prices in most cases have advanced. Some examples, with prices at the time this article is written, are as follows:

Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Gold Debenture 4s, due in 1931. This bond may be bought at 95, which would make the yield almost 4.50 per cent.

Pennsylvania Railroad Convertible Gold 3½s, due in 1915. It may be bought for 94½, which would make the yield about 4.45 per cent.

Baltimore and Ohio Mortgage 4s, due in 1948. At the present price of about par the yield would be about 4 per cent.

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific General Mortgage 4s, due in 1988. The price is 95, which would make the yield about 4.25 per cent.

Louisville and Nashville Unified 4s, due in 1940. At the present price of 99 the yield would be a little over 4 per cent.

Central Pacific Refunding 4s, due in 1949. The last sales were at 95¾, which would make the yield approximately 4.15 per cent.

Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (Illinois Division) Mortgage 4s, due in 1949. This bond, which may be bought at 101½, would yield about 3.95 per cent.

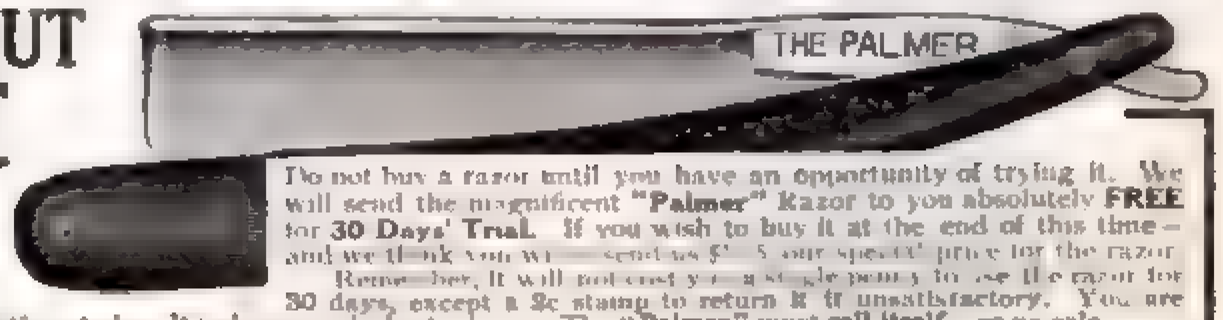
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (the Chicago and Pacific Western Division) First Mortgage Gold 5s, due in 1921. This bond sells for 109½ and the yield would be about 4.10 per cent.

The Two Button Collegian for Fall $15.00 to $35.

Adler's Collegian Clothes

are not "freak" clothes. We avoid ridiculous extremes because our garments are intended for a very discriminating set of people; college men, business men, professional men, etc. They demand all the features of fashion but insist upon "refined looking" garments. The fall and winter suits and overcoats at $15.00 to $35.00 are now at all the leading clothiers. You will find the quality as good as the style. Our "fashion Suggester" is a twenty-four page illustrated book of advice on correct apparel. Mailed free of charge.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee



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Try this Razor 30 Days FREE

Do not buy a razor until you have an opportunity of trying it. We will send the magnificent "Palmer" Razor to you absolutely FREE for 30 Days' Trial. If you wish to buy it at the end of this time—and we think you will—send us $[illegible], our special price for the razor. Remember, it will not cost you a single penny to use the razor for 30 days, except a 2c stamp to return it if unsatisfactory. You are under no obligations to buy it unless you desire to do so. The "Palmer" must sell itself—or no sale.

Send No Money Just a postal card or letter, and we will send the razor to you at once. If after purchasing the razor you desire to exchange it for another, you may do so free of charge any time within one year from the day you bought it.

Royal S. Palmer & Company, 400 63d Street, Chicago, Ill.

SINCERITY TALKS
by
Wilbur D. Nesbit

HIS LETTERS HOME

ONE of the first things the college boy writes home about is his clothes. Incidentally he may mention something about books he needs, but the clothes proposition is a very *serious* one to him, as important as his fraternity, or the structure of the new class yell, or the design of the class pin. We may think the side issues of college life are unimportant and time-wasting, but in later years we find that what seemed to be effervescence is something else.

He is hard to please as to his clothes, and he is hard on his clothes after *you* have pleased him.

Now, when we harp on the string of wearability and durability, we don't mean that Sincerity clothing is hard as nails and tough as leather, and so cast-irony that the worst he can do is to dent it. No *better looking* clothing is made; the *durability* is put there in the making.

It is London shrunk, for instance. That is a trade expression: it means that the goods are soaked in cold water, rolled tightly to equalize the moisture, unrolled and dried thoroughly and given a steam bath to restore the finish, and—Well, you know how a Turkish bath shrinks you and puts vitality into you. *That's* the principle. When we get through treating the fabric it has nothing but *life* in it.

Your college boy wants ginger and classiness and spick-and-spanness and smartness and individuality in his clothing. Sincerity suits offer all that and *more*.

The "Deke" suit, for example, is college-boyish without being ginger-bready. It isn't tucked and strapped and clipped and buttoned until it looks *sissified!* It is distinctive, and your college boy will like it; so will you.

Then there is "The Strand." People who see your boy in either suit will not ask why he *wears* it; they'll ask where he *got* it. Then comes "The Savoy," with the "Windom," the "Portsmouth," the "Campus" and the "Kenatord"—a quintet of swagger single-breasters. Add to these the "Ashbrook" and the "Athletic," broad shouldered and deep-chested. And that doesn't give the whole list by any means.

Let the college boy's *mother* help select his suits and overcoats. Probably you do that anyway. But if you don't, do. Any clothing salesman will tell you women are the keenest buyers in the world; they know [illegible] and they know things. They've got to know before they buy, and what they buy is sure to be right.

Sincerity suits and overcoats for college boys are made with the same infinite pains and precision as our men's clothing.

And every garment we make is inspected and re-inspected, and when we say it's all right we *know* that it will stand the inspection and questioning of the best shopper in the world—a woman.

Our fall style book pictures and describes the college boy suits and all the rest. A postal card to us asking for it brings it back to you by next mail.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
Chicago.

Our label in the garment is your guaranty

"THE STRAND"—An Exclusive Sincerity Model

New York Central and Hudson River Refunding Mortgage 3½s, due in 1997. At the present price of 91½ the yield would be about 3.75 per cent.

Reading General Mortgage 4s, due in 1997. At the present price of 99 this bond would yield about a little over 4 per cent.

Southern Pacific First Consolidated Refunding Mortgage 4s, due in 1955. At the present price of 94 the yield would be about 4.30 per cent.

Short-Term Notes

The market for short-term notes is closely allied with the bond market. During the past two months notes have all advanced until most of them are at or above par. When notes are cheap they have two advantages for the buyer: one is their possible increase in price and the other is the yield. But when they go a little beyond par they have almost reached the limit of their advance, and at present prices their sole value is income. A short-term note, however, soon matures and the investor faces again the problem of reinvestment.

Some idea of prices and approximate yields may be obtained from the following:

	PRICE	YIELD
American Telephone and Telegraph 5 per cent. gold notes, due January, 1910	100¼	4.80
New York Central 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910 . .	100¹¹⁄₁₆	4.40
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910	101	4.25
Michigan Central 5 per cent. gold notes, due February, 1910 . .	101	4.25
Louisville and Nashville 5 per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910 .	100¾	4.40
Pennsylvania Railroad 5 per cent. gold notes, due March, 1910 .	101	4.30
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis (Big Four) gold 5s, due June, 1911	100¼	4.85

Friends in Business

THERE are some purchasing agents, overmuch suspicious, who hold sellers at arm's length, and form few friendships.

These are the men who, when prices drop radically during the life of a contract, never see the seller coming to them to offer lower prices voluntarily. They are the men, too, who have no friends to let them in quietly when a price agreement is made among sellers. The seasoned purchasing agent for a big railroad system makes plenty of friends as a rule, and conducts his business on that basis, just as a manufacturer would. But he is naturally very careful to whom he extends his confidence.

The broadly-human purchasing agent, too, works closely with the traffic and industrial departments of a railroad, buying of manufacturers on his own line, other things being equal, and going outside only when forced to. A bidder comes with a favorable price. "Where is your plant?" asks the agent. "At Smithville," is the answer. "Nothing doing," is the reply. "Sorry, but we have as good a price from a factory on our own road." "But I can divert considerable freight to your line if you make it worth while," says the seller. "All right; you just get a reputation with our freight department, and we'll be glad to talk business."

The right sort of purchasing agent not only makes freight traffic for his road, but can also bring new industries into its territory with the aid of the industrial department. When he isn't the right sort, though, the principle works backward.

A manufacturer bid on rubber hose wanted by one of two rival roads entering his town. He shipped freight over both of them. The purchasing agent treated him shabbily. "Unless you can make a better price I don't see why we should buy of you at the same rate we're paying already," he said. This manufacturer immediately diverted all his freight to the other railroad. In a week the traffic department of the first road called to find out what was the matter. He explained his reason for withholding business, and the traffic men hustled away and went to work on the purchasing agent. Inside of twenty-four hours the manufacturer was asked to call, and found that the buyer had softened.

"Mr. Bright, I'm really sorry we were curt the other day. I find that we need your goods at your own quotation, and if you'll kindly sign this contract I think we shall be friends hereafter."

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REVISED PRICES
NOW IN EFFECT

THE volume of business you've given us during our first year in America and which has compelled us to manufacture ceaselessly, night and day, for the last twelve months, enables us to revise prices for MICHELIN TIRES and TUBES.

That UNRIVALLED MICHELIN QUALITY which has made them the STANDARD of the World for years past—CONTINUES ABSOLUTELY UNCHANGED.

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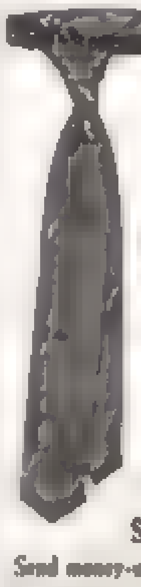

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"SHIBBOLETH"
Fancy Silk Neckwear

[illegible] Fancy [illegible] is desired. [illegible]

$2.00 the half dozen, postage paid.

Assortment of ties, patterns and colors to suit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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SHIBBOLETH SILK CO., 463 Broadway, New York
Send money-order, check or two-cent stamps. Write for Catalogue G

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

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There is a style for every purpose, a pen to "fit" your hand. Sample card containing 12 different varieties sent on receipt of 6 cents to cover postage.

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50 Engraved Cards of Your Name In Correct Script, Including Plate $1.00
The Quality Must Please You or Your Money Refunded
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AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 50c. size, postpaid.
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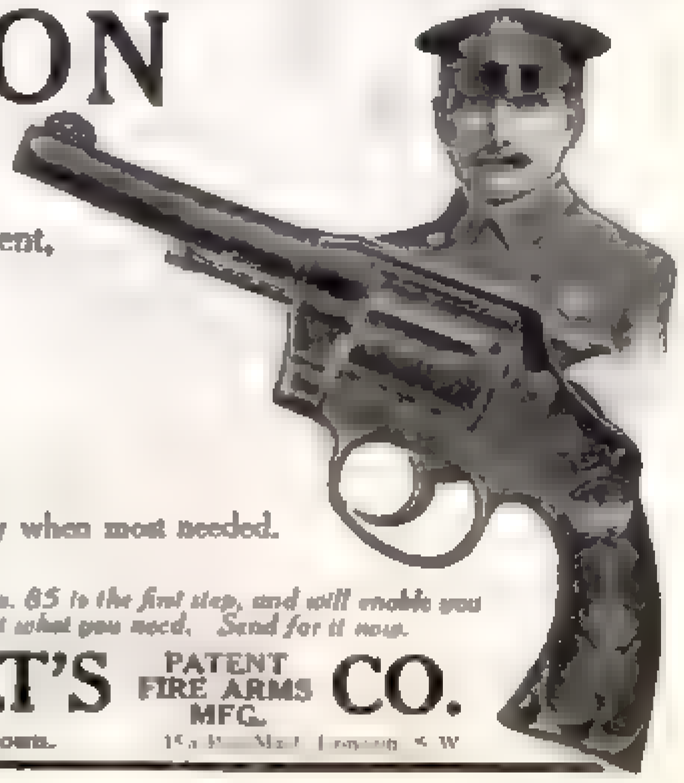

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There are many arms provided for the prevention of loss, injury, or annoyance, but the **possession** of a convenient, absolutely safe and dependable

COLT

Revolver or Automatic Pistol

gives a feeling of independent security when most needed.
When will you be prepared?

Guaranteed for use with standard factory-loaded ammunition either black or smokeless powder

Catalogue No. 85 is the first step, and will enable you to select what you need. Send for it now.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
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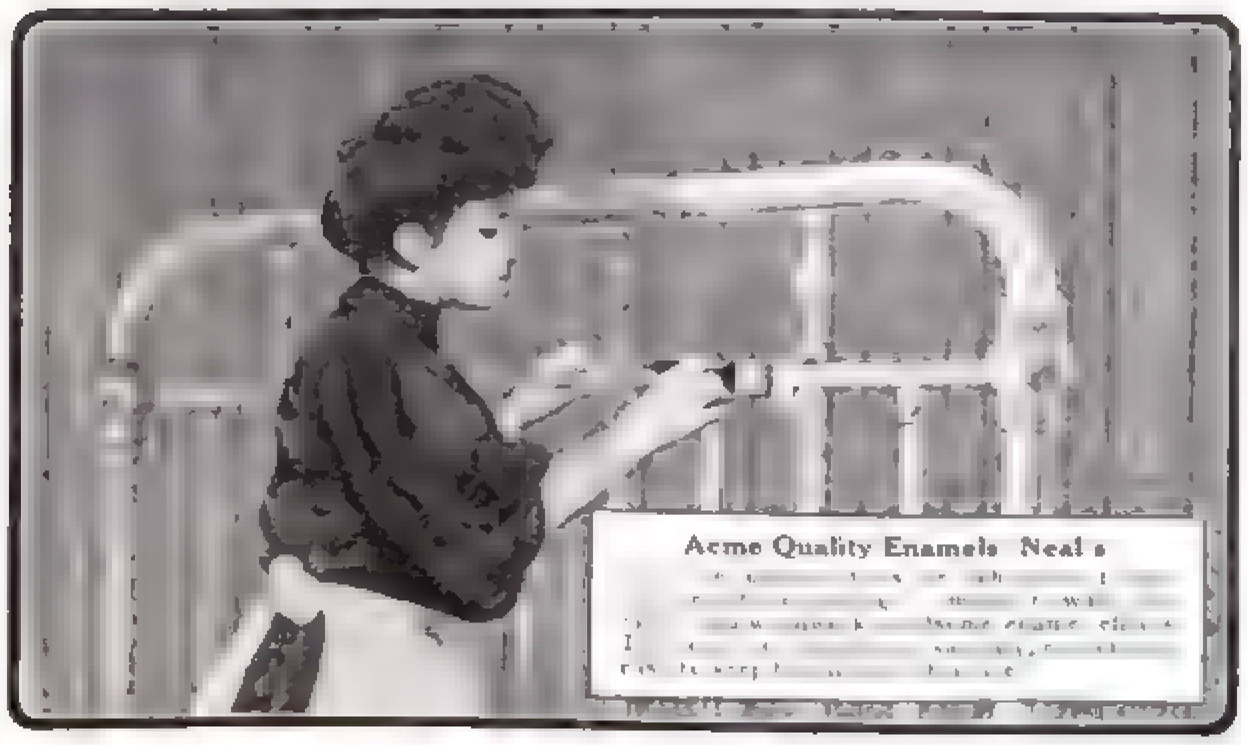
Dainty Enameled Furniture and Woodwork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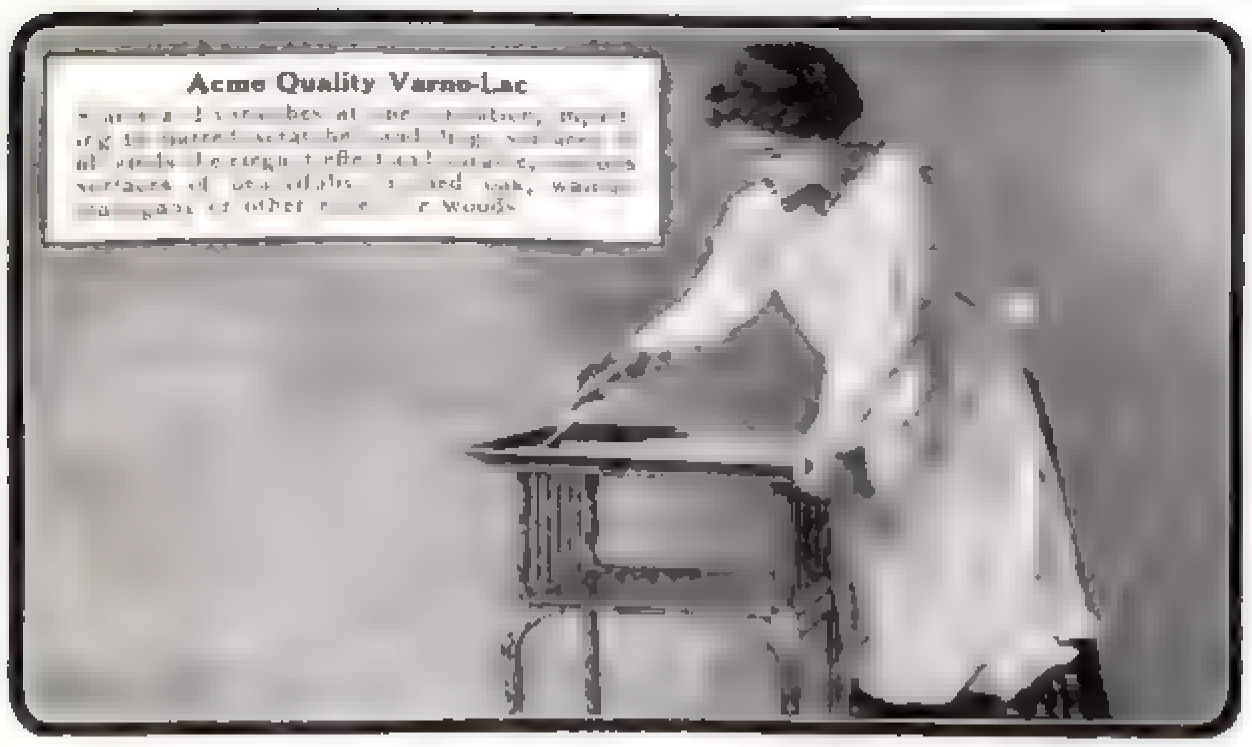
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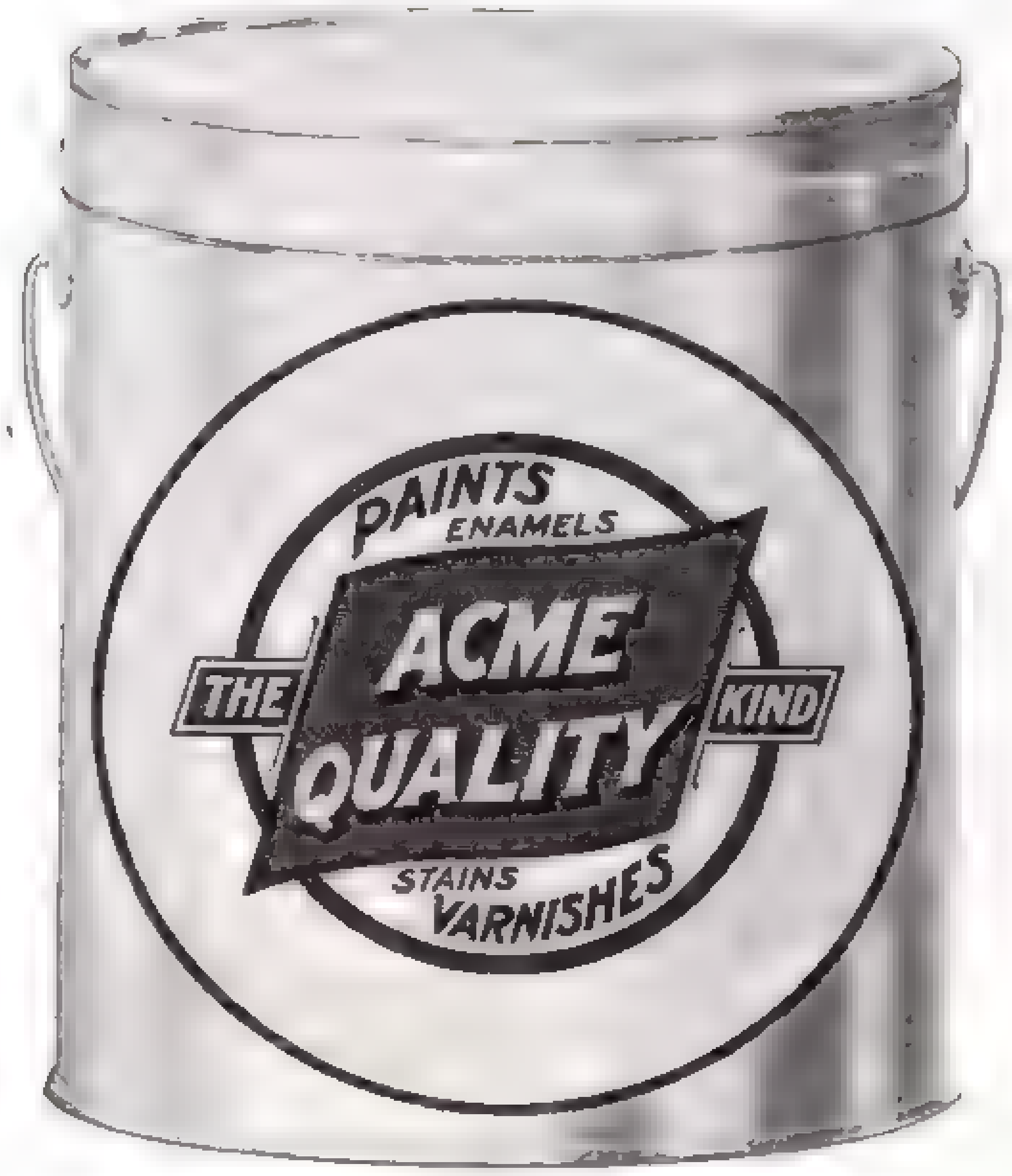
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SUMMER has gone. Indoors will soon take the place of outdoors. Let's make the home bright and cheerful. Before hanging the curtains, remove the traces of summer's open house. The floors are scratched—the woodwork is dingy—the furniture is worn and shabby. The entire house can be made pleasant and cosy with a few cans of

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If it's a surface to be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose. Tell your dealer what you want to do, ask for the proper Acme Quality goods for that purpose and you are sure to get the best that can be made.

The Acme Quality Text Book on Paints and Finishes will tell you what finish to use, how much will be required and how it should be put on. It not only enables you to tell your painter and decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for *you* to refinish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert. Ask your dealer for a copy or write us. **IT'S FREE**

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., Dept. Q.

Seeing the Campaign

The Gentle Art of Conferring

WITH the development of the campaign we begin to realize dimly how hopelessly archaic former managers were in their President-making methods. Some of the old fellows made Presidents, to be sure; but they didn't know how to make them. It must have been good luck for the man on one side and bad luck for the man on the other.

They never applied the modern methods to their tasks. They just blundered along and got pluralities, or didn't get them, and played politics according to their subdued and sputtering lights. Looking backward, it is really pitiful to note how little they knew about the game. For example, not a man jack of them ever used a card index, and, to judge from the fuss that is being made over this scheme for registering the names, preferences and other vital and political statistics of the proletariat, none of them knew enough to make a poll of a State or an election district. So far as feeling the pulse of the people with a bunch of cards, a camera, a Bertillon scale, a thumb-mark set and a pair of scales, not one of them was a master of his job. It was all guesswork, not reduced to an exact science.

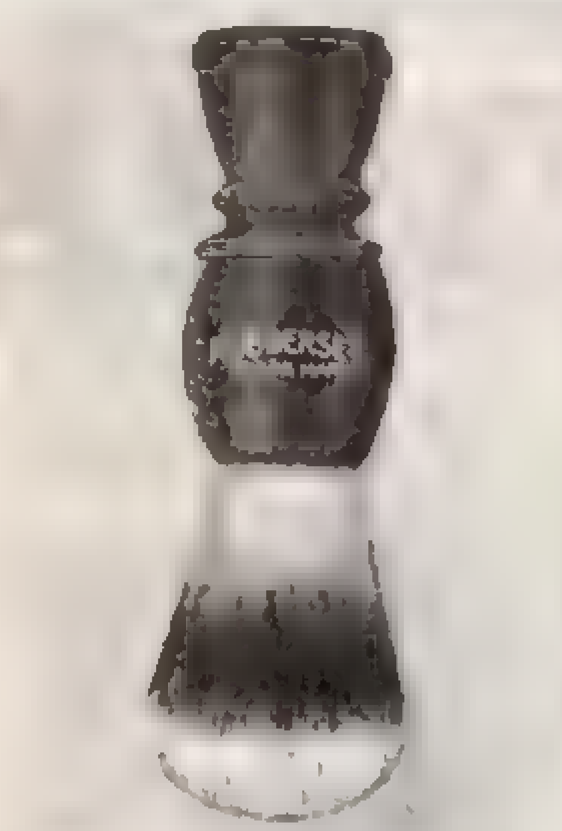
Moreover, while the old chaps may have been handy enough at "talking it over" with visitors from various sections, they were slow and behind the times when it came to conferring. Conferring is now the real basis of a campaign. Nobody talks, nobody converses, nobody thinks—everybody confers. When Jimmie Williams, at the Republican headquarters, wants to ask Victor Mason to go out to luncheon he doesn't ask him. He confers with him. When Richard Oulahan wants Johnnie Monk to take a letter he doesn't say: "Here, John, take this." He holds a conference with Monk. When Josephus Daniels desires to learn from Willis Abbott what is being sent out he takes Abbott into conference. Norman E. Mack does not talk to W. J. Bryan over the long-distance telephone; he confers with him. They confer with song-writers, with labor leaders, with button makers, with national committeemen, with everybody on everything.

The Champion Conferrer

Politicians are imitative people, and when one campaign manager does a thing all other campaign managers do it. Thus, when Chairman Hitchcock, the most intricate conferrer the world has ever seen, began his system of masterly conferences in all parts of the country, from Colorado Springs to Portland, Maine, everybody else, on both sides, followed suit. The campaign became one mad maze of conference by conferees who conferred with all whom they could get to confer.

When a candidate for the Senate blew into Hot Springs he conferred with Mr. Taft. When Mose Wetmore trudged up to Fairview he conferred with Mr. Bryan. When anybody was called to Oyster Bay that person conferred with President Roosevelt. When the messenger in the Hoffman House had a card for Jim Burton he conferred with the other messengers. We have had conferences on the right of us, conferences on the left of us and conferences in front of us, but leading all in the number and variety of his conferences has been the man who invented the system, Chairman Hitchcock.

Mr. Hitchcock is a born conferrer. He has all other conferees looking like straw hats on Christmas Day up in Spitzbergen. When any other campaign manager, or managerette, steals one of his ideas and confers in a Hitchcock way, Hitchcock invents a new line of conference tactics, and leaves his imitators gasping at his resourcefulness. He can confer in one part of the country as well as in another. Moreover, if he really wants to do a good job of it he can walk into the next room to his, tell the occupants to jump on the train and go to Chicago and have a conference with him after they get there. He carries his own conferrers. It takes a past master at the game to scorn such common, ordinary, coarse methods of conferring as to ring a bell and tell the boy to bring in three men on the same floor with him for a conference.



The Brush That Likes Hot Water

—And Why!

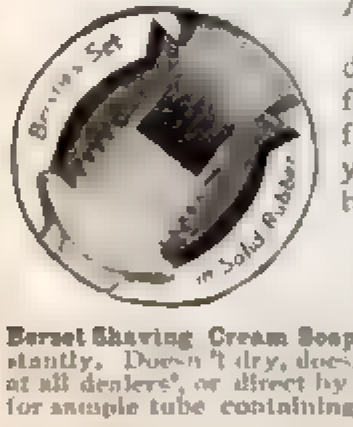
No matter how often the Rubberset Shaving Brush gets in hot water it is never in trouble. The bristles stand together day after day and year after year.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
Shaving Brushes

have this wonderful advantage over all others because the bristles are set in a solid bed of vulcanized rubber. Do anything and everything that will loosen the bristles of an ordinary brush—*then* you'll understand the real meaning of RUBBERSET.

The name on every brush guarantees it. Always insist on Rubberset and do not accept any other claiming to be as good.

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to $6. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which you may order by mail.



To the average man we commend the $1 00 brush.

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard instantly. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25c a tube at all dealers', or direct by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample tube containing one month's supply.

The Rubberset Company, 63 Ferry St., Newark, N.J.

Crawford Shoes

for Men

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

No 2526 [illegible] Price $4 00

The old method of making shoes compelled one man to do all the work but I am convinced that skilled shoemakers who specialize can more effectually apply their energy to the finishing of some particular portion of the shoe for which each is especially fitted.

151 different workmen — all specialists — are required to make one pair of Crawford Shoes. When you consider the large volume of Crawfords produced daily and the number of men necessary to turn out these shoes, then you can realize the magnitude of the Crawford organization!

There are many unique features in the construction of Crawford Shoes with which your local Crawford Shoe dealer is thoroughly acquainted—such as Crawford patented "Tredstrate" lasts, Crawford 'stay-up' box toes, reinforced shanks 'bend' sole leather and other points of merit.

There is nothing, in my opinion, too good for Crawford Shoes. Take my advice—buy a pair!

Charles A. Eaton
President

[illegible] retailers drop [illegible] Crawford [illegible] two years. [illegible] proposition

Chas. A. Eaton Company
Brockton, Mass.

Crawford Shoes Are Union Made

WRITE FOR BOOKLET L — IT TELLS THE CRAWFORD STORY

Crawford Shoes [illegible] prepaid [illegible] agent.

Pears'

Pears' Soap is made in a clean, sun-flooded factory; then stored a full year in a dry, airy place, before coming to you.

Is it such a wonder it lasts so long?

Established in 1789.

The HOLSMAN

The [illegible]

Costs but a cent a mile to operate and less than a horse to keep

[illegible]

Sales last year $600 000

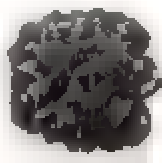
[illegible]

Holsman Automobile Co
R 596, Monadnock Blk, Chicago

$550 Up

Goes Anywhere

The Perfect Auto and Carriage Washer



Circulars Free

Pat App For
Price $1.75
Extra Top 50c
Agents Wanted

This mop-yarn top outlasts six sponges. Indispensable for garages, liveries and private owners. Sent prepaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfactory.

Long & Mann Co., 510 Graves St., Rochester N Y

I TEACH
Penmanship
BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship**. By my new system I [illegible] **Favorite Pens** [illegible]

C. W. RANSOM
3884 Euclid Avenue, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

CHESS Complete set of exquisite chess figures (period Richard II) designed by the famous sculptor, Carl Wirtz. Silver and gold plated, $50. Nickel and bronze plated, $20. Imitation ivory (red and white), $10. The Delft Company, 1 East 41st St., New York City

6% Paid on Time Deposits
Withdrawable at option
Coupon Certificates
One to Three Years
Write today for Booklet A.
Equitable Banking & Loan Company, Macon, Ga.

Travellers — Motorists — Yachtsmen — Hunters

Keep red hot drinks without fire 30 hours

Keep ice-cold drinks without ice 84 hours

This Case of Two of the Famous

CALORIS BOTTLES

Pints — Wicker Covered — with Drinking Glass in Top

Price, complete, $6.00

The best thermal vacuum bottle ever manufactured and the only one [illegible] better glass — more [illegible] half the price. Ask your dealer [illegible] CALORIS [illegible] and lightest thermal bottle made — accept no high priced substitute. Send for book.

Separate bottles — Pints, $3.00; Quarts, $4 50. Sent on receipt of price.

DO NOT PAY MORE

CALORIS MANUFACTURING CO., 2110-2118 Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

The above is but a slight exaggeration of some of the styles seen to-day, whose wearers are under the delusion that they are fashionably dressed.

If you want decided style and novelty in your garments tempered by unmistakable refinement insist on obtaining our "Ultra" Suits and Overcoats.

If not carried by your local dealer, send us your name and address and we will see that your wants are filled.

[illegible]

David Marks & Sons

Makers of "Horse Shoe" Clothes Broadway, New York

Every Woman

should *study* her *face*. Her *mirror* tells the *truth*. *She* alone is the *best judge* of her *complexion* and the *critic* of her *sisters*. BEAUTIFUL NATURALNESS is the *highest* standard of beauty.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

keeps—makes and *restores beauty* in *Nature's* own *way*. By its use in the *bath*, the whole *body* is *kept clean*.

MAILED ON RECEIPT

Beware of imitations. All toilet goods dealers

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH	$ .50
BAILEY'S RUBBER MASSAGE ROLLER	.50
BAILEY'S BATH AND SHAMPOO BRUSH	.75
BAILEY'S RUBBER BATH AND FLESH BRUSH	1.50
BAILEY'S RUBBER TOILET BRUSH small	.25
BAILEY'S SKIN FOOD large jar	.50

100-pp. catalog of everything in Rubber Goods Free

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street **Boston, Mass.**

PIANO Do You Want Greatest Value?

The largest retail piano business in the world has been built up by us in the past 45 years. Let us send you free information and prices of 20 leading makes. Also new plan of easy payments. Pianos shipped everywhere. We give absolute guarantee of highest musical qualities. **FROM** All prices wonderfully reasonable. *Special Bargains:* 12 second-hand Steinway Uprights, 3 Webers, 2 Lyon & Healys, 6 Washburns, rebuilt in our factory equal to new, at very low prices. Teachers and students would appreciate these instruments. *Write today.*

LYON & HEALY

32 Adams Street, CHICAGO

That would be crude. What Mr. Hitchcock does, when he wants to pull off a real Hitchcockian conferring stunt, is to ring the bell and tell the boy to tell the men in the same building with him to meet him in Chicago and confer.

Meantime, Mr. Bryan is doing a few things in the way of conferring himself. When he was receiving the populace at Indianapolis word came that a few labor leaders would like to see him. Whereupon, Mr. Bryan left the line and conferred, much to the astonishment of the Indianapolis folks, who did not know about the necessity of conferences in an up-to-date campaign. Chairman Mack, of the Democrats, is an apt pupil, but is amateurish as yet. On a trip from Chicago to New York he stopped at Cincinnati and, apparently, did not have the forethought to arrange a conference with anybody. He simply saw a few reporters. However, when he got to Washington he had a conference, and he had conferences to burn in New York. Still, that Cincinnati lapse showed a defect in his system. He didn't realize his opportunities nor avail himself of them. Do you imagine Chairman Hitchcock would stop an hour in Cincinnati without finding somebody he could drag into a conference? He holds very important conferences with the waiter each morning when he orders his eggs. Mack must buck up or he will be left hopelessly in the rear.

Some fiend in human form printed the statement that Chief-Indexer Haywood's Republican card indexes would cost $600,000 by the time he has them finished, which, with good luck, he expects will be about the Fourth of July. Coming as it did on the heels of the screams for money from Treasurer George R. Sheldon, this statement gave distinct pause to the old-timers who are hoping and trying to get a little cash for their districts. It is hard to make a man who thinks he can win a county with $500 judiciously expended realize the tremendous importance to a campaign a $600,000 card index will be, especially if he has been told by everybody in the money department of the campaign, from the treasurer down to the doorkeeper, that money is coming in very slowly and that there won't be much. Moreover, he has had it in mind for some time that an old-fashioned poll list is a pretty good reflection of the political complexion of any given body of voters, a poll list where the voters are classified as "Rep.," "Dem." and "Doubtful," and no attention is paid to whether they shave with safety razors or use the old-fashioned kind, whether they like their eggs sunny side up or turned over, and whether their women-folks could get in the Colonial Dames or not.

Cozy Places Next to Advertising

As yet the people are perfectly calm over the situation. The intense interest that is being taken in the campaign was well evidenced by the fact that the New York papers put the story of the Giants beating the Pittsburgs twice in one day on the first page, and gave Mr. Bryan and Mr. Kern a cozy inside place, back by the advertisements, on the occasion of the notification of Mr. Kern that the convention at Denver had nominated him for Vice-President; and it was Mr. Bryan's most momentous utterance, that far, into the bargain.

Still, this apathy is to be dissipated. Mr. Bryan is gradually arranging a speaking tour that will embrace about all the States there are in the North, and Mr. Taft has discovered he likes to talk to the people, to get down among them and tell them a few things about the Republican party, and he may find several opportunities before election day. Word comes from Oyster Bay that President Roosevelt is getting nervous, champing a bit at the bit, and will go back to Washington about September 20, which is some earlier than he usually returns to the Capital, to be prepared for any emergency that may arise; also, because a clearer view of what is impending or impinging on Mr. Taft may be obtained from the White House than at Oyster Bay, where he is distracted, to a degree, by the necessity of indulging in his daily sports and pastimes.

If the people are not stirred up themselves, by themselves, somebody must stir them up. Wherefore, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan will be drafted, and it won't take much of a draft, at that. Apathy is a thing of frightful mein in a campaign. And the great bulk of the populace appears to be as apathetic as a chorus girl is to a cheese

How Rural Gaslight makes Cheerful Homes

By John E. Kennedy

A well lighted Home *cheers*.

A poorly-lighted Home *depresses*.

Good Light and Good Cheer have been twin thoughts ever.

And, the *cheapest* of all luxuries is brilliant house-lighting.

No gift that a parent could present to his family would bring *half* so much comfort, good cheer, and social satisfaction as the installation at home of a modern Acetylene Lighting Plant.

Because Acetylene Gas light is true "Sunlight-at-Night" in its every constituent,—brilliant, diffusive, soft, sanitary and safe.

Made from the self-same Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen, with the self-same white *color-balance*, the self-same effect upon Plant-growth and Health, as Sunlight.

Clear as crystal, cool, soft, steady, clean, convenient and neutral in color as Sunlight itself.

Can be installed in *two days* in the average Country Home, without injury to ceilings, walls or floors.

* * *

And, when once installed the disagreeable "Slavery of the Lamp" is forever abolished.

No more dirty cleaning, filling, wick trimming nor chimney-wiping of every Lamp 365 *days* yearly.

Once per *month* the Generator must be drained off and some Carbide put in instead.

Fifteen to thirty minutes time *per month* will do this.

After that you've only got to turn a tap on a handsome brass Wall Bracket, or hanging Chandelier, to light up brilliantly or softly, according to your wish.

No Mantles, Wicks, nor Chimneys needed and no attendance whatever beyond the charging of Generator once or twice per month.

And light—the most *beautiful* ever seen on earth, so crystal-clear and pure; so free from soot and color-fog that you can distinguish pale yellow, pale pink, or pale blue as clearly by Acetylene at *night* as by Sunlight in day time.

* * *

Think of the *pleasant* winter evenings such brilliant Lighting insures.

Think of the Eyesight it prolongs and saves, the valuable Reading it encourages, the Social advantages it means, the Contentment-at-home of the Young Folks.

Think of the years of lamp-cleaning it cuts out, and the ever-present *risk* in carrying around lighted hand lamps which it eliminates!

Then reflect upon *this*:

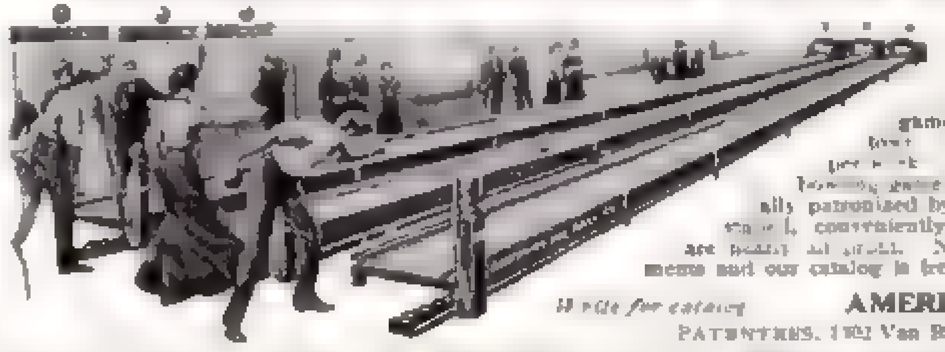
When once installed a modern Acetylene Light Plant will give you as *much* Light as you now get from regular Lamps at a *third less* expense when cost of Kerosene, Chimneys and Wicks is considered.

In this way, and in the *labor* saved on Lamp cleaning *365 times per year*, an Acetylene Plant will *pay for itself*, while being an asset as valuable as any part of the house,—good for 40 years service.

Write to us today how many rooms you've got to light (or how large a store) and we will tell you how *little* it need cost to install the right sort of Acetylene Plant for *your* individual purpose.

Address Union Carbide Co.,
Dept. A, 155 Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150



Is the result from the operation of one American Box Ball Alley in Sullivan, Ind. Why not go into this business yourself? It is the most [illegible] and popular bowling game in existence. It is making big money in any town. [illegible] per week. [illegible] a splendid bowling game for [illegible] exercise. Liberally patronized by the best people of both sexes. [illegible] conveniently portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,

PATENTEES, 1302 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Battle Creek Sanitarium

The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. 200 kinds of baths; large [illegible] garden, swimming pools, electricity, massage, Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, delicious unequaled health [illegible] Delightful dining [illegible] [illegible] FREE [illegible]

COMPLETE
1 TO 6 CYL

FOX MOTORS

HIGH SPEED-HEAVY DUTY

We offer more real motor value, larger cylinders, more power service and satisfaction than any other manufacturer. Our Catalog claims it; our customers confirm it; our sales prove it.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO

203 Front Street, South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

How "High Standard" Paint Saves Painter's Time

YOU can't figure that *this*-much White Lead and *that*-much [illegible] *paint*. [illegible] in the Painter's *time* [illegible]

Now the Painter mixes his [illegible] *judgment*, by *guess*—he *thins* and he [illegible] until he *thinks* it's right—but he never [illegible] two batches *quite* alike—And he mixes [illegible] *hand* [illegible] *slow*—and Painters' [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] More Painter's *time* for you to pay for—High priced Painter's time that you can *save* by using

Lowe Brothers High Standard Liquid Paint

It is a paint [illegible] *ground* by special paint grinding machinery.

Ground and reground—first the dry pigments—then in *oil*—then in *more* oil—

Until *all* the paint-pigment is thoroughly combined with [illegible] the best paint.

[illegible] less Painter's time [illegible] two to four years longer than *any* hand-mixed [illegible]

[illegible] Write for our free Booklet—"Attractive Homes and How to Make Them"

The Lowe Brothers Company
Paintmakers—Varnishmakers
Dayton, Ohio
New York Chicago Kansas City

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE MAN

I will start Men and Women in the Moving Picture Business

at nominal cost—sell them the machine and outfit, and give them every assistance to make the business prosperous. It is a golden opportunity, the biggest paying business for the amount invested in the world, so simple and easily maintained that any one may embark in it with my aid.

Write me at once for my free book "How to Start a Moving Picture Business."

Laemmle Film Service
Carl Laemmle, President
Dept. 25, 196-198 Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

STAMPS! Our Leader 1000 [illegible] 15c [illegible] Album, [illegible] new [illegible] bargain [illegible] Free! Agents Wanted 50% We Buy Stamps.
E. J. Schuster Co. Dept. 29 St. Louis, Mo.

Sell Kushion Komfort Shoes in your town
Big profits—permanent trade—no expense. Satisfied wearers buy again. Write for agency. Bully chance for [illegible]
Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., Dept. B-99, Boston, Mass.

sandwich, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Hitchcock has conferred in every centre of population, that Mr. Mack had nineteen rooms all in a row in the Hoffman House, in New York, and as many in the Annex in Chicago, that the editorial writers are throwing daily fits, and that you can buy phonograph records which repeat, with marvelous accuracy, the golden thoughts of the candidates.

And speaking about the newspaper end of the campaign, that was a subtle thrust at the Republicans that appeared in a New York paper, undoubtedly engineered by a Bryan printer. On the fateful day when James S. Sherman and Frank H. Hitchcock returned from Oyster Bay and said Governor Hughes must be nominated by the New York Republicans, word having been given to them to that effect at Oyster Bay, Mr. Sherman was spokesman, and this is the way the Bryan printer mixed his make-up and handed it to him:

"Most assuredly," said Mr. Sherman, "we talked about the question of the renomination of Governor Hughes. And I will say just this: that the consensus of opinion of those was: 'Dearie, is that what you came all the way from Manila to tell me? Why, these stories are all lies,' and Captain Hains believed her.

"'Send for Billy Annis,' he exclaimed. 'We'll have dinner and a good time together.' . . . Mrs. Hains telephoned to Annis, and all who discussed the question decided it would be a decided mistake not to renominate him. But to say the question was settled at Oyster Bay would be an error. The question has become of wider importance than the boundaries of New York State. It has, in fact, become a national question."

Now, that was a fine line of conversation for a Vice-Presidential candidate, making so important an announcement, wasn't it?

The Official Rainbow Season

The official rainbow season was opened on September 15. Until that time all rainbows discovered were unofficial and unworthy of comment. On that date, Mr. Hitchcock was surprised, when he arose behind his double-locked doors in whatever hotel he happened to be, and looked out of the window, to discover his first rainbow. Cautious as he is, he told the reporters a few words about it, and the story attained a considerable publicity. At precisely the same time Chairman Mack found his first official one. To be sure, Chairman Mack had had a few prismatic visions before, but this was the first official one. He told the reporters about his also, and everybody went into the rainbow business on both sides. The cruel thing about being a campaign manager is that one campaign manager knows he is going to win and the other knows he is going to lose, each collecting the information either before the campaign begins or after it has swung along for a time. The chap who is going to lose must see more rainbows than the one who is going to win, and seeing rainbows that one knows are due to political astigmatism, not to real colorful effects in the way of votes, is not so cheerful an occupation as it may appear.

But there is one consoling thought brought home in the dispatches from Virginia Hot Springs. It was decided to make an itinerary for Mr. Taft, when he went to Middle Bass Island, that would preclude his traveling on Sunday. "He (meaning the candidate) will leave for Middle Bass Island at once," said the dispatches, "in order to avoid traveling on Sunday." "At once" was ten o'clock on Saturday night.

This was very gratifying to the Republican campaign managers. They had no fears that Mr. Taft *would* travel on Sunday, of course, but they didn't know but he might forget. Still, if they had stopped to think about it they would have discovered instantly how absurd their fears were. Mr. Taft never travels on Sunday. Of course not. When he was making his trip around the world he stopped on the steppes of Siberia every Sunday, and the boat always hove to on the first day of every week on each of the dozen or so times he crossed the Pacific. Also, when he was jogging about the country, making his speeches before he was nominated, he invariably rested every Sunday. Travel on Sunday? Absurd! The very idea! Especially since he became a Presidential candidate.

Pish! And three long tushes!

8 pairs for $1 From the mill.

We supply the best-value hosiery your money can buy. There's no question about that, nor any question about our methods. No strings to our offer; no drawbacks; no *price-doubling* guarantees. Nothing but clean, clear-cut business—our **mill dealing directly with you,** through the mails.

Our men's socks—Eight pairs for $1—From the Mill—are absolutely the biggest value any man ever got in knitted footwear.

We use only the finest selected cotton yarns; all fast colors. We employ only expert knitters. The socks are seamless, with double toe and heel. They stand the wear-test and the washing-test, always remaining soft and not becoming stiff and uncomfortable after wearing a while. We doubly inspect every pair, assuring the highest possible perfection and lasting satisfaction to our patrons. Finally, we guarantee them—your money back, if socks are not fully up to your expectations.

Men's—Eight pairs for $1. [illegible]

Men's—Eight pairs for $2 [illegible]

Women's—Five pairs for $1 [illegible]

We prepay delivery

Reference
Second National Bank
Reading

Lercum Hosiery Mills
Reading, Pa.

Clothes Count

CLOTHES that fit—That look smart and fashionable—That are well made [illegible] as if they belonged to the wearer, and not to some [illegible] that something about custom-made, made to measure, clothing that always shows a man's regard for his personal appearance. The New York Tailors, of New York, set the fashion for the country in men's clothes. Have your clothes custom-made in New York by

The New York Tailors

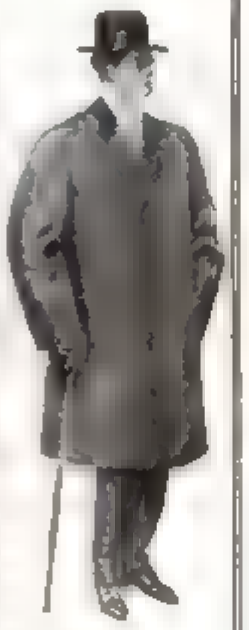
[illegible] that there can be nothing better in style and workmanship. [illegible] Sample Book, enables [illegible] the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Upon request, we send you, free, our new Illustrated Fall Style Book, containing detail charts of color harmony and correct dress for all occasions, with our complete line of samples of imported and domestic textiles, suit- [illegible] enables you [illegible] less cost, [illegible] better material and style, than you can get [illegible]

We make suits and overcoats to order from $15.00 to $25.00, delivered expressage prepaid. Made from your own selected pattern, cut from your measurements. All cloth carefully inspected [illegible] sponged and London shrunk. Exclusive designs, [illegible] lutely. No detail of workmanship neglected. [illegible] with an iron-clad guarantee of perfect fit and satisfaction or your money refunded. This assures absolutely, no risk to you.

Send postal to-day for our Catalog. It's worth your while.

The New York Tailors Established 16 Years **C, 729-731 Broadway, New York City**

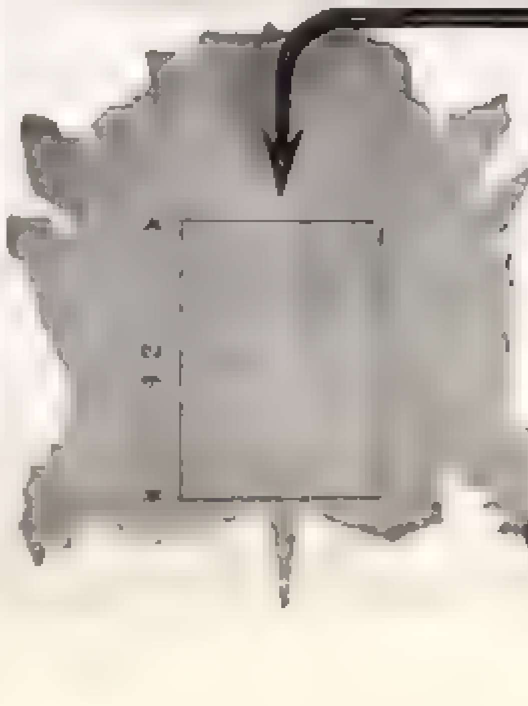


HOME STUDY

The
University of Chicago
offers 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. [illegible] High [illegible] Courses for Teachers, Writers, [illegible] Home [illegible]
The U of C Div C Chicago Ill

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No [illegible] no word signs [illegible] Speedy practical system that can be learned [illegible] **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 724 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.**



[illegible] in this picture shows you just what part of the hide we use in making our

SEA LION and RELIANCE
Guaranteed **Leather Belting**

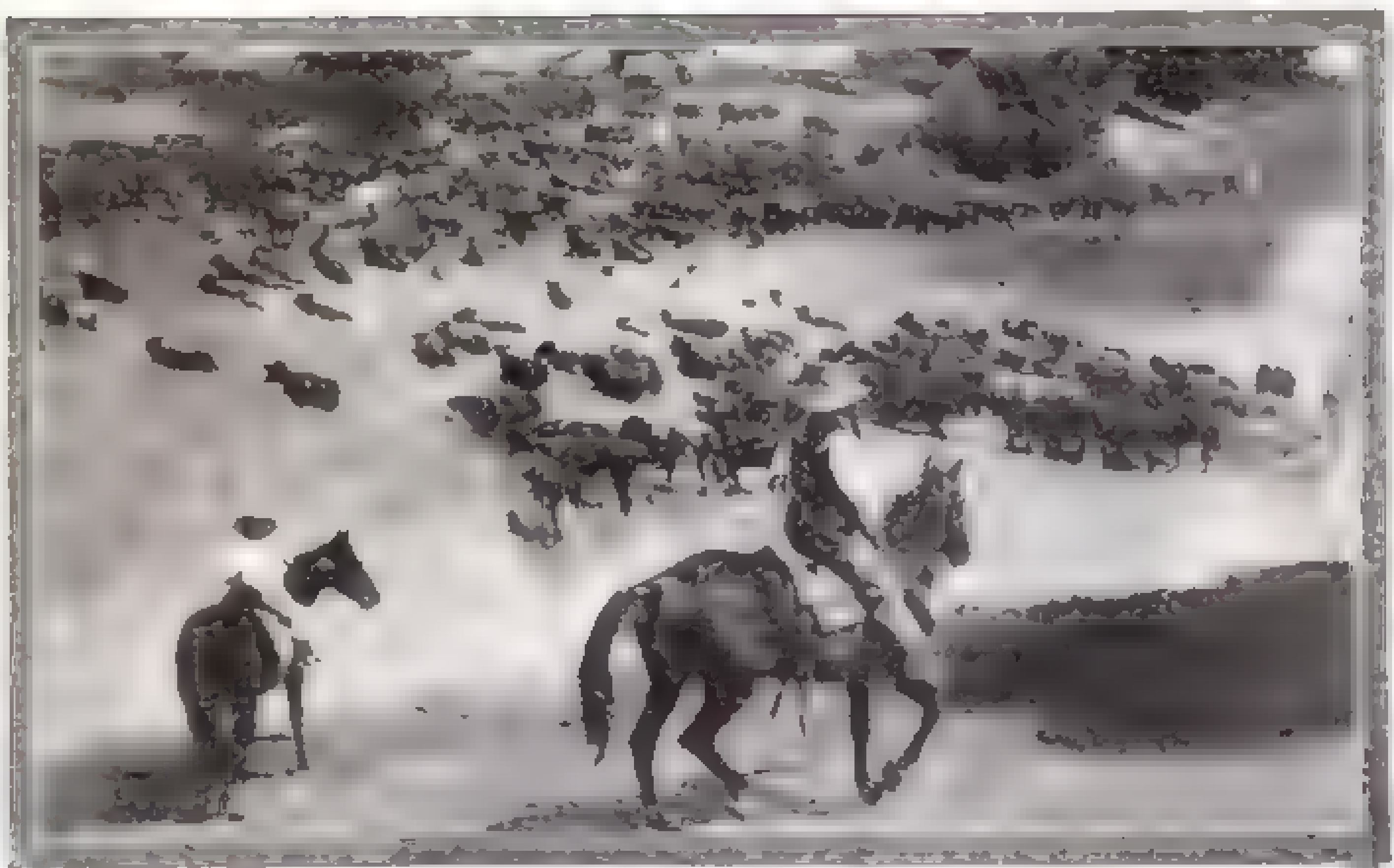
Center stock—cut from choicest selected hides, oak bark tanned in the old fashioned way. Not a single process is hurried in the making. Everything is done well and done right. Long practice has given our workmen such deft hands, quick eyes and all 'round skill that each is master of his special task.

That is why [illegible] the Reliance or Sea Lion Waterproof Brand [illegible] that are equally as good value [illegible]

Under what conditions do you have to run your belts?

Write and describe them and we will advise you what is best to buy and send an interesting book on leather belting.

CHICAGO BELTING CO., 14 S. Green St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branches—New Orleans, Philadelphia, [illegible]



THE CALL OF THE WEST

Young men—men of brains and brawn—the West is calling for you. There are no Indians to fight, but there is land to till, forests of fine timber to be cut and mines to be developed. If you wish to get a new start in life—to become independent—Go West.

MONTANA

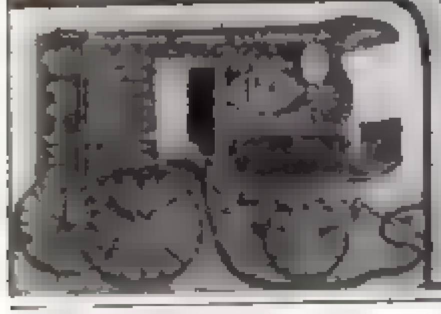
Offers two unusually good attractions today: The famous Judith Basin, Fergus County, has been penetrated by the Great Northern Railway. The soil is deep and rich. It produces enormous crops. Wheat averages 40 bushels per acre. Land is selling at $15 to $25 per acre. Some good free homestead land left. The new towns need business and professional men. [illegible]

The Sun River Irrigation Pr[illegible] Nearly [illegible] acres will be watered. [illegible] buy it—[illegible] five years and it's yours. [illegible] struction cost you have 10 years time for this. [illegible]

Send for Booklet which interests you. Mailed free on request

MAX BASS
General Immigration Agent, Department B, 220 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY



Exceptional Business Opportunity

A business [illegible]

[illegible]

We Lead the World in Installation of
Stationary Plants—Estimates Free.

American Air Cleaning Company, 408 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

---

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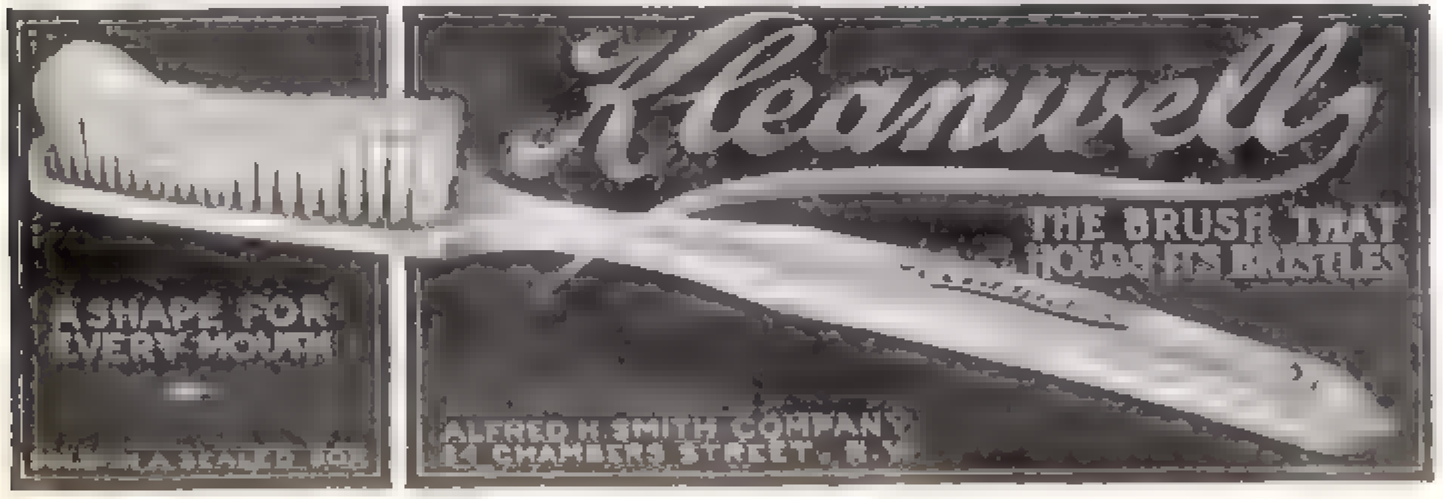

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THE PASS OF GUNNER FLYNN

(Concluded from Page 15)

the time; a-pumpin' an' a-pumpin' water all the time—I'll be givin' him a drink."

He rose with this charitable intention uppermost. But when he sat for the third time he was violent again. For Weed had come into his mind.

"I wish," he said wistfully—"I wish I could run into that long-nose wit' them fancy brogans; I'd make hash out of him."

He sat long this time, dwelling pleasantly over the details of his hypothetical exploit, then, getting up, went on. He passed the pump, rounded a projection of rock—and came upon the subject of his meditation, standing there, back to him, with the two dudes, who were watching him interestedly.

"Oh, phwat luck!" gasped the Gunner, hardly believing his eyes.

The bottle whirled about his head at the end of his long arm, left his hand, and, going swift and sure, struck the resident engineer fair above the nape of the neck. Weed swayed, fell—and the pole with its two dangling wires clattered to the ground.

. . . .

It was George who, returning to his pump just in time to see this ending, understood its significance. George was not a discreet gentleman, for the next hour the Old Man was very busy saving the resident engineer from being lynched.

The Old Man's native generosity, however, did not blind him to his main chance. "Av course, Mr. Weed," he was saying, after the situation had cooled somewhat—"Av course, if you intend to stay and take full charge, it would be my duty to make a full rayport of this affair to the St. Paul officers."

And a few hours later, on the first eastbound that carried a Pullman, Weed departed from Cascade. As he sped east, Gunner Flynn and Jerry Morley were going west—toward Seattle. They sat in the bumping smoker, and the Gunner, for the fifth time, had placed both his feet on the back of the seat ahead, framing the outraged occupant's face, when Jerry, with fulsomeness (for *his* celebration had begun), told him that he was a hero.

"Pwhat's you talkin' about," said the Gunner sleepily and as though weary with much babbling.

"That was nigh sixty men ye saved, yes, all of that, by your he-r-r-oic act," went on Jerry. "'Twas that made the Old Man give you a pass."

The Gunner straightened up and looked at Morley with sudden interest. "Whatever is all this you've been handin' me these last few hours," he said; "and what's that Cassidy and the gang was givin' me at the Gem before we left?"

"Are you tellin' me," said Jerry slowly, "that ye didn't know what Weed was up to before ye hit him?"

"Weed!" said the Gunner, "the long-nose—he wasn't doin' nothin'! Leastwise, I didn't see him doin' nothin'," he went on, his tongue gradually getting more tangled and his body slipping down the back of the seat. "Jus' saw—him—there. An' took—crack at 'im—jus' fer luck." His chin dropped on his chest. "That's why—Old Man—gave me—th' pass."

"Gunner," said Morley, "ye obtained that pass under a false misrepresenthation!"

THE A-B-C OF FLYING

(Continued from Page 5)

Although the press of the country unanimously pronounced this huge contrivance a failure, the truth is that it was never on the wing. A steamship which has never left the cradle of the shipyard is no more a failure than was this aerial craft of Langley's. Unfortunately the Congressional appropriation was exhausted just at the critical moment. Unable to carry on further experiments, Professor Langley died without ever having seen his creation fly.

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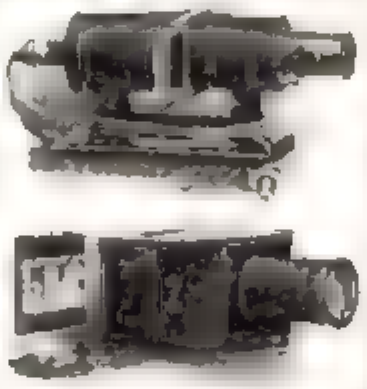

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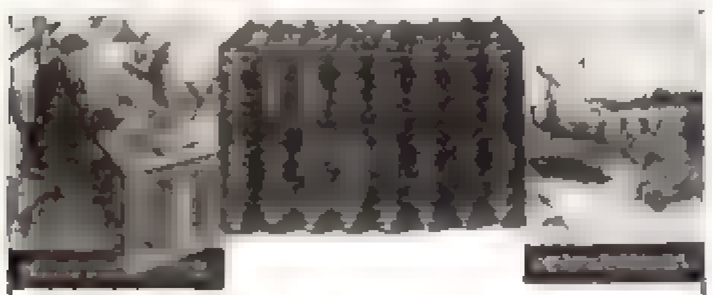

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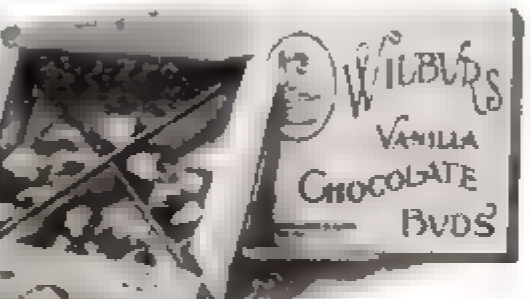

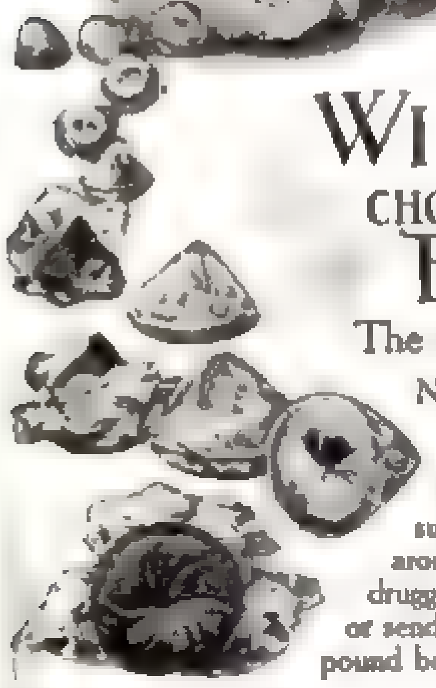

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for experimental purposes than the single planes used by Lillienthal. Besides, as we have already explained, he discovered a method of controlling the centre of air pressure so that a machine can be balanced in flight without any gymnastic exertion on the part of the driver

The heavier-than-air machines at present in use are either of the "following-surface" type which was invented by Langley and which comprise essentially two pairs of wings arranged in tandem, or of the Chanute type, and, therefore, equipped with two superposed planes. The French aeronaut Bleriot has successfully flown with a machine of the Langley "following-surface" variety. The Wright brothers, Farman, Delagrange and most of the French aerial enthusiasts prefer the Chanute design

In order to balance all these machines two rudders are employed — a horizontal rudder placed in front of the aeroplane, and a vertical rudder placed in the rear. The horizontal rudder maintains fore-and-aft stability; the vertical rudder lateral stability. Levers or steering wheels are employed to manipulate the rudders. In some of the later machines, stability is maintained by bending the planes in the manner suggested by Chanute and improved upon by the Wrights.

RED FERRY

(Continued from Page 7)

"I don't know who you are," he went on, "but I guess you're not fixed for shooting at me, as every living thing seems to have done for the last fortnight. Maybe you're in Yankee pay, maybe in Confederate; I can't help it. I suppose you'll tell I've been here after I'm gone. . . . But they'll never get me now!" he bragged, like a truant schoolboy recounting his misdemeanor to an awed companion.

"Who are you?" she asked very gently.

He looked at her defiantly.

"I'm Roy Allen," he said, "of Kay's Cavalry. . . . If you're fixing to tell the Union people you might as well tell them who fooled 'em!"

"What have you done?"

She inquired so innocently that a hint of shame for his suspicion and brutality toward her reddened his hollow cheeks.

"I'll tell you what I've done," he said. "I've taken to the woods, headed for Dixie, with a shirtful of headquarter papers. That's what I've done. . . . And perhaps you don't know what that means if they catch me. It means hanging."

"H-hanging!" she faltered.

"Yes — if they g-get me." His voice quivered, but he added boastingly: "No fear of that! I'm too many for old Kay!"

"But — but why did you desert?"

"Why?" he repeated. Then his face turned red and he burst out violently: "I'll tell you why. I lived in New York, but I thought the South was in the right. Then they drafted me; and I tried to tell them it was an outrage, but they gave me the choice between Fort Lafayette and Kay's Cavalry. . . . And I took the Cavalry and waited. . . . I wouldn't have gone so far as to fight a-against the flag — if they had let me alone. . . . I only had my private opinion that the South was more in the right than we — the North — was. . . . I'm old enough to have an opinion about niggers, and I'm no coward, either. . . . They drove me to this; I didn't want to kill people who were more in the right than we were. . . . But they made me enlist — and I couldn't stand it. . . . And now, if I've got to fight, I'll fight bullies who ——"

He ended with a gesture — an angry, foolish boast — shaking his weapon toward the north. Then, hot, panting, sullenly sensible of his fatigue, he laid the pistol on the table and glowered at the floor.

She could have taken him, unarmed, at any moment, now.

"Soldier," she said gently, "listen."

He looked up with heavy-lidded eyes.

"I am trying to help you to safety," she said

A hot flush of mortification mantled his face.

"Thank you. . . . I ought to have known; I — I am ashamed of what I said — what I did."

"You were only a little frightened. I am not angry."

"You understand, don't you?"

"A — little."

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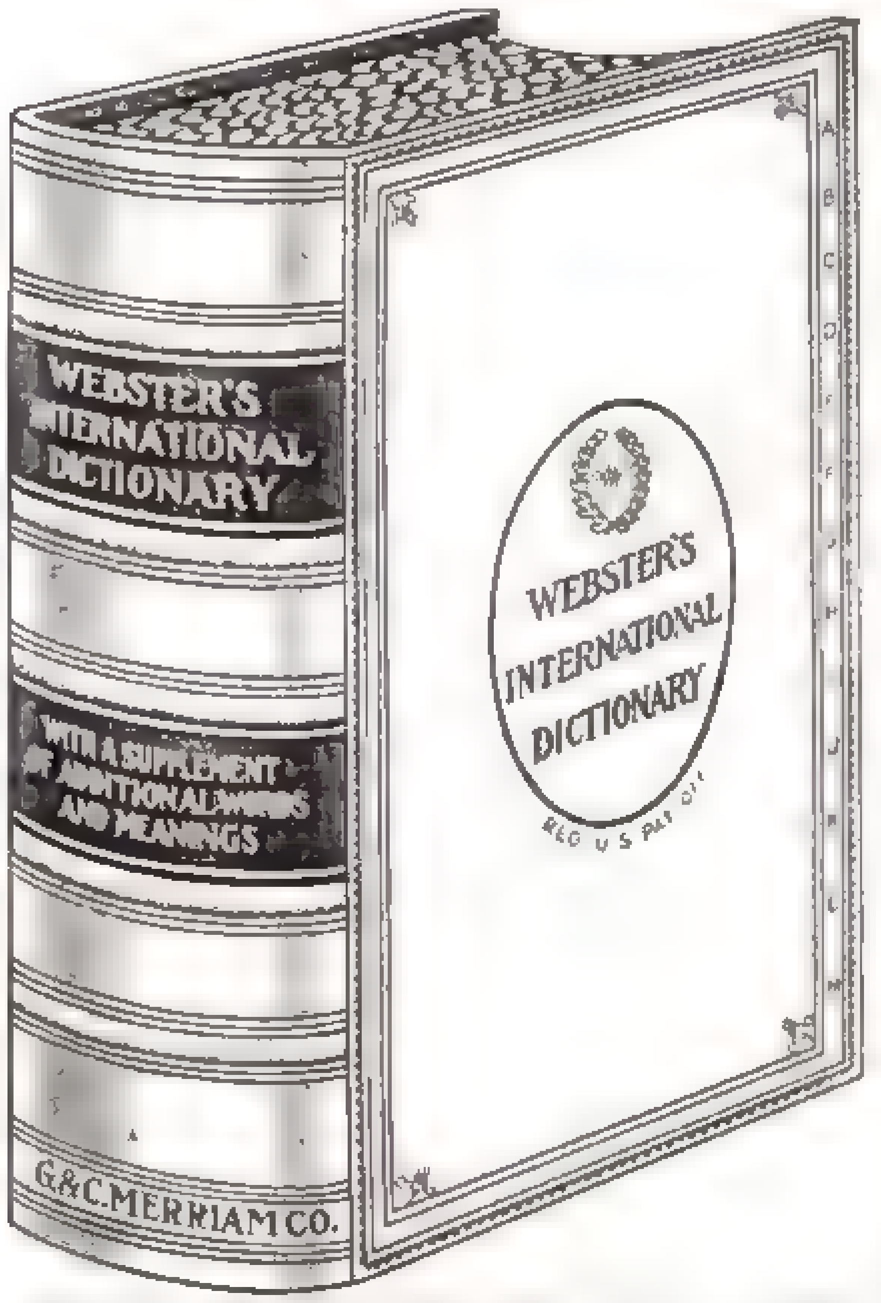
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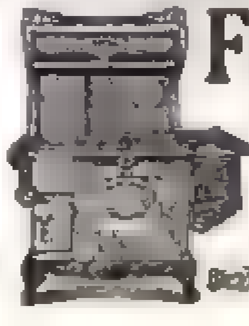

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"You are Southern, then?" he said; and in spite of himself his heavy lids began to droop again.

"No; Northern," she replied.

His eyes flew wide open at that, and he straightened up in his chair.

"Are you afraid of me, Soldier?"

"No," he said, ashamed again. "But—you're going to tell on me after I am gone."

"No."

"Why not?" he demanded suspiciously.

She leaned both elbows on the table and, propping her chin on both palms, smiled at him.

"Because," she said, "you are going to tell on yourself, Roy."

"What?" he blurted out in angry astonishment.

"You are going to tell on yourself. . . . You are going back to your regiment. . . . It will be your own idea, too; it *has* been your own idea all the while—your secret desire every moment since you deserted ——"

"Are you crazy?" he cried, aghast; "or do you think I am?"

"—ever since you deserted," she went on, dark, sweet eyes looking deep into his, "it has been your desire to go back. . . . Fear held you; rage hardened your heart; dread of death as your punishment; angry brooding on what you believed was a terrible injustice done you—all these drove you to panic. . . . Don't scowl at me; don't say what is on your lips to say. You are only a tired, frightened boy—scarcely eighteen, are you? And at eighteen no heart can really be a traitor."

"Traitor!" he gasped, losing all his angry color.

"It is a bad word, isn't it, Roy? Lying hidden and starving in the forest through the black nights you had to fight that word away from you—drive it out of your half-crazed senses—often—didn't you? Don't you think I know, my boy, what a dreadful future you faced, lying there through the stifling nights while they hunted you to hang you?

"I know, also, that what you did you did in a moment of insane rage. I know that the moment it was done you would, in your secret soul, have given the world to have undone it."

"No!" he cried. "I was right!"

She rose, walked to the door, and seated herself on the sill, looking up at the stars.

For an hour she sat there, silent. Behind her, leaning heavily on the table, he crouched, hot eyes wide, pulse heavy in throat and body. And at last, without turning, she called to him—three times, very gently, speaking his name; and at the third call he rose and came stumbling toward her.

"Sit here."

He sank down beside her on the sill.

"Are you very tired?"

"Yes."

She placed one arm around him, drawing his hot head down on her shoulder.

"How foolish you have been," she whispered. "But, of course, your mother must not know it. . . . There is no reason to tell her—ever. . . . Because you went quite mad for a little while—and nobody is blamed for a mental sickness that overcomes him. . . . How bright the stars are. . . . What a heavenly coolness after that dreadful week. . . . How feverish you are! I think that your regiment believes you roamed away while suffering from sunstroke. . . . Their Colonel is a good friend of mine. Tell him you're sorry."

His head lay heavily on her shoulder; she laid a soft, fresh hand over his eyes.

"If the South is right, if we of the North are right, God knows better than you or I, Roy. . . . And if you are so bewildered that you have no deep conviction either way I think you may trust Him who set you among Kay's Cavalry. . . . God never betrayed a human soul in honest doubt."

"It—it was the flag!—that was the hardest to get over ——" he began, and choked, smothering the dry sob against her breast.

"I know, dear. . . . The old flag means so much it means all that our fathers have been, all that we ought to be for the world's sake. Anger, private resentment, bitterness under tyranny these are little things; for, after all, the flag still stands for what we ought to be—you and I and those who misuse us, wittingly or otherwise. . . . Where are the papers you took?"

He pressed his feverish face closer to her shoulder and fumbled at the buttons of his jacket.

"Here?" she asked softly, aiding him with deft fingers; and in a moment she had them.

For a while she held him there, cradling him; and his dry, burning face seemed to scorch her shoulder.

Dawn was in the sky when she unclosed her eyes—a cool, gray dawn, hinting of rain.

She looked down at the boy. His head lay across her lap; he slept, motionless as the dead.

The sun rose, a pale spot on the gray horizon.

"Come," she said gently. And again, "Come; I want you to take me across the ferry."

He rose and stood swaying on his feet, rubbing both eyes with brier-torn fists.

"You will take me, won't you, Roy?"

"Where?"

"Back to your regiment."

"Yes—I'll take you."

For a few moments she was busy gathering up her spools and linen.

"You carry my saddle-bags," she said, "and I'll take the kitten. Isn't it cunning, Roy? Do look at the poor little thing! We can't leave it here."

Following, laden with her saddle-bags, he stammered:

"Do—d-do you think they'll shoot me?"

"No," she said smiling. "Be careful of the ferry steps; they are dreadfully shaky."

She began the descent, clasping the kitten in both arms; the boy followed. Seated in the punt, they stowed away the saddle-bags and the kitten, then he picked up the pole, looked at her, hesitated. She waited.

"I guess the old man will have me shot. . . . But—I am going back," he said, as though to himself.

She watched him; he looked up.

"You're right, ma'am. I must have been crazy. Everybody reads about traitors—in school. . . . Nobody ever forgets their names. . . . I don't want mine in school-books."

"Like Benedict Arnold's," she said; and he quivered from head to foot.

"Oh, cricky!" he burst out; "how close I came to it! Have you got those papers safe?"

"Yes, Roy."

"Then I'll go. I don't care what they do to me."

As he rose with the pole, far away in the woods across the river a cavalry band began to play. Faint and clear the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner rose from among the trees and floated over the water; the boy stood spellbound, mouth open; then, as the far music died away, he sank back into the boat, deathly pale.

"I—I ought to be hung!" he whispered.

The Messenger picked up the fallen pole, set it, and drove the punt out into the river. Behind her, huddled in the stern, the prodigal wept, uncomforted, head buried in his shaking arms; and the kitten, being afraid, left the shelter of the thwarts and crept up on his knees, sitting there and looking out at the unstable world of water in round-eyed apprehension.

As the punt grated on the northern shore the Messenger drove her pole into the mud, upright, and leaned on it.

"Roy," she said, looking back over her shoulder.

The boy rubbed his wet eyes with the sleeve of his jacket and got up.

"Are you afraid?"

"Not now."

"That is well. . . . You'll be punished. . . . Not severely. . . . For you came back of your own accord—repentant. . . . Tell me, weren't you ever afraid that the Special Messenger would catch you?"

"Yes, I was," he said simply. "That's why I acted so rough with you. . . . I didn't know; they say any woman you see may be the Special Messenger. . . . So I took no chances. . . . Who are you, anyway?"

"Only a friend of yours," she said, smiling. "Please pick up my kitten. Thank you. . . . And some day, when you've been very, very good, I'll ask Colonel Kay to let you take me fishing."

And she stepped lightly ashore; the boy followed, holding the kitten under one arm and drying his grimy eyes on his sleeve.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Chambers' Special Messenger stories. The third will appear in an early number.

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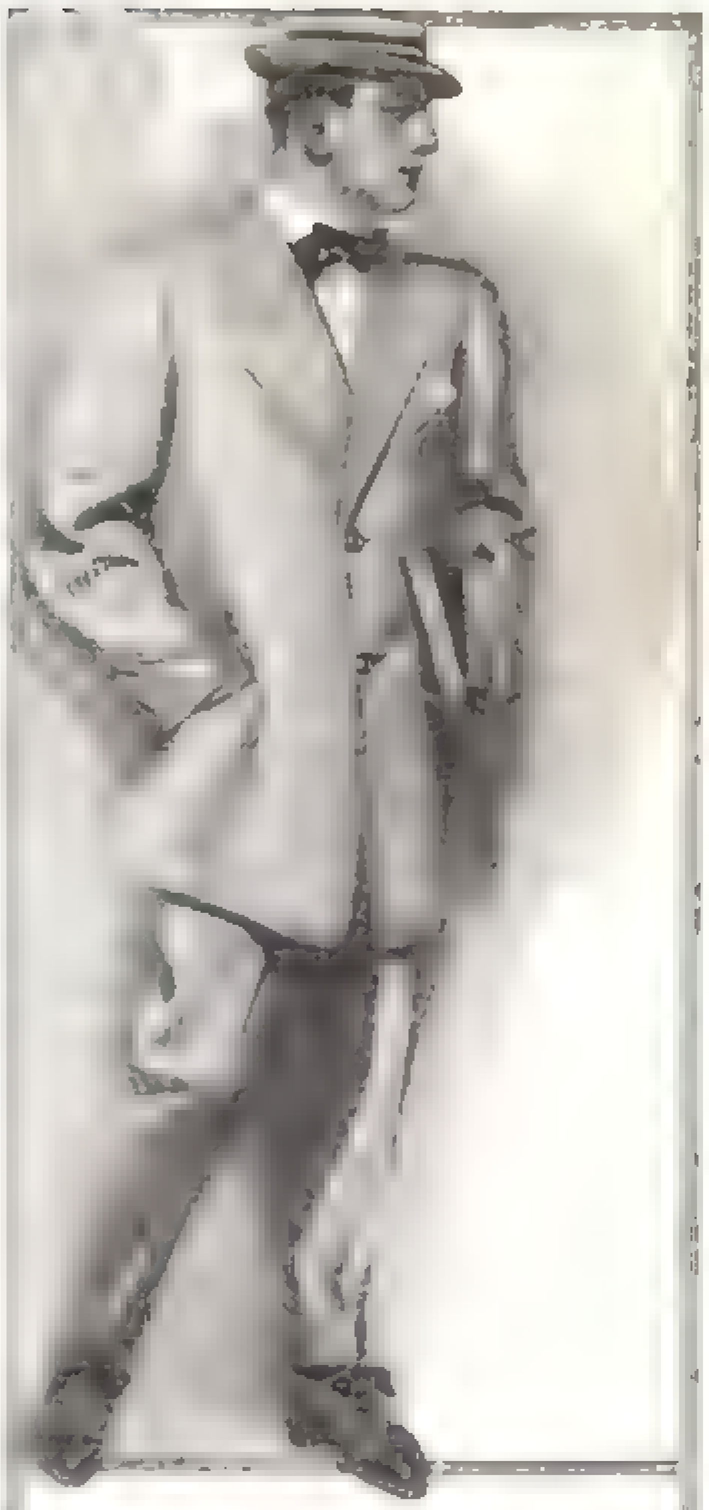

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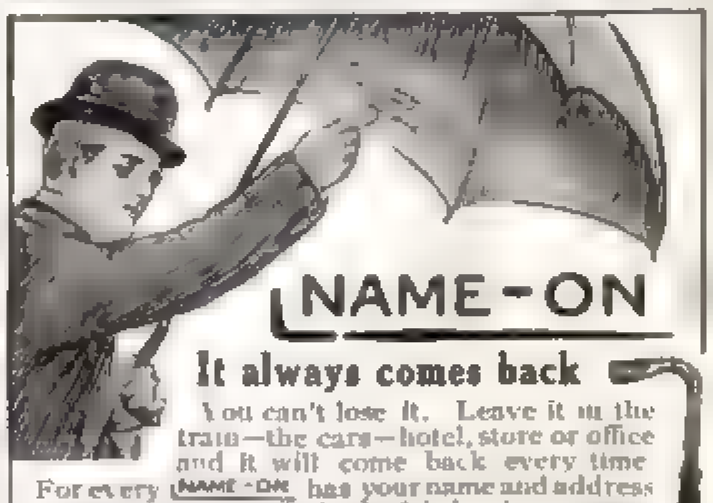

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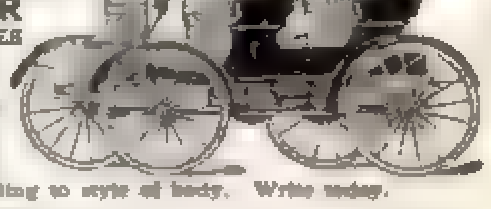

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"THE GIRL OF THE GRAYS," by GEN. CHARLES KING. A new serial by the Author of "The Colonel's Daughter" begins in the September WOMAN'S WORLD.

"A TEAR VASE," by ELIA W. PEATTIE, Author of "At The Edge of Things," "A Mountain Woman," etc.

"NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING," by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, who, by the way, conducts a Mother's Page in every issue of the **Woman's World.**

MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH

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"LADY HAULTAIN'S DILEMMA," by MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, the gifted and well-known English writer.

"WHEN SHE'S AWAY," by FRANK L. STANTON, the sweet singer of the South.

"THE JOURNAL OF JULIE"—being the personal and confidential experiences and trials of a young country girl winning her way in a great city. In the September installment Julie secures a better position in the Glove Factory through the intervention of the "Florodora Kid," foreman of the machine room, who has admired her appearance.

"NEW STYLES IN HOMEMADE GARMENTS," by ELLEN STAN.

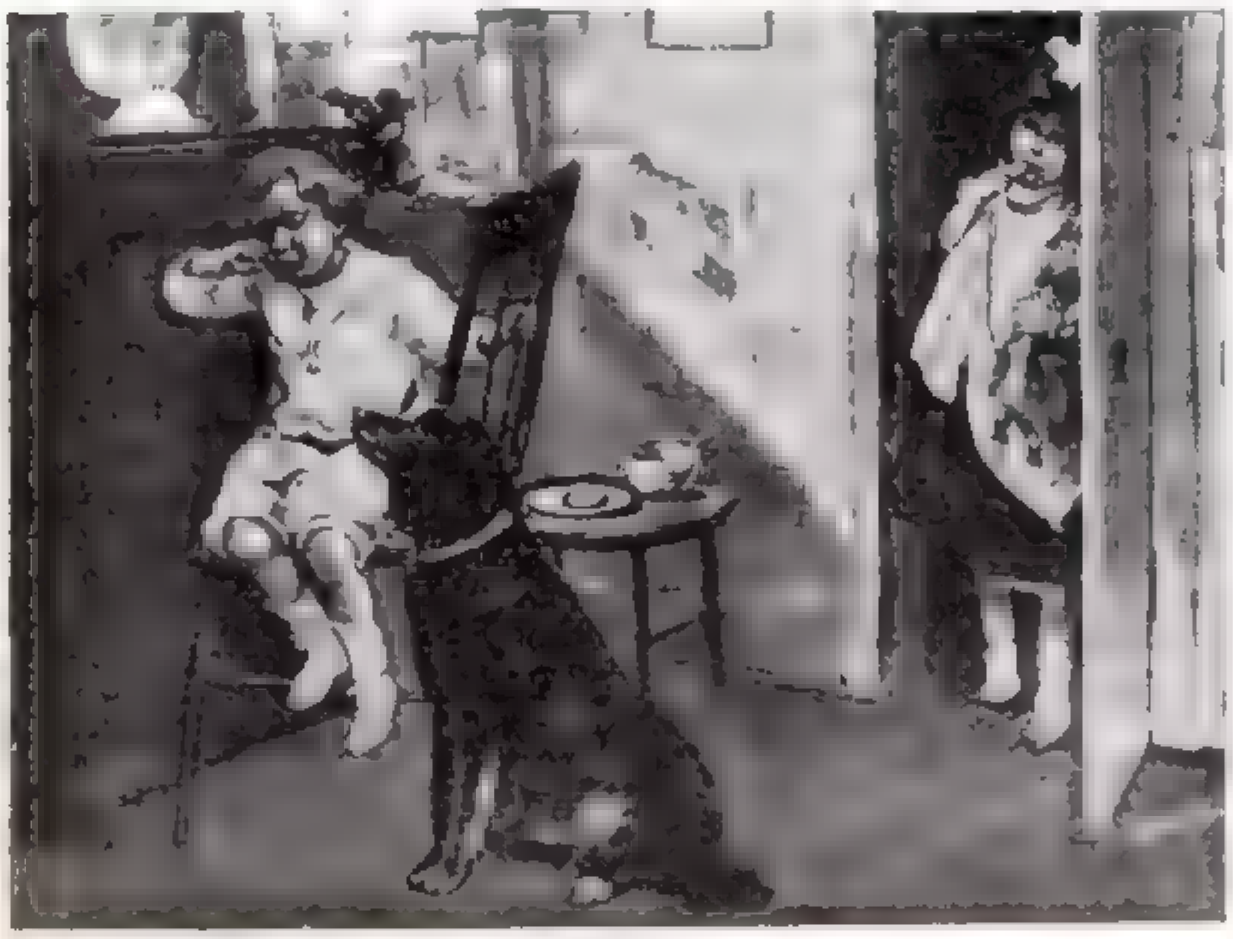
"THE CORN KING," by FORREST CRISSEY, author of "The Country Boy," and the series of stories of Country Life now appearing in Harper's Magazine. Many other interesting features appear in the September issue.

Space will only permit a FEW references to what will appear in the October and subsequent issues of the WOMAN'S WORLD. In October appears **"THE EMPTY BOWL"** by ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. **"LOVE MAKING IN FOREIGN LANDS"** by FRANK PIXLEY, Author of "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," "The Prince of Pilsen," etc. **"WOULD YOU RATHER LIVE THAN DIE?"** by DR. W. F. WAUGH, Editor of the American Journal of Clinical Medicine; also stories and articles by OPIE READ, ELLIOTT FLOWER, ROSWELL FIELD, MARGARET SANGSTER, GENERAL CHARLES KING, FORREST CRISSEY and others.

"THE WILD ROSE LETTERS," BEING THE HEART SECRETS BETWEEN ELAINE, COUNTESS OF WYCHERLY, AND ROSE MARY OF STRAWBERRY POINT, IA. Its sentiment is as sweet and delicious as wild berries—a [illegible] feature.

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM will contribute an article on the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FAITH for the November WOMAN'S WORLD. Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham has become known throughout the English speaking world as a novelist who has introduced into fiction the element of "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE." And she has done this with such power and charm that her stories of "Jewel," "Jewel's Story Book," "The Right Princess," and "The Opened Shutters" have become classics in their peculiar field. Mrs. Burnham has also practically consented to write a serial story for the WOMAN'S WORLD to start in an early issue. OPIE READ'S new serial story will start in the November WOMAN'S WORLD. Other prominent contributors to WOMAN'S WORLD are MAUDE BALLINGTON BOOTH, JANE ADDAMS, MAUD RADFORD WARREN, WILL PAYNE, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, S. E. KISER, W. D. NESBIT, EDWIN BALMER, DR. W. A. EVANS, Commissioner of Health for Chicago, STANLEY WATERLOO, ELSIE JANIS, the actress, and many other well known writers and celebrities. The WOMAN'S WORLD is printed in colors with a superb colored cover. It is a GREAT LITTLE MAGAZINE.

JANE ADDAMS



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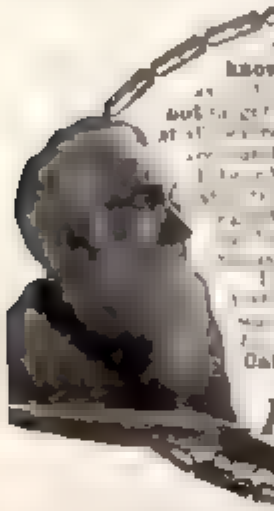

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TUBERCULOSIS, A SCOTCHED SNAKE

(Continued from Page 4)

the rest of the lung, most of the invaders destroyed, and the crippled remnants imprisoned for life in the interior of a fibroid or chalky mass.

It gave one a distinct shock at the meeting of the British Medical Association devoted to tuberculosis, some ten years ago, to hear Sir Clifford Allbut, one of the most brilliant and eminent physicians of the English-speaking world, remark, on opening his address: "Probably most of us here have had tuberculosis and recovered from it."

Here is evidently an asset of greatest and most practical value, which changes half the face of the field. Instead of saving, as best we may, from half to two-thirds of those who have allowed the disease to get the upper hand and begin to overrun their entire systems, it places before us the far more cheering task of building up and increasing this natural resisting power of the human body, until not merely seventy per cent. of all who are attacked by it will throw it off, but eighty, eighty-five, ninety! We can plan to *stop consumption by preventing the consumptive.* A very small additional percentage of vigor or of resisting power—such as could be produced by but a slight improvement in the abundance of the food supply, the lighting and ventilating of the houses, the length and "fatiguingness" of the daily toil—might be the straw which would be sufficient to turn the scale and prevent the tuberculous individual from becoming consumptive.

Here comes in one of the most important and valuable features of our splendid sanatorium campaign for the cure of tuberculosis, and that is the nature of the methods employed.

Building Up the Body on Sunshine

If we relied for the cure of the disease upon some drug, or antitoxin, even though we might save as many lives, the general reflex or secondary effect upon the community might not be in any way beneficial, at best probably only negative. But when the only "drugs" that we use are fresh air, sunshine and abundant food, and the only antitoxins those which are bred in the patient's own body; when, in fact, we are using for the cure of consumption *precisely those agencies and influences which will prevent the well from ever contracting it,* then the whole curative side of the movement becomes of enormous racial value. The very same measures that we rely upon for the cure of the sick are those which we would recommend to the well in order to make them stronger, happier and more vigorous.

If the whole civilized community could be placed upon a moderate form of the open-air treatment it would be so vastly improved in health, vigor and efficiency, and saved the expenditure of such enormous sums upon hospitals, poor relief and sick benefits, that it would be well worth all that it would cost, even if there were no such disease as tuberculosis on earth.

This is coming to be the real goal, the ultimate hope of the far-sighted leaders in our tuberculosis campaign—to use the cure of consumption as a lever to raise to a higher plane the health, vigor and happiness of the entire community.

Enormously valuable as is the open-air sanatorium as a means of saving thousands of valuable and beloved lives, its richest promise lies in its function as a school of education for the living demonstration of methods by which the health and happiness of the ninety-five per cent. of the community who never will come within its walls may be built up. Every consumptive cured in it goes home to be a living example and an enthusiastic missionary in the fresh-air campaign. The ultimate aim of the sanatorium will be to turn every farm-house, every village, every city into an open-air resort. When it shall have done this it will have fulfilled its mission.

Our plan of campaign is growing broader and more ambitious, but more hopeful, every day. All we have to do is to keep on fighting and use our brains, and victory is certain. Our Teutonic fellow-soldiers have already nailed their flag to the mast with the inscription:

"No more tuberculosis after 1930!"

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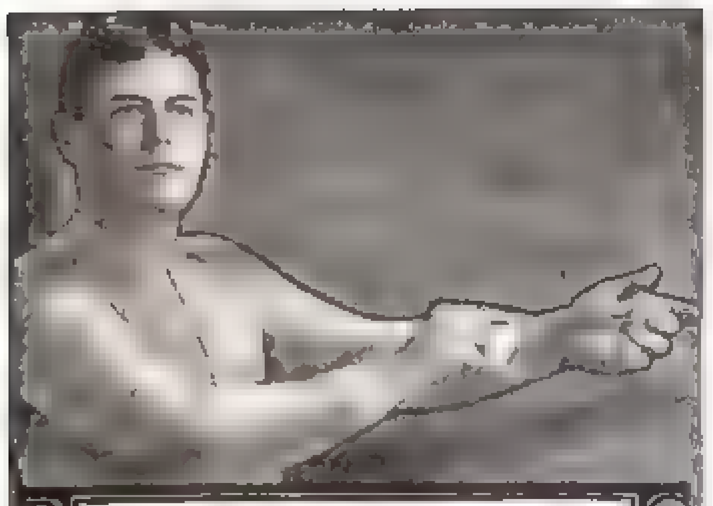

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So much for the serried masses of the centre of our anti-tuberculosis army, upon which we depend for the heavy, mass fighting and the great frontal attacks. But what of the right and the left wings, and the cloud of skirmishers and cavalry which is continually feeling the enemy's position and cutting off his outposts? Upon the right stretch the intrenchments of the bacteriologic brigade, with the complicated but marvelously effective weapons of precision given us by the discovery of the definite and living cause of the disease, the *Bacillus tuberculosis*. Upon the left wing lie camp after camp of native regiments, whose loyalty until of very recent years was more than doubtful—heredity, acquired immunity, and the so-called improvements of modern civilization, steam, electricity and their kinsmen.

Animals Against Vegetables

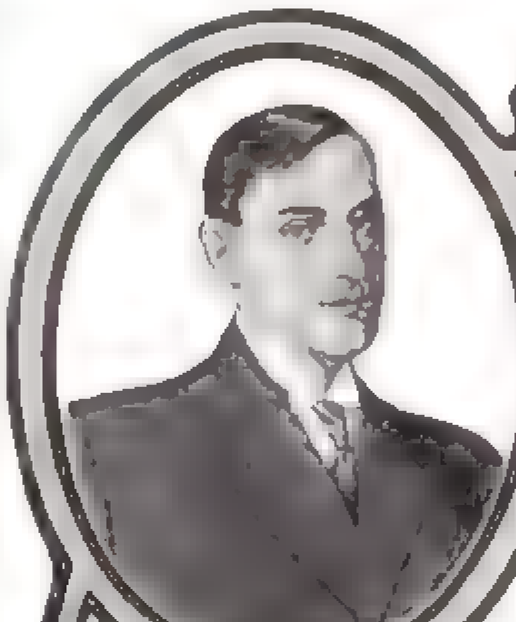
To the artillerymen of the bacteriologic batteries appears to have been intrusted the most hopeless task, the forlorn hope—the total extermination of a foe so tiny that he had to be magnified five hundred times before he was even visible, and of such countless myriads that he was at least a billion times as numerous as the human race. But here again, as in the centre of the battle line, when we once made up our minds to fight, we were not long in discovering points of attack and weapons to assault him with.

First, and most fundamental of all, came the consoling discovery that though there could be no consumption without the bacillus, not more than one individual in seven, of fair or average health, who was exposed to its attack in the form of a definite infection, succumbed to it; and that, as strongly suggested by the post-mortem findings already described, even those who developed a serious or fatal form of the disease had thrown off from five to fifteen previous milder or slighter infections. So that, to put it roughly, all that would be necessary to practically neutralize the injuriousness of the bacillus would be to prevent about one-twentieth of the exposures to its invasion which actually occurred. The other nineteen-twentieths would take care of themselves. The bacilli are not the only ones who can be numbered in their billions. If there are billions of them there are billions of us. We are not mere units scarcely even individuals—except in a broad and figurative sense. We are confederacies of billions upon billions of little, living animalcules which we call cells. These cells of ours are no Sunday-school class. They are old and tough and cunning to a degree. They are war-worn veterans, carrying the scars of a score of victories written all over them. *They* are animals; bacteria, bacilli, micrococci, and all *their* tribe are *vegetables*. The daily business, the regular means of livelihood of the animal cell for fifteen millions of years past has been eating and digesting the vegetable. And all that our body cells need is a little intelligent encouragement to continue this performance, even upon disease germs; so that we needn't be afraid of being stampeded by sudden attack.

Sunlight the Germ Killer

The next cheering find was that the worst enemies of the bacillus were our best friends. Sunlight will kill them just as certainly as it will give us new life. The germs of tuberculosis will live for weeks and even months in dark, damp, unventilated quarters, just precisely such surroundings as are provided for them in the inside bedrooms of our tenements, and the dark, cellar-like rooms of many a peasant's cottage or farmhouse. In bright sunlight they will perish in from three to six hours; in bright daylight in less than half a day. This is one of the factors that helps to explain the apparent paradox that the dust collected from the floors and walls of tents and cottages in which consumptives were treated was almost entirely free from tuberculous bacilli, while dust taken from the walls of tenement houses, floors of the street cars, from the walls of churches and theatres in New York City was found to be simply alive with them. One of the most important elements in the value of sunlight in the treatment of consumption is its powerful germicidal effect.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by Doctor Hutchinson upon Tuberculosis and the doctors' victorious fight against it. The second article will appear in an early number.



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Our skillful designers and master tailors get the right "snap" into the clothes. You'll enjoy wearing them, and your friends will admire your good appearance and judgment. Our large national business makes it possible for us to save you one third of your clothes money.

Suits or Overcoats Made to Measure $20 to $40

Our great modern tailor shops are in Chicago, but our big line of 500 newest fall woolens are on display in nearly every city and town at the store of an experienced dealer who knows how to skillfully measure you. You thus have the advantages of our great tailoring organization brought right home to you.

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MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
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We now attach an electric motor to the famous 1900 Washer. It operates the wringer, too. Connect it with a light fixture, as you connect a table lamp. Turn on the current as you turn on the light.

The Washer then operates just like our hand washer, only you don't need to touch it.

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This outfit does just as we claim. Does all of the washing and all of the wringing. Does the work better than you can do it by hand. Does it with less wear on clothes.

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FLAT CLASP
GARTERS
for KNEE or FULL LENGTH DRAWERS

WHAT you have a right to expect of a garter is that it be (1) COMFORTABLE (2) SECURE (3) DURABLE.

The "BRIGHTON," being pure silk, cannot bind or irritate the leg. That's COMFORT.

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"BRIGHTON" FLAT CLASP GARTERS are to be had in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

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Makers of "BRIGHTON" GARTERS, "PIONEER" SUSPENDERS and "PIONEER" BELTS.

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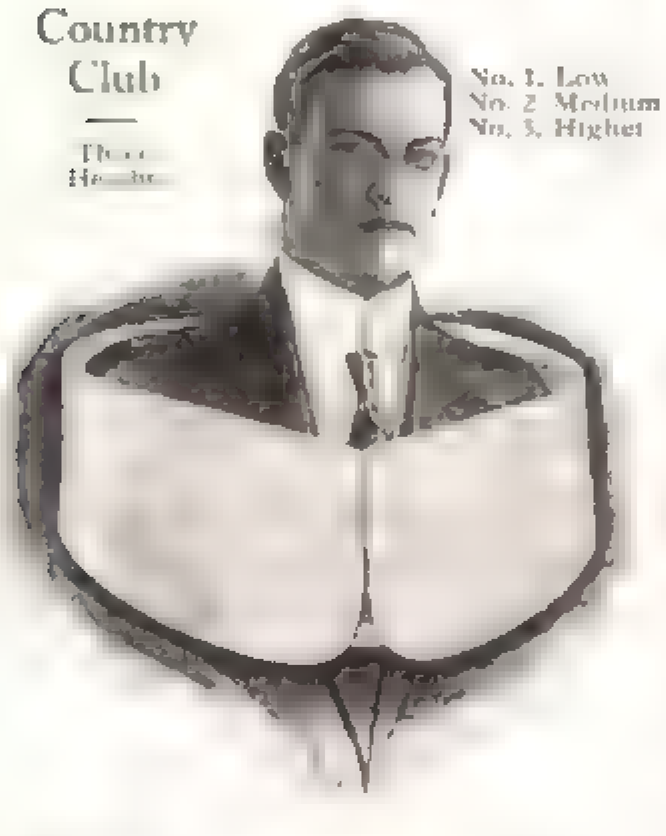
a Good Collar



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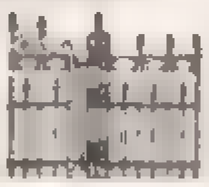
Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries, etc. Send for Free Catalog. Address The Ward Fence Co. Box 739 Decatur, Ind.



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THE AUTOMATIC CAPITALISTS

(Continued from Page 13)

sought, business topics. Their small, round table, set for three, was at the side of the room. Benton faced the wall.

The host himself presently brought up the subject of Gas, and Benton launched, with much assurance, upon a confidential and very oracular statement. He suggested the many difficulties in carrying through a deal of such magnitude; hinted at the wealth, tenacity and shrewdness of their clients.

"We have just heard from Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Burns in New York," he continued gravely. "I can say to you, Mr. Scott, that the deal is just at the culminating point. I should not be surprised if the finishing touch were put on within forty-eight hours—or even within twenty-four hours. Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Burns have been carrying on a negotiation in New York for a fortnight ——"

Barrington here awkwardly trod upon the speaker's foot. Benton moved his foot and continued: "That negotiation is practically concluded, merely the finishing touch remaining. As a result of it, Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Burns and their associates will get twenty-five thousand shares——"

"Excuse me," said Barrington rudely. "Do you know, Mr. Scott, who that is at the next table with Mr. Blarcum and Mr. Tetlow?"

The conjunction of these names struck the junior partner very disagreeably. He glanced at Barrington, and was concerned at seeing that his partner had turned rather pale, and scarcely tasted the fish on his plate. He wondered, with real sympathy, what could have made Marcus ill.

Meanwhile Mr. Scott had glanced toward the next table. "I don't recognize him from his back," he said casually. "You were saying, Benton?"

"I was saying," Benton repeated more slowly, having, in fact, rather lost the thread of his discourse. He paused a moment, and in the pause the people back of him laughed.

He recognized Mr. Tetlow's dry, economical little chuckle. He recognized Mr. Blarcum's louder and more empty merriment. But there was a third laugh—a high, cackling, cracked sort of laugh. The fork slipped from the junior partner's nerveless fingers.

Mr. Scott glanced around again. "Why, that's Rockwell, of New York," he said, "great horseman, you know. I believe he's interested in Gas, too," he added casually.

"Your Scotch clients ought to get in touch with him." He called out, jocularly, "Hello, Rockwell!"

There was a scraping sound, as though a chair moved. A high, cracked voice—hateful to Benton's ears—exclaimed, "Hello, Scott!" The chair moved again, a step sounded on the rug, and Benton, though not hysterically given, upset his wineglass. He did not need to look up to know that a dapper little bantam of a man, with a hooked nose and leathery face, was standing beside his chair, shaking hands with the host.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Benton!" exclaimed this loathsome object cheerfully. "How are you, Benton?"

The junior partner arose mechanically and shook hands. Being as soft-hearted as he was fat, he would gladly have spared Marcus the gaff. But Mr. Scott smilingly introduced the senior partner to the distinguished New Yorker. Barrington had to arise mechanically, shake hands and mutter some conventional lie.

"This is lucky," Rockwell declared, in the high voice that carried over half the room. "I had the firm of Barrington & Benton at the top of my visiting list when I came out here. My experts say that Gaside Process formula is great stuff. I feel sure it's going to work fine. I want to close my option on that half interest in the company."

Barrington, who faced the dining-room, was perfectly aware of a subdued movement in their neighborhood—a looking up, a gentle craning of necks and cocking of ears.

He was aware, also, of Mr. Blarcum, in the immediate foreground, looking demurely at his plate and of Mr. Tetlow thoughtfully stroking his chin-whisker.

200,000 WOMEN
Helped make this Cabinet a real labor saver

OUR GUARANTEE
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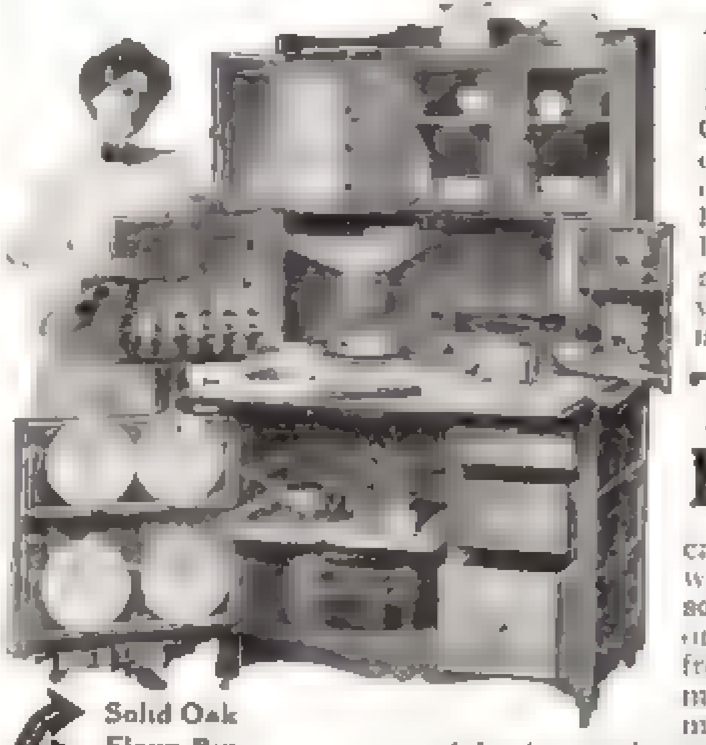

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is the [illegible] of 200,000 practical housekeepers, who by their suggestions and helps in the last ten years have made it what it is—a real labor saver.

The Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

can be distinguished by its trade-mark, which means it is a saver of kitchen work, **sold under a double guarantee** of satisfaction—one from the furniture merchant and another from us—an old established and reliable manufacturing concern, with a reputation to maintain. Unlike other cabinets, the wood is solid oak, which we guarantee will not warp or split in the changing heat of the kitchen. If it is oak it will last.

Finished in four coats—not affected by water or steam.

Ask the furniture merchant if he will guarantee cabinets made of Gum, Elm, etc., of which 95 per cent. of other cabinets are made.

Solid Oak
Flour Bin and Sifter
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200,000 women have made it the most convenient cabinet in the world and they have insisted on the money saving flour bin and sifter (located exactly where we have it, so none will be wasted), mouse and bug proof bread and cake drawers (metal lined), the dust proof sugar bin, extension working table top etc., really makes kitchen work a pleasure.

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Send for a catalogue, also copy of our guarantee. No matter whether you see a cabinet at a furniture dealer's in your own town or not. See this "woman's cabinet"—her very own ideas in labor saving conveniences **at a price lower than others** and doubly guaranteed besides. Do not make your labor unnecessarily hard by doing without a Hoosier any longer than you have to. Get one—and save somewhere else. Did you ever see a man do unnecessary work three times a day to save a few dollars for a labor saving machine? Not much. Why should a woman?

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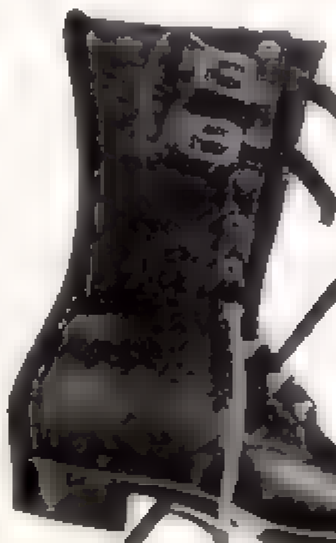

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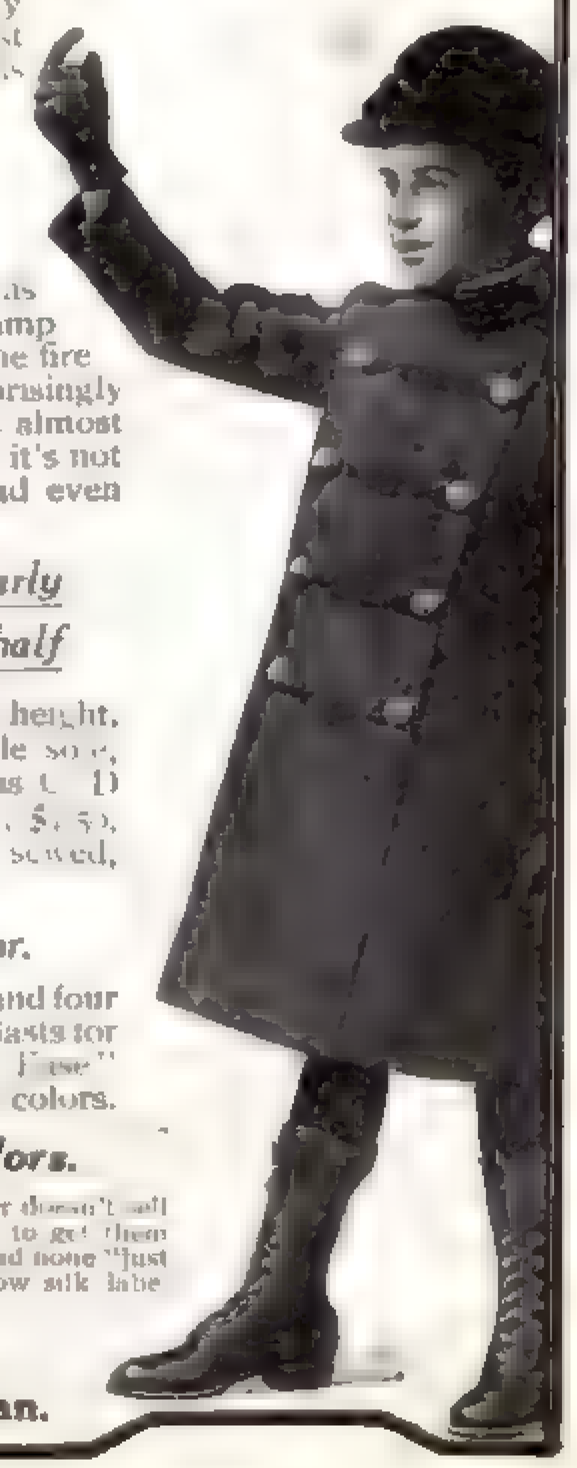

The leather (Menz "Ease" Elk Tannage) is as soft and pliable as a kid glove. An all day tramp through snow and slush, and a drying out by the fire all night will not make it hard and stiff. It's surprisingly tough and strong. Slit a hole in a piece and it's almost impossible to tear. The soles are tough, too, but it's not unusual for the uppers to outwear two, three and even four half-soles.

"American Boy" Shoes have reduced the yearly shoe expense of thousands of boys just one-half

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When ordering specify size, width and color.

"American Boy" Shoes are made in six heights and four colors—$2.50 to $7.00. Also made in the proper lasts for Girls and Misses. We also make the famous Menz "Ease" Work Shoes and Hunting Boots in all heights and colors.

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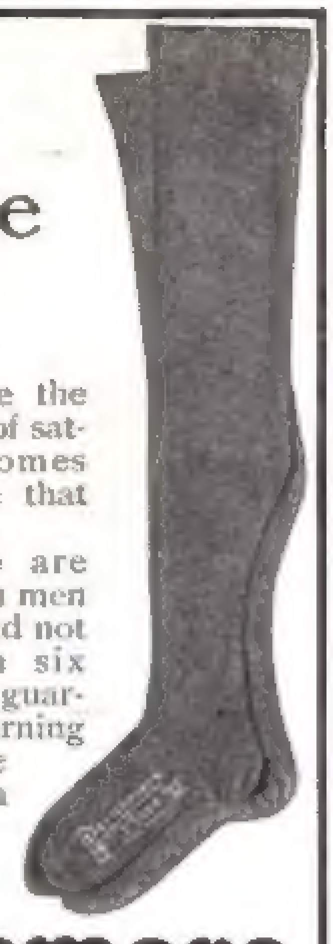

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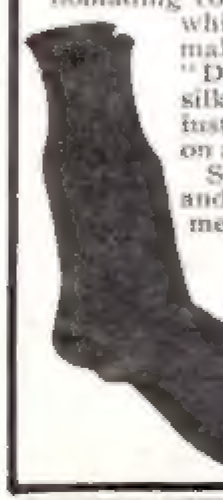
Darnomore Hose are equally popular with men and women, and need not be darned within six months, because we guarantee you against darning troubles, and give a new pair free if a hole appears.

Darnomore Hose

Are equal in appearance to the highest priced hose, last longer and cost you only $2.00 per box of six pairs. The quality and durability are unusual as only the best yarns are used, dyed with nonfading colors, and treated with a process which gives them special strength and makes them soft and easy to the feet. "Darnomore" Hose for women, like silk hose, are shaped in the knitting instead of being stretched into shape on a board.



Sold in Black, Tans and Grays, light and medium weights and white feet for men, medium weight only for women.

Lisle silk sox in lightweight, box of six for $3.00

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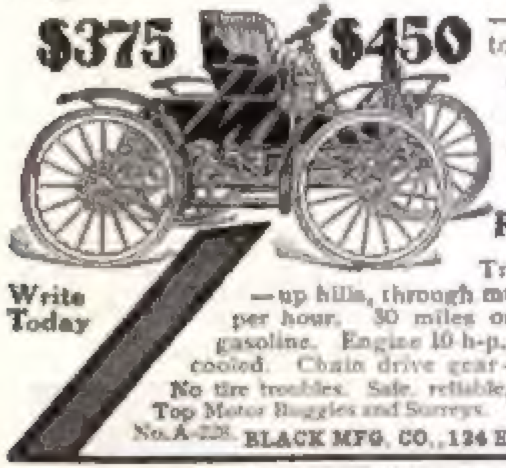

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WILLIS L. WYMAN, 79 Dearborn Street, Chicago

"The process is all right; Gas stock is going up," he said. He didn't know in the least why he said that. It seemed to be a line that he had some time learned by heart and now repeated when he got the cue.

"Sure it's going up," Rockwell replied confidently.

"I believe it will go to 200." Barrington still seemed to be speaking his piece, without knowing why he did it.

Rockwell considered a moment. The senior partner thought a heartless and significant gleam came into his gray eyes. At any rate, he lowered his voice. "As to that," said Rockwell, "I wouldn't undertake to predict. It depends entirely upon how much money the shorts have got to lose. They're cornered, you know, and the stock will go up as long as their margins last." He turned around calmly and went back to his place. Barrington noticed that Mr. Scott was grinning.

What followed left only a confused impression upon the partners' minds. Benton knew that he perspired unaccountably, considering that the room was quite cool. They remembered perfectly that Scott promptly straightened his face, and also assured them from time to time that Gas was a good thing; that a fine profit was to be made in it. They were quite certain also that once the host remarked casually that he'd had no doubt about Gas since the preceding Saturday, when he received a wire from New York.

Finally, the partners effected their escape—without looking toward the next table. They had gone three blocks on the way to the office before either of them spoke. Then Benton observed, in a quite incidental, matter-of-fact manner, as though he were saying it would soon be two o'clock: "They've elected us for the goat, Marcus."

An observation so obvious and trite required no reply. Two blocks farther on Barrington remarked absently: "Which would you rather do, Theodore? Of course they've got us cornered. We can cover our shorts and lose our money that way, or sit still and be closed out when our margin is used up, and lose our money that way."

"Why bother about trifles!" Barrington replied. "I'm not particular which way I'm cooked."

Silently they continued their way to the office. Barrington reached the ticker first. Gas was 160¼, and demands for margins were falling in the office like autumn leaves. Watching the thin ribbon, Barrington presently observed: "Here we go, Theodore. They're closing us out; purchasing under the rule."

Benton was sitting by the table, absentmindedly pinching his double chin. "You see, Marcus," he said, as though he were continuing a conversation, "when I took that formula over to Rockwell's office I was awfully nervous, just as though something was going to happen to us. I couldn't understand it then. Now I see it was a premonition. Something was going to happen to us—little as we dreamed it at the time. We did Rockwell a grave injustice, Marcus. He was really attending to business right along."

"I wonder," Barrington mused, "if he saw through it in the first place."

"It's immaterial," Benton replied. "He saw through it in ample time—and got the big fellows in line with him very promptly. Of course, as soon as they eat us up they'll turn around and eat the whole crowd of short-waisted bulls; have the usual barbecue of the *hoi polloi*."

They were silent for a moment.

"I suppose," Barrington suggested, "we may as well draw up a statement of our condition for the assignee."

"It's very simple," the junior partner replied. "At the beginning of the deal our capital consisted of one Gas bond, which belonged to Miss Vanarsten. We've now lost that."

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of Mr. Payne's tales of the firm of Barrington & Benton.

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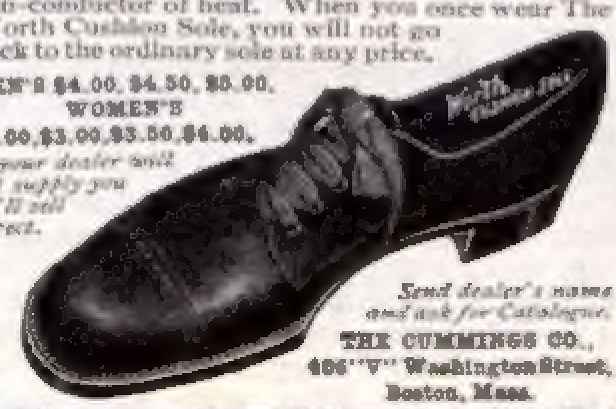

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THE BUTLER'S STORY

(Concluded from Page 11)

Then another second man appeared with a silver bucket and a red-headed bottle sticking up in it and he whipped it out and waved it around in front of me and before I could say Jack Robinson he had the cork out and was filling my glass. I took a long drink and begun to feel quite at ease.

Presently I located Eliza and Mr. Tom way off in a corner by theirselves and he seemed to be talking very earnest to her and she to be turning away her head, and then my dishes began to come and I had another glass of wine and started in to eat my dinner. My eye! But it was good! When I had got through the venison I saw the second man was staring rather hard if respectful at me and I says,

"Wot are you looking at?" I says.

"Beg pardon, sir," he says somewhat embarrassed, "Ain't you Mr. Ridges?" he says.

"That's my name," I says. "I ain't ashamed of it!" says I.

"No offense, sir," he says very apologetic, "But don't you remember William?"

"William wot," I says.

"William Rafferty," he says. "Wot used to be with you at Mr. Carter's."

And then I recognized him for he had been second man one summer at "The Beeches" and let go when we come back to town.

"Of course," I says, "How are you?" I says. And with that he began to tell me wot hard luck he had and how he was forced to take a job wherever he could get it. Then he says,

"No offense," he says, "But you must have struck oil," says he.

Well all this took some time and it got to be arfter twelve o'clock and a good many of the people began to go away, only those who remained seemed to be having a better time. There was fewer people but more noise, and although I was getting sleepy I had a horrid feeling that Eliza might slip away from me. The Turkish band began to play the Merry Widow waltz and everybody commenced to sing, even the second men, and especial the two ladies next door who by this time had an escort who had come from an adjoining table, and just as I was finishing up wot was left of my cheese William came back very friendly and there on his tray was a cigar as big as a bobby's billy and he says,

"Have a cigar on me, sir," he says.

Well I was all took aback for I knew William had played in hard luck but I was afraid he would feel hurt if I refused so I took it and thanked him kindly and said if he was out of a job next spring to look me up. Then I asked for the price and William took a long pink slip out of his vest and laid it on the table and at the bottom of it was twenty-seven dollars and eighty-five cents! You could have knocked me over with a feather duster. I knew William was watching so I hardly noticed it at all but for a fac I felt weak in the legs as I put my hand in my trousers pocket. But as luck would have it I had nearly harf of my month's wages with me and I tossed one twenty and a ten dollar note over to William and says lofty "Keep the change, William," I says.

I was just beginning to feel that since I had paid for pretty near the whole show I was entitled to be there when I saw Eliza and Mr. Tom getting up. When the head butler saw me he came running over and hoping everything had been satisfactory, which it was, saving the price, and by the time he had got through it was time for me to take up the persuit. Eliza looked very worried but her necklace certainly did look fine and she was as pretty as any lady there and a great deal fresher, but wot I was to do I had no idea. I waited in the doorway while Eliza and Mr. Tom had a kind of argumentum on the sidewalk, and she put her hand on his arm and I wanted to kill him but for her sake I refrained and then they got in. Well I climbed arfter them into my cab and we started uptown.

Maybe they was going home, in which case my thirty dollars would have been lost, for I did not need the victuals, and if they wasn't, why wot could I do? I knew Mr. Tom for an ugly customer drunk or sober. He was never a gentleman in either state, and I fancied he was pretty well harf seas over. They drove fast and when they got to Columbus Circle they turned toward the Park. Well, I says to myself, the Park is no place for Eliza with him, and I hollered through the hole to the cabby to go round the monniment and cut em off for there was nothing else to do and the time had come for something to happen.

So my cabby whips up his horse and pretty nearly runs into em on the other side of Columbus. Both horses was pulled back on their harnches and both drivers began cussing fast and lively and I knew if anything was to be done it would have to be done awful quick. Mr. Tom had leaped out of his handsome and was swearing at his driver because neither cabby seemed to be doing anything, and I stepped out on the opposite side and rushed over and called to Eliza to get out. She didn't hear me at first because she was watching Mr. Tom but presently she turned her head toward me and I could see she was awful white and trembly and I whispered "It's all right Eliza, it's me, Peter," and the next thing I knew I had climbed in with her and she had grabbed hold of my arm and began sobbing "O wot shall I do! O wot shall I do!" Mr. Tom hadn't seen me get in for my cabby had begun to sass him and call him names and Mr. Tom was roaring out that he would have him arrested, and there was such a noise that a mounted policeman came galloping over from the Circle.

"Wot is all this row about?" he says.

"This cabby ran me down and then used threatening language to me," says Mr. Tom, shaking his fist at my cabby.

"O forgit it," yells the cabby. "It's a lie, orficer. This drunk is trying to drive two kebs at once," he says.

Well, the orficer leaps off his horse and backs my cab away from the other and I thought I saw my chance so I leaned out of the handsome and says very quiet,

"Orficer, this man is so drunk," I says, "that he don't know which is his own cab," I says. "The man he is abusing is his own driver."

Then the orficer seeing me and Eliza in Mr. Tom's handsome turns to him and says very sharp,

"Look here! Wot is the matter with you? Git back in your own cab and mind your business or I'll run you in!" he says.

The minute Mr. Tom heard my voice he turned and made a rush for us, but the orficer grabbed him by the collar and yanked him back and shouts,

"Be quiet or I'll give you the stick!" he says.

So Mr. Tom grinds his teeth and shakes his fist and yells out that I was a strange man who had climbed into his cab and had no business there, but the orficer seeing Eliza beside me was sure that Mr. Tom was simply fighting drunk, so he gives him a shake so Mr. Tom's hat fell off, and says,

"I'll give you one more chance. Get into your cab or come with me," he says.

Mr. Tom looks at us for about a minute with the worst scowl on his face you ever see and then he picks up his hat and shakes off the orficer and gets into my cab.

So I says to the orficer,

"Thank you, orficer. This is a nice performance to have happen to a respectable man who is taking a lady home," I says.

"Yes, sir," he says touching his cap, "I ought to have run him in," he says, "but I'd have had to take you along as witnesses and he'll sober up all right before morning."

"Good night," I says.

"Good night, sir," he says, and I give the driver Mr. Carter's address.

Then I found that Eliza was clinging to my shoulder and crying and I tried to comfort her, but she kept saying how Mr. Tom would have us both discharged and how she was ashamed to go home.

"Next time you'll believe me!" I says.

"O, Peter," she says. "Mr. Tom is a wicked man, and I never will go near him again."

"Why did you go tonight?" I says.

"Because he said he loved me and he promised to marry me," she says hiding her face in her hands. "And I believed him."

"I suppose he was on his way to marry you when I stopped him," I says.

Then I was sorry I had said it and begged her pardon and said no one should ever know anything about it from me, and as for Mr. Tom he would be afraid to tell. But I knew there was breakers ahead for me.

Editor's Note—This is the second of six chapters selected by Mr. Train from the diary of a butler in the employ of a wealthy family. The third will appear next week.

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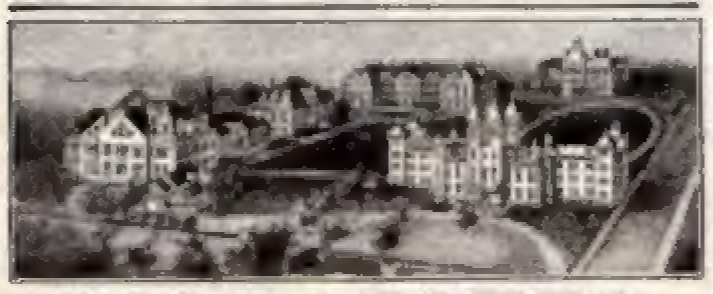

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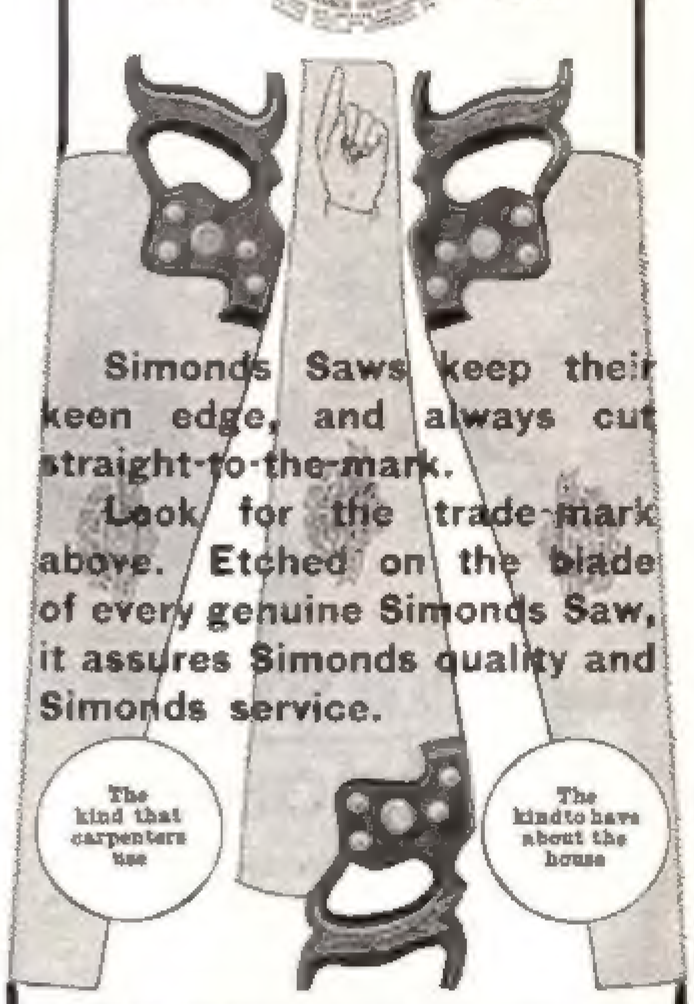

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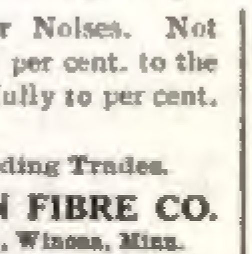

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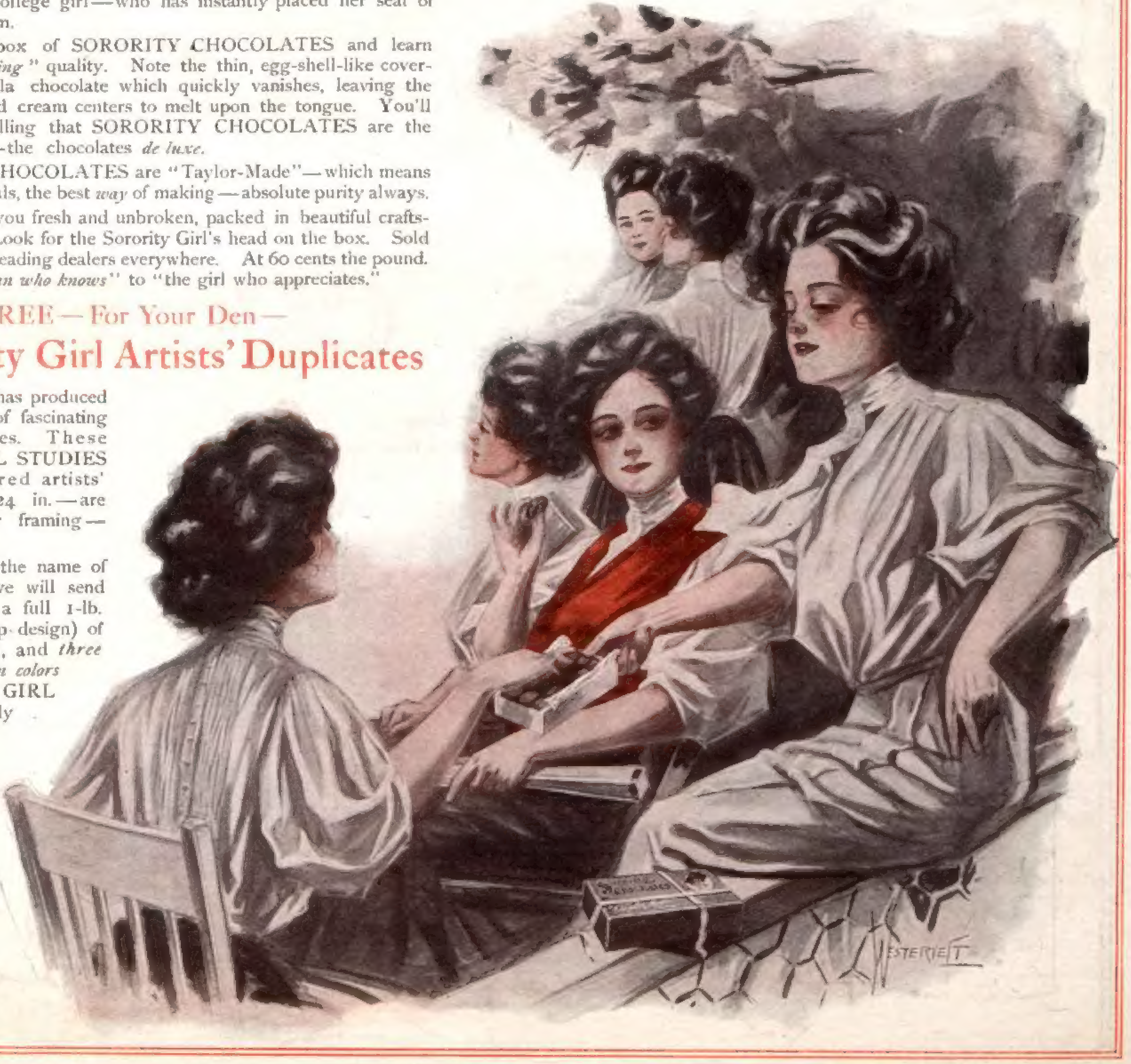

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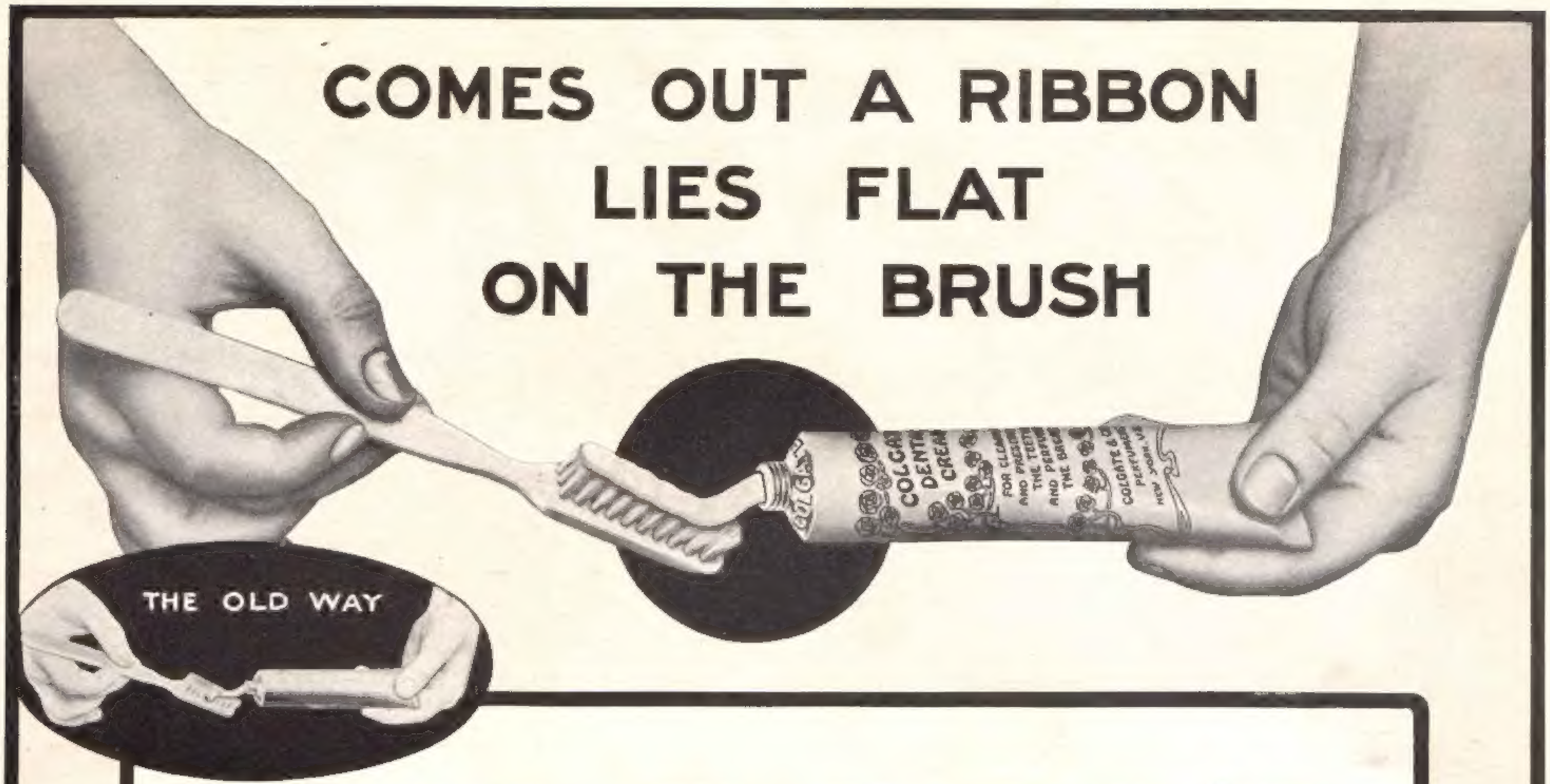
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